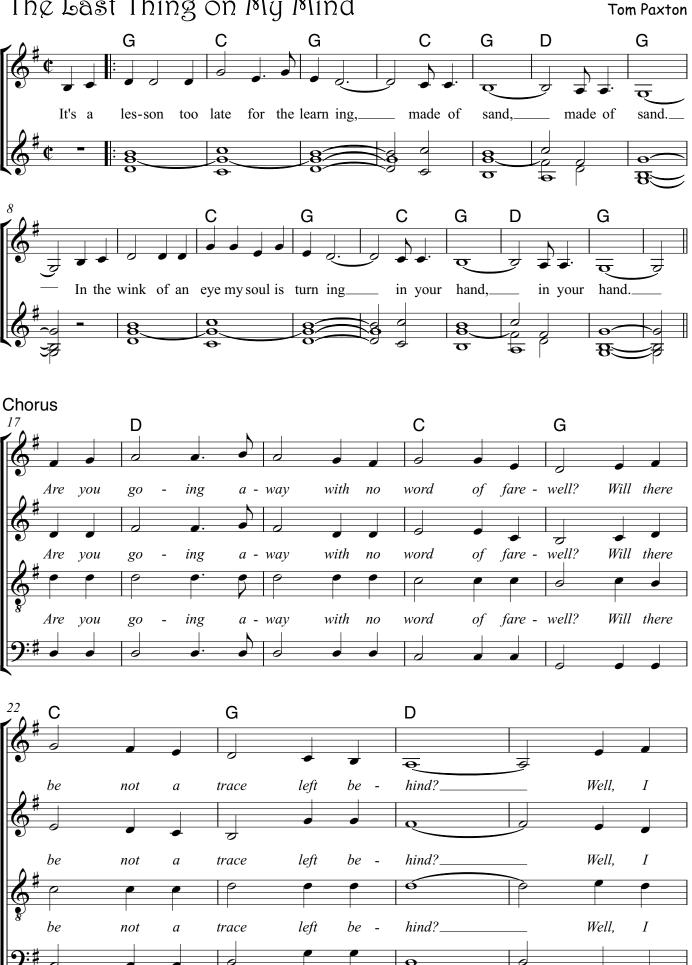
The Last Thing on My Mind





Noema
It's 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 have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind.
You know that was the last thing on my mind.

Alan You've got reasons a-plenty for goin', this I know, this I know,
For the weeds have been steadily growing, please don't go, please don't go

Noema As we walk, all my thoughts are a-tumblin', 'Round & 'round, 'round & 'round. Underneath our feet the subway's rumblin', underground, underground.

Men As I lie in my bed in the morning, without you, without you, Each song in my breast dies a-borning, without you, without you.

+ All sing 1st verse --> a capella chorus --> tutti chorus --> turn around x 3 (Noema does last one)