The Last Thing On My Mind

Marianne Faithfull

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 handAre you going away with no word of farewell?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mindYou've got reasons aplenty for going
This I know, this I know
For the weeds have been steadily growing
Please don't go, please don't goAre you going away with no word of farewell?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mindAs I lie in my bed in the mornin'
Without you, without you
Every song in my breast dies a born-in
Without you, without youAre you going away with no word of farewell?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind

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