

# Last Thing On My Mind

Charley Pride

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 Are you going away with no word of farewell?  
Will there be not a trace left behind?  
Well, I could've loved you better didn't mean to be unkind  
You know that was the last thing on my mind As I walk alone my thoughts are tumbling  
Round and round, round and round  
Underneath our feet a subway's rumbling  
Underground, underground Are you going away? You got reasons of plenty for going  
This I know this I know  
The weeds have been steadily growing  
Please don't go please don't go Are you going away? You know that was the last thing on my mind

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