

Glen Campbell, Last Thing On My Mind

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
I could have loved you better didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind

You've got reasons of plenty for going this I know Lord this I know
For the weeds have been steadily growing please don't go please don't go
As I lie in my bed in the morning without you without you
Each song in my breast dies a burning without you Lord without you
Are you going away...