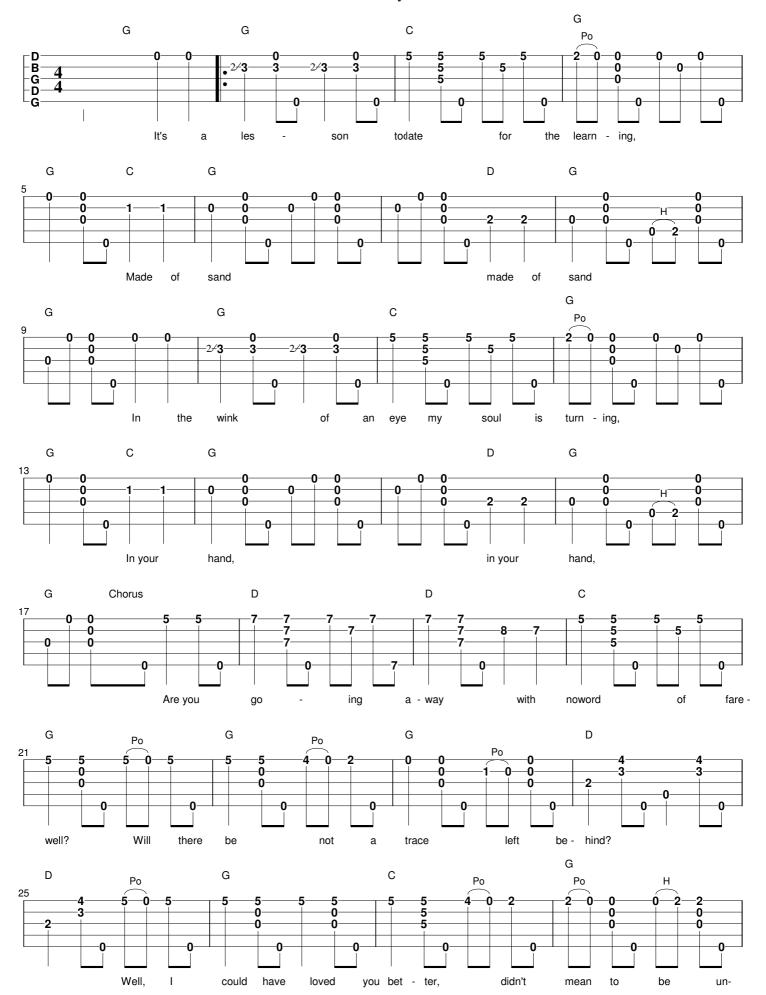
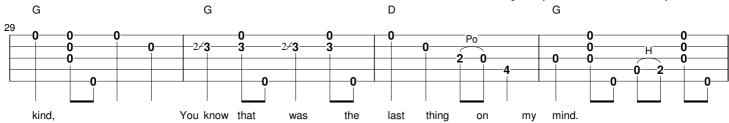
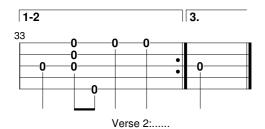
Last Thing On My Mind



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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 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 on, 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:]

Someone has written a parody verse for this song and it must have tickled Paxton's funny bone because he's sung it in the UK and it's on his "Live in the UK" Album:

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.