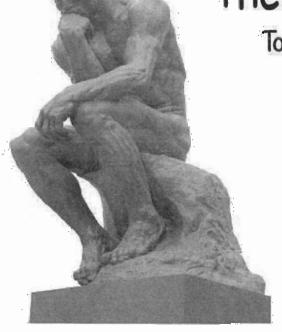


Tom Paxton



It's a lesson too late for the learnin'

F C G C

Made of sand. made of sand

C F C

In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin'

F C G C

In your hand, in your hand.

Chorus:
C G F C
Are you going away with no word of farewell?
F C G G7
Will there be not a trace left behind?
C F
I could have loved you better.
C
Didn't mean to be unkind.
G G7 C
You know that was the last thing on my mind.

C F C
You've got reasons a-plenty for goin'.
F C G C
This I know. this I know.
C F C
For the weeds have been steadily growin'.
F C G C
Please don't go. please don't go.

Chorus

As we walk on, my thoughts are a-tumblin'.

F C G C

Round and round, round and round.

C F C

Underneath our feet the subways rumblin'.

F C G C

Underground, underground.

Chorus

C F C
As I lie in my bed in the mornin'.
F C G C
Without you. without you.
C F C
Every song in my breast dies a bornin'.
F C G C
Without you. without you.

Chorus 2X

