It's a lesson to take for the learning,
Made of sand
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning,
In your hand, in your hand,
Are you going away with now word of fare -
well? Will there be not a trace left behind?
Well, I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be un-

Chorus

Are you going away with now word of fare -

Well, I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be un-

Last Thing On My Mind
Words and music by Tom Paxton
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,
Did'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.