

## 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:]