

# John Denver, The Last Thing On My Mind

It's a lesson too late for the learning  
Made of sand, made of sand  
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning  
In your hand, in your hand

Are you going away with no word of farewell  
Will there be not a trace left behind  
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind  
You know that was the last thing on my mind

As I lie in my bed every morning  
Without you, without you  
Each song in my heart dies a' borning  
Without you, without you

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Will there be not a trace left behind  
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind  
You know that was the last thing on my mind

You've got reasons a-plenty for going  
This I know, this I know  
For the weeds have been steadily growing  
Please don't go, please don't go

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