



## **YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE**

(Bob Dylan 1967)

G Am C

**Clouds so swift, rain won't lift  
Gate won't close, railings froze  
Get your mind of wintertime  
You ain't goin' nowhere**

**Whoo-ee ride me high, tomorrow's the day  
My bride's gonna come, oh, oh, 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, tomorrow's the day ...**

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

**Whoo-ee ride me high, tomorrow's the day ...**

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

**Whoo-ee ride me high, tomorrow's the day.....**