

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