

# The Last Thing On My Mind

Tom Paxton

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♩ = 90

It's a lesson too late for the learning. Made of  
You have reasons a plenty for going. This I  
As I lie in my bed in the morning. Without  
A sand. Made of sand. In the  
know, This I know. And the  
you With-out you, Ev-ery  
wink of an eye my soul is turning. In your  
weeds have been steadily grow-ing. Please don't  
song in my heart dies a-born-in. With-out  
A hand, In your hand. Are you  
go, Please don't go.  
you, With-out you.  
go-ing a-way with no word of fare-well? Will there  
be not a trace left be-hind? Well I  
could have loved you bet-ter did-n't mean to be un-kind,  
Oh you know that was the last thing on my mind. You have mind. D.S. al Fine As I