

# You Ain't Going Nowhere

Bobby Dylan, 1967

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

chorus

G Am C G  
Whoo-ee ride me high tomorrows the day my bride's gonna come  
G Am C G  
Oh oh are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

G Am  
I don't care how many letters they sent  
C G  
The morning came the morning went  
G Am C G  
Pack up your money pick up your tent, you ain't going nowhere

Chorus

G Am  
Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots  
C G  
Tailgates and substitutes  
G Am C G  
Strap yourself to a tree with roots you ain't going nowhere

Chorus

G Am  
Now Gingus Kahn he could not keep  
C G  
All his kings supplied with sleep  
Am C G  
We'll climb that hill no matter how steep when we get up to it

chorus