

## THE LAST THING ON MY MIND (TOM PAXTON, 1964)

Intro: C F C F C G C

C F C F C G C  
It's a lesson too late for the learning, made of sand, - made of sand

F C F C G C  
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning, in your hand, - in your hand.

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Chorus:

G F C  
Are you going away with no word of farewell?

F C G G7  
Will there be not a trace left behind?

C F C  
Well, I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind;

G G7 C  
you know that was the last thing on my mind.

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C F C F C G C  
You've got reasons a-plenty for going, this I know, - this I know.

F C  
For the weeds have been steadily growing,

F C G C  
please don't go, - please don't go. (Chorus)

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F C  
As we walk on, my thoughts keep tumbling,

F C G C  
round and round, - round and round

F C  
Underneath our feet the subway's rumbling,

F C G C  
underground, - underground (Chorus)

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C F C F C G C  
As I lie in my bed in the morning, without you, without you.

C F C F C G C  
Every song in my breast lies a-borning, without you, - without you. (Chorus)