YOU AIN`T GOIN` NOWHERE  Bob Dylan  (performed by The Byrds)

G     A\textsuperscript{m}     C     G
/ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / (X2)

G     A\textsuperscript{m}
Clouds so swift, rain won`t lift,

C     G
Gate won`t close, railing`s froze.

A\textsuperscript{m}     C     G
Get your mind off winter time, you ain`t goin` nowhere.

CHORUS:

G     A\textsuperscript{m}
Whooe!  Ride me high.

C     G
Tomorrow`s the day my bride`s gonna come.

A\textsuperscript{m}     C     G
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly, down in the easy chair.

G     A\textsuperscript{m}
I don`t care, how many letters you sent,

C     G
Morning came and morning went.

A\textsuperscript{m}
Pick up your money and pick up your tent,

C     G
You ain`t goin` nowhere

CHORUS;
G  A\textsuperscript{m}
Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots,
C  G
Tail gates and substitutes.

A\textsuperscript{m}
Strap yourself to the tree with roots,
C  G
You ain’t going nowhere.

**CHORUS:**

G  A\textsuperscript{m}
Gengis Khan, he could not keep,
C  G
All his kings supplied with sleep.

A\textsuperscript{m}
We’ll climb that hill no matter how steep,
C  G
When we get up to it.

**CHORUS:**

G  A\textsuperscript{m}
Whooe!  Ride me high,
C  G
Tomorrow’s the day my bride’s gonna come.

A\textsuperscript{m}  C  G
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly, down in the easy chair.

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