

The Move, The Last Thing On My Mind

It's a lesson too late for the learning
Made of sand, oh it's made of sand
In the wink of an eye my soul keeps on turning
In your hand, in your hand
Are you going away with no word of farewell
Will there be not a trace for me to find
Well I could have loved you better
I didn't mean to be unkind
Oh you must know it was the last thing on my mind

As we walked all my thoughts they are a tumbling down down
Round and around, round and round
And underneath I hear the subway's trumblin'
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
I 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, this I know
For the weeds have been steadily growing
Please don't grow, please don't grow
Are you going away with no word of farewell
Will there be not a trace left to find
Well I could have loved you better
I didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind