

The Last Thing on my Mind
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

It's a lesson too late for the learnin'
Made of sand, made of sand
In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin'
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 goin'.
This I know, this I know.
For the weeds have been steadily growin'.
Please don't go, please don't go.

[Cho:]

As we walk, all my thoughts are a-tumblin',
Round and round, round and round.
Underneath our feet the subways rumblin',
Underground, underground.

[Cho:]

As I lie in my bed in the mornin',
Without you, without you.
Every song in my breast dies a bornin',
Without you, without you.

[Cho:]

Well I met this young girl at a folk club,
Like you do, like you do.
So I bought her a drink and we chatted,
Wouldn't you, wouldn't you.

And then after the show she invited me home,
And she said we were two of a kind,
Then she played me every record
That Tom Paxton ever made,
And you know that was the last thing on my mind.