

The Last Thing On My Mind chords
The Dubliners (Tom Paxton 1964) from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Capo II

G C G C G D G

It's a lesson too late for the learnin',
made of sand, made of sand

In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin',
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 have loved you better,
didn't mean to be unkind;

you know that was the last thing on my mind.

You've got reasons a-plenty for goin',
this I know, this I know.

For the weeds have been steadily growin',
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?
Well, I could have loved you better,
didn't mean to be unkind;
you know that was the last thing on my mind.

As we walk on, my thoughts keep tumblin',
round and round, round and round
Underneath our feet the subways rumblin',
underground, underground

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