

Joe Dassin

"The Last Thing On My Mind"

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It's a lesson too late for the learning
Made of sand, dear, made of sand
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning
In your hand, dear, in your hand

Are you going away with no word of farewell?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
I could have loved you better
I didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind

You've got reasons a plenty for going
This I know, dear, this I know
For the weeds have been steadily growing
Please don't go, please don't go

Are you going away with no word of farewell?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
I could have loved you better
I didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind

As I lay in the bed every morning
Without you, dear, without you
Every song in my breast dies aborning
Without you, without you

Are you going away with no word of farewell?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
I could have loved you better
I didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind

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