

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE

Bob Dylan (performed by The Byrds)

G **A^m** **C** **G**
//// // (X2)

G **A^m**
Clouds so swift, rain won't lift,

C **G**
Gate won't close, railing's froze.

A^m **C** **G**
Get your mind off winter time, you ain't goin' nowhere.

CHORUS:

G **A^m**
Whoeee! Ride me high,

C **G**
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come.

A^m **C** **G**
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly, down in the easy chair.

G **A^m**
I don't care, how many letters you sent,

C **G**
Morning came and morning went.

A^m
Pick up your money and pick up your tent,

C **G**
You ain't goin' nowhere

CHORUS;

G **A^m**
Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots,

C **G**
Tail gates and substitutes.

A^m
Strap yourself to the tree with roots,

C **G**
You ain't going nowhere.

CHORUS:

G **A^m**
Gengis Khan, he could not keep,

C **G**
All his kings supplied with sleep.

A^m
We'll climb that hill no matter how steep,

C **G**
When we get up to it.

CHORUS:

G **A^m**
Whooee! Ride me high,

C **G**
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come.

A^m **C** **G**
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly, down in the easy chair.

[Chorus X2 to end song, plus tag last line]

