

# Sandy Denny, The Last Thing On My Mind

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

Chorus:

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  
But you know that was the last thing on my mind.  
You had reasons plenty for going  
This I know, this I know.  
For the weeds have been steadily growing  
Please don't go, please don't go.

(Chorus)

As we walk, my thoughts are a-tumbling  
Round and round, round and round  
And the subway beneath my feet is a-rumbling  
Underground, underground

(Chorus)

As I lie in my bed in the morning  
Without you, without you.  
Every song in my breast dies a-borning  
Without you, without you.

(Chorus)