

You Ain't Going Nowhere - Bob Dylan

G Am
Clouds so swift rain won't lift
C G
Gate won't close railings froze
G Am
Get your mind off wintertime
C G
You ain't goin' nowhere

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

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

G Am
Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots
C G
Tailgates and substitutes
G Am
Strap yourself to the tree with roots
C G
You ain't goin' nowhere

G Am
Genghis Khan he could not keep
C G
All his kings supplied with sleep
G Am
We'll climb that hill no matter how steep
C G
When we get up to it