

# The Last Thing on My Mind

Neil Diamond

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 [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 mind You 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.

Songwriters  
Paxton, Thomas R /Published by  
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