

You ain't going nowhere

Bob Dylan

Tonart G

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

**Whoo-ee! Ride me high, tomorrow's the day
My bride's gonna come
Whoo-ee! Are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair!**

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

Whoo-ee! Ride me high ...

Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots
Tailgates and substitutes
Strap yourself to the tree with root
You ain't going nowhere

Whoo-ee! Ride me high ...

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

Whoo-ee! Ride me high ...