

# Nana Mouskouri, The Last Thing Of My Mind

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

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

As we walk on, my thoughts keep tumblin'  
Round and round, round and round  
Underneath our feet the subways rumblin'  
Underground, underground  
CHORUS

As I lie in my bed in the mornin'  
Without you, without you.  
Every song in my breast lies a bornin'  
Without you, without you.

CHORUS

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