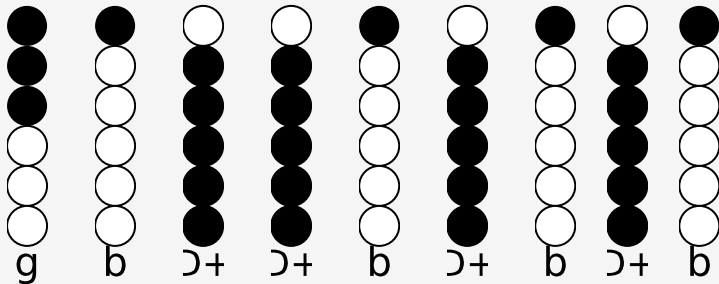


# Tin whistle tabs for: The River

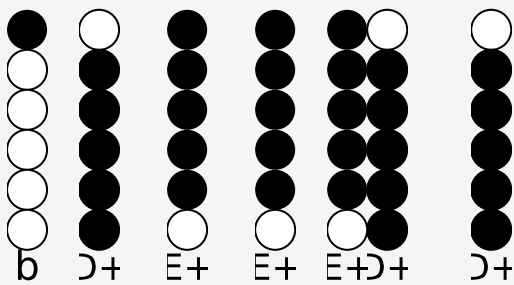
Genre: country

Author/Performer: Garth Brooks

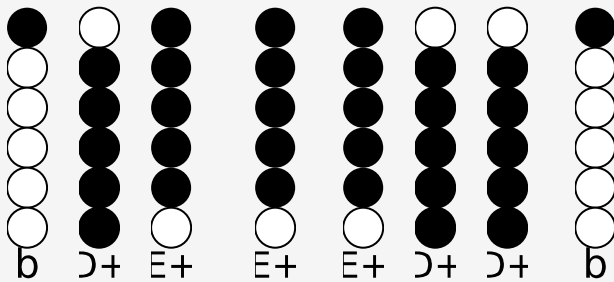
## Verse



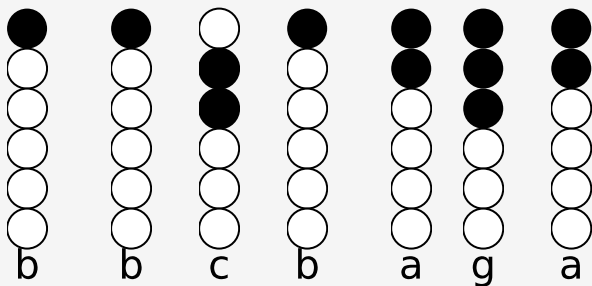
You know a dream is like a riv-er



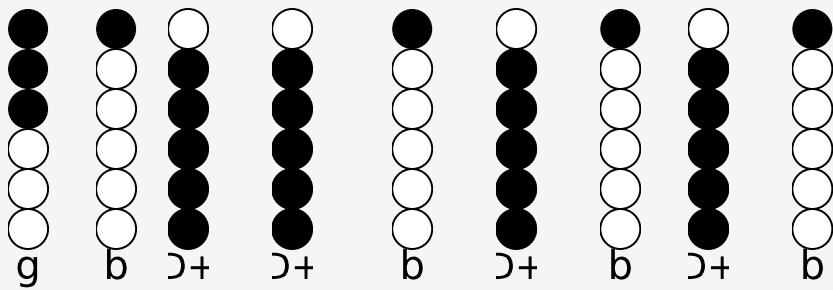
Ev-er chang-in' as it flows



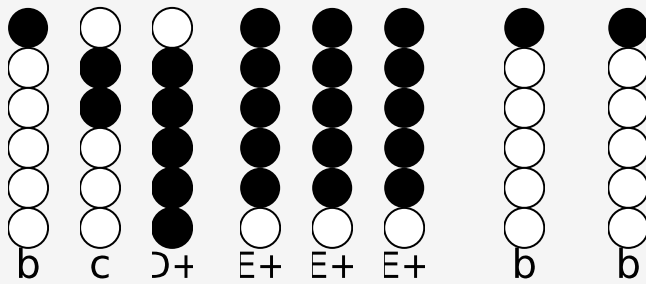
And a dream-er's just a ves-sel



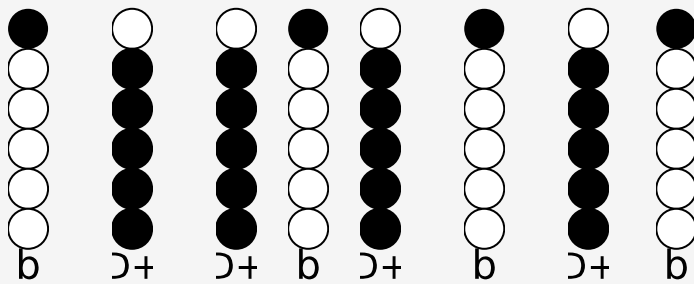
That must fol-low where it goes



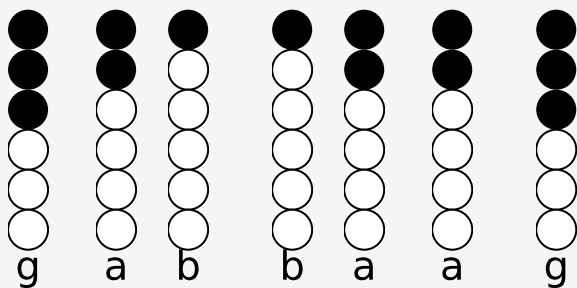
Try-ing to learn from what's be-hind you



And nev-er know-ing what's in store

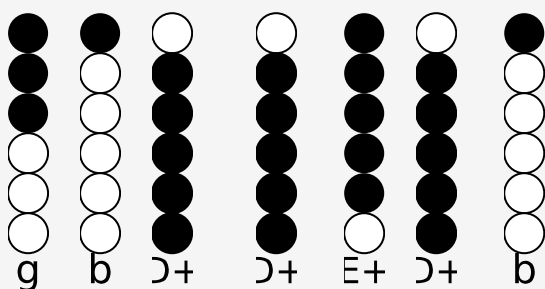


Makes each day a cons-tant bat-tle

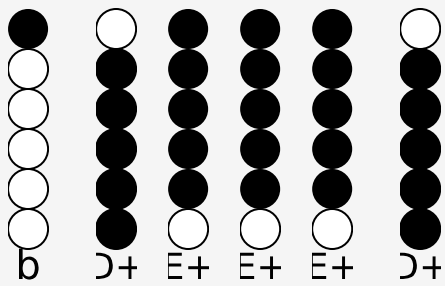


Just to stay be-tween the shores

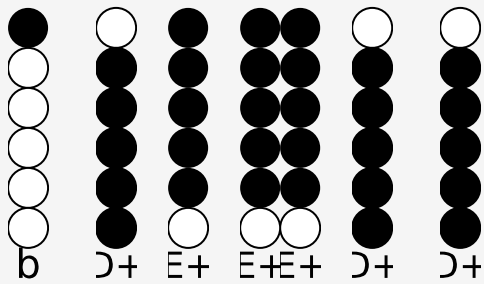
## Chorus



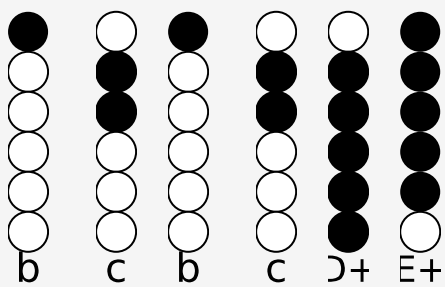
And I will sail my ves-sel



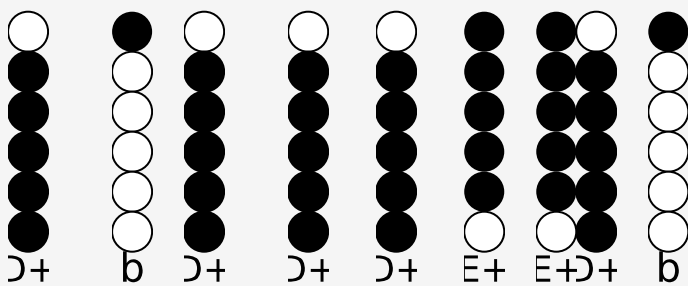
'Til the riv-er runs dry



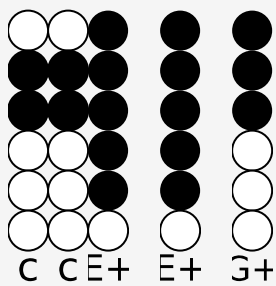
Like a bird up-on the wind



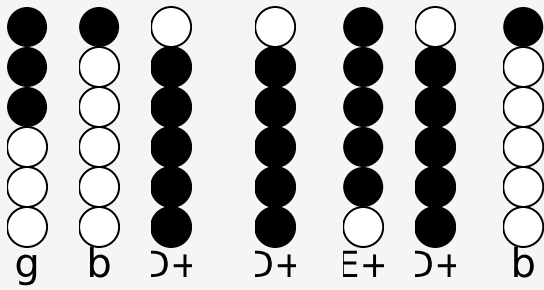
These wa-ters are my sky



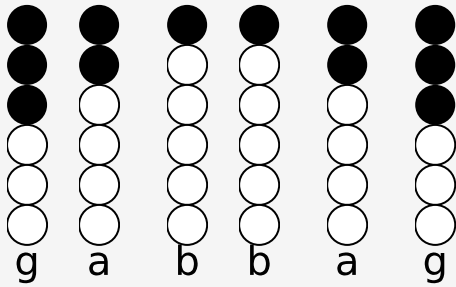
I'll nev-er reach my dest-in-a-tion



If I nev-er try

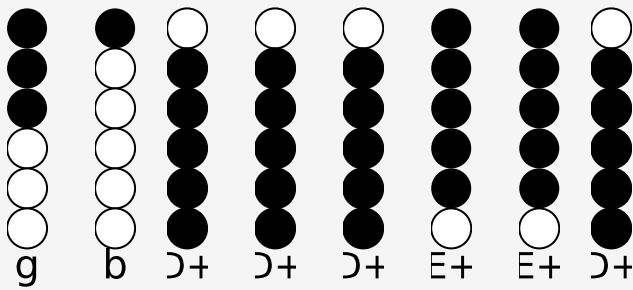


So I will sail my ves-sel

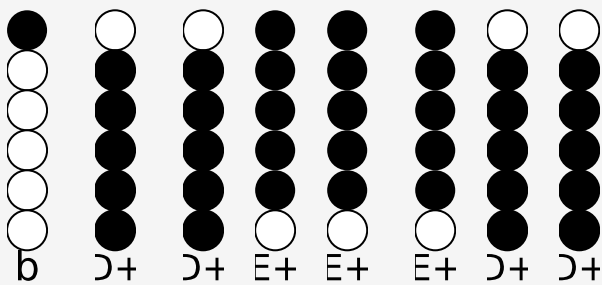


'Til the riv-er runs dry

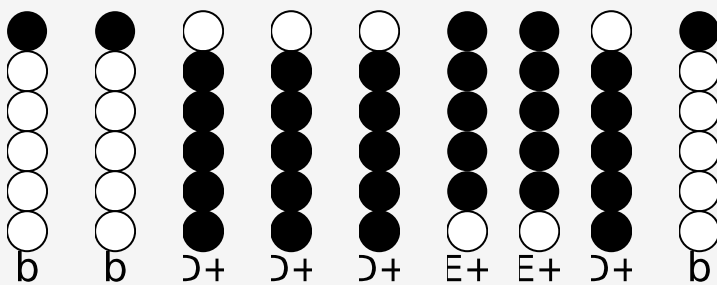
## Verse



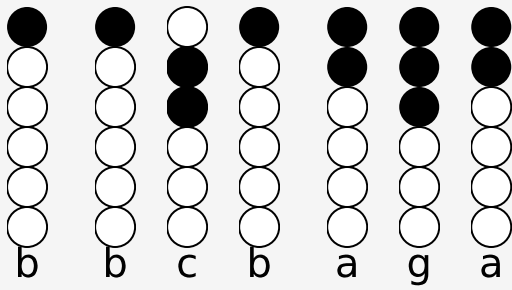
Too man-y times we stand a-side



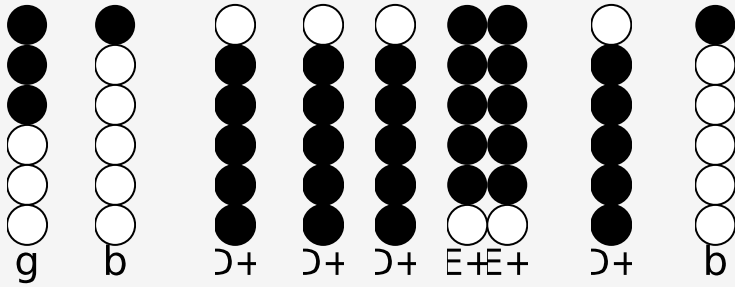
And let the wat-ers slip a-way



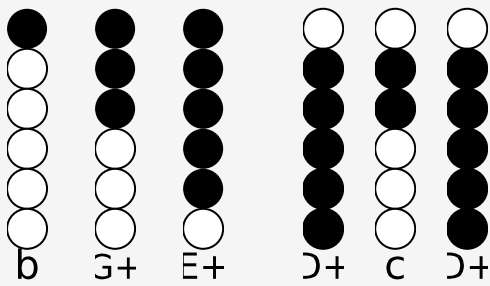
'Til what we put off 'til to-mor-row



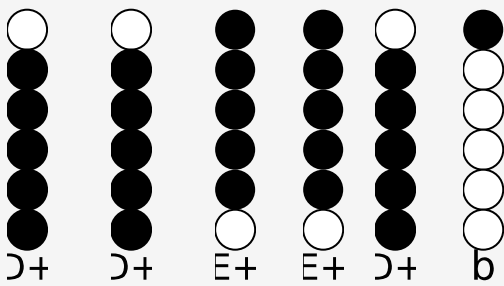
It has now be-come to-day



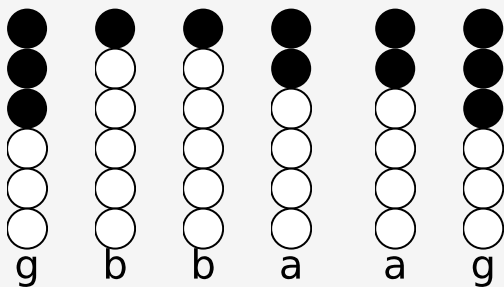
So don't you sit up-on the shore-line



And say you're sat-is-fied



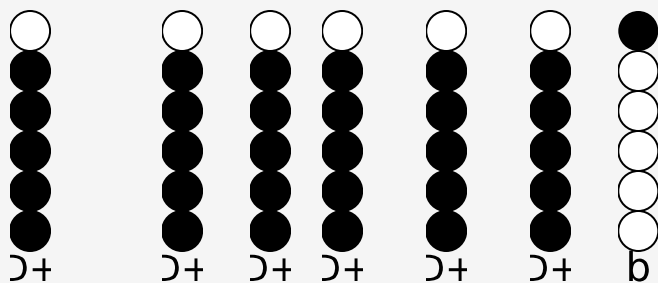
Choose to chance the ra-pids



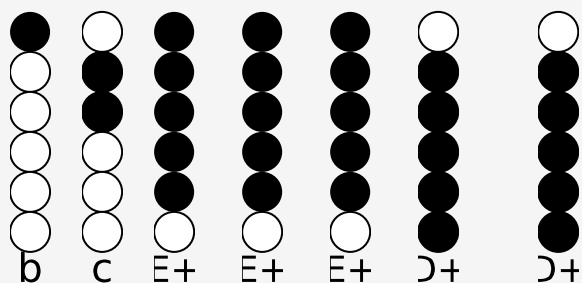
And dare to dance that tide

**Repeat chorus**

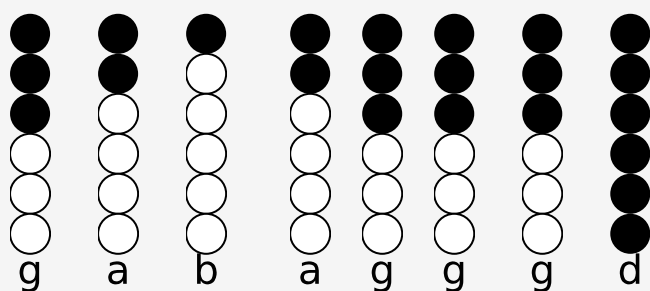
**Bridge**



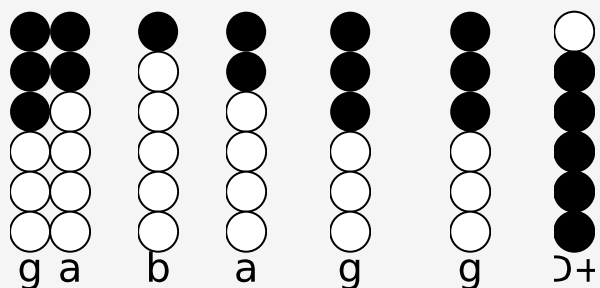
And there's bound to be rough wat-ers



And I know I'll take some falls

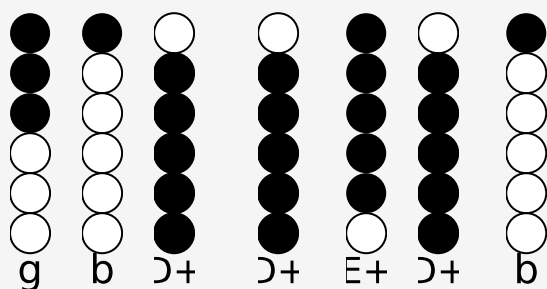


With the good Lord as my cap-tain

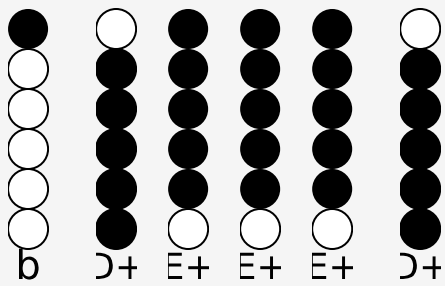


I can make it through them all

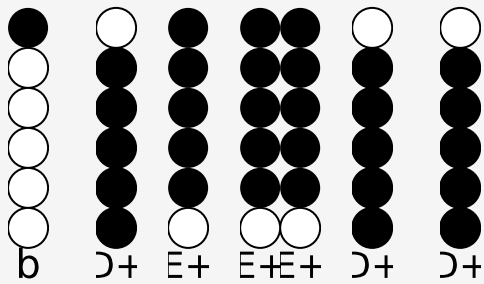
## Chorus



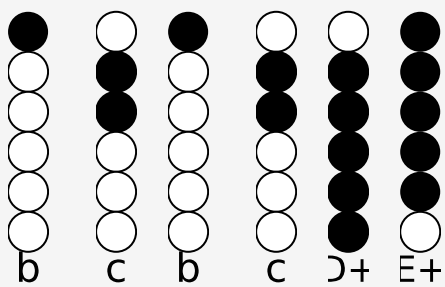
Yes I will sail my ves-sel



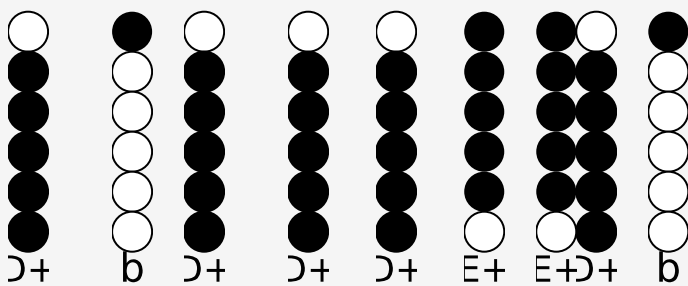
'Til the riv-er runs dry



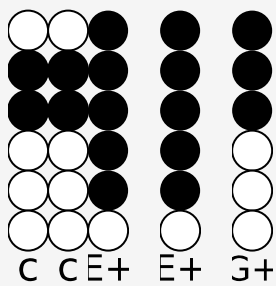
Like a bird up-on the wind



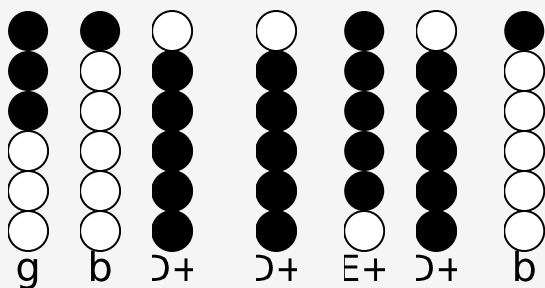
These wa-ters are my sky



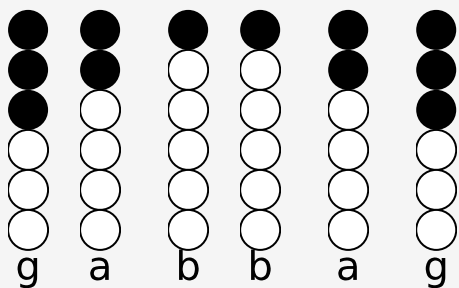
I'll nev-er reach my dest-in-a-tion



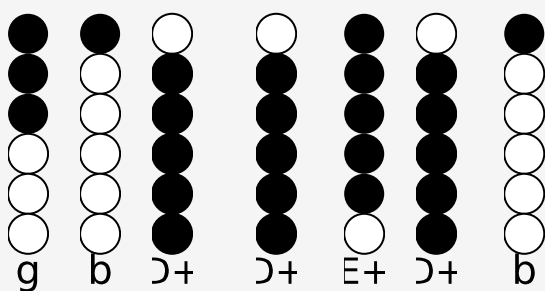
If I nev-er try



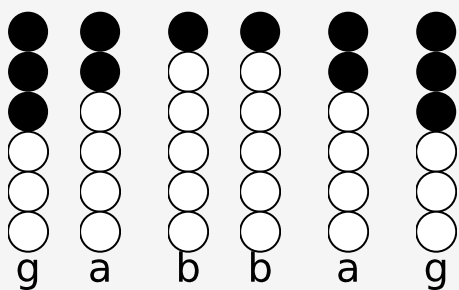
So I will sail my ves-sel



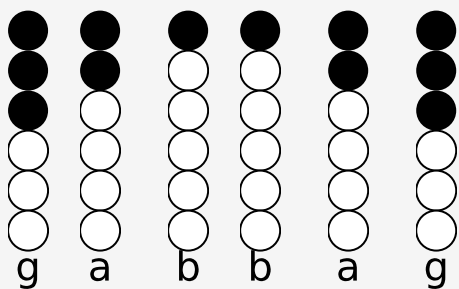
'Til the riv-er runs dry



Yes I will sail my ves-sel



'Til the riv-er runs dry



'Til the riv-er runs dry