

You Ain't Going Nowhere by Bob Dylan

Clouds so swift, the rain won't lift
Gate won't close, the railings froze
So get your mind off wintertime
You ain't going nowhere.

G, Am, C

Ooh, whee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
Oh, no, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair.

Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots
Tailgates and substitutes
Strap yourself to a tree with roots
You aint going nowhere.

Ooh, whee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
Oh, no, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair.

Well I don't care how many letters they sent
The morning came and the morning went
So pack up your money, and pick up your tent
You aint going nowhere.

Ooh, whee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
Oh, no, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair.

And Ghengis Khan, he could not keep
All his men supplied with sleep
We'll climb that hill no matter how steep
When we get up to it.

Ooh, whee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
Oh, no, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair

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