

THE LAST THING ON MY MIND

Key=A

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.

[Cho:]

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.

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.

[Cho:]

As we walk on, my thoughts are a-tumbling,
Round and round, round and round.
Underneath our feet the subways rumbling,
Underground, underground.

[Cho:]

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

[Cho:]