The Last Thing On My Mind

Neil Diamond

It's a lesson
Too late for the learning
Made of sand, made of sandIn the wink
Of an eye my soul is turning
In your hand, in your hand[Chorus]
Are you going away?
With no word of farewell
Will there be not a trace
Left behind.
Well I could have loved you better
I didn't mean to be unkind
You know, that was the last thing on my mindYou got reasons a plenty for going
This I know, this I know
For the weeds
Have been steadily growing
Please don't go, please don't go.

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