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 handAre 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 mindAs I walk alone my thoughts are tumbling
Round and round, round and round
Underneath our feet a subway's rumbling
Underground, undergroundAre 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 goAre you going away?You know that was the last thing on my mind

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