You Aín't Goín' Nowhere

Bob Dylan



C Clouds so swift Dm Rain won't lift F Gate won't close C Railings froze C Dm Get your mind off wintertime F C You ain't goin' nowhere

Whoo-ee! Ride me high Tomorrow's the day My bride's gonna come Oh, oh, are we gonna fly Down in the easy chair!

I don't care How many letters they sent Morning came and morning went Pick up your money And pack up your tent You ain't goin' nowhere

Whoo-ee! Ride me high Tomorrow's the day My bride's gonna come Oh, oh, are we gonna fly Down in the easy chair! Buy me a flute And a gun that shoots Tailgates and substitutes Strap yourself To the tree with roots You ain't goin' nowhere

Whoo-ee! Ride me high Tomorrow's the day My bride's gonna come Oh, oh, are we gonna fly Down in the easy chair!

Genghis Khan He could not keep All his kings Supplied with sleep We'll climb that hill no matter how steep When we get up to it

Whoo-ee! Ride me high Tomorrow's the day My bride's gonna come Oh, oh, are we gonna fly Down in the easy chair!