

# Porter Wagoner, 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've loved you better didn't mean to be unkind  
You know that was the last thing on my mind

As I walk alone my thoughts're tumbling round and round round and round  
Underneath our feet a subway's rumbling underground underground  
Are you going away...

I got reasons of plenty for going this I know this I know  
The weeds have been steadily growing please don't go please don't go  
Are you going away...  
( ac.guitar )  
Are you going away...  
You know that was the last thing on my mind