

You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

Bob Dylan

I-118

D Em
 Clouds so swift, rain won't lift, *G Am*
 G D
 Gates won't close, the railings froze. *C G*
 Em
 Get your mind off winter time, *Am*
 G D
 You ain't goin' no where. *C G*

Chorus: D Em
 Oooo, Eeeee, Ride me high, *G Am*
 G D
 Tomorrow's the day my man's gonna come. *C G*
 Em
 Oh Lord, we gonna fly, *Am*
 G D
 Down I easy chair. *C G*

I don't care how many letters they sent,
 Mornin' came and morning went.
 Pick up your money and pack your tent,
 But we still ain't goin' nowhere.

Chorus

Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots,
 Tailgates and substitutes,
 Strap yourself with the tree with roots,
 You ain't goin' nowhere.

Chorus

Ghengis Khan he could not keep
 All his kings supplied with sheep
 Climb that hill no matter how steep,
 We still ain't goin' nowhere.

Chorus