

Charley Pride

"Last Thing On My Mind"

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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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