

The Same River Twice
Tom Paxton/Susan Graham White

(G)
Capo 4th fret

(G) The smell of spruce brings back the cold September
In the woods near Jackson (C) Hole,
The (D)boat still in the water,
Cause we could not bear to let the summer (C) go.
You (G)told them at the grocery
Not to save the Sunday papers any(C)more,
You were (D)off to San Francisco,
Id be working for a year in Ecu(G)dor.

And now I (D)know you cant wade in the same river (G)twice,
Now I (D)know the (C)current flows around you, then its (Bmin)gone,
(C)Leaves you no choice but moving (G)o(D)n -
That rivers (C)go(G)ne.

The windows needed painting,
And some planks along the dock were rotting (C) through.
Next (D)year, I went back early,
I worked hard to leave it looking fine for (C)you.
I ex(G)pected you on Monday,
I planted you some roses and red (C) mums,
And (D)it was late on Friday
When I finally knew that you would never (G)come.

And now I (D)know you cant wade in the same river (G)twice,
Now I (D)know the (C)current flows around you, then its (Bmin)gone,
(C)Leaves you no choice but moving (G)o(D)n -
That rivers (C)go(G)ne.

- Instrumental chorus -

If I had said that Ecuador
Would have to wait another year or (C) two,
If (D)you'd said San Francisco
Could get through the winter somehow without (C)you

But now I (D)know you cant wade in the same river (G)twice,
Now I (D)know the (C)current flows around you, then its (Bmin)gone,
(C)Leaves you no choice but moving (G)o(D)n -
That rivers (C)go(G)ne. (C) (G)