

# Bob Dylan / The Byrds

## You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

Clouds so swift, the rain won't lift  
The gates won't close, the railings froze  
Get your mind off wintertime  
You ain't going nowhere

G - A m - / C - G - / 1<sup>st</sup> / 2<sup>nd</sup> /

**Ooo-wee, ride me high  
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come  
Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly  
Down in the easy chair**

I don't care how many letters they sent  
The morning came and the morning went  
Pick up your money, pack up your tent,  
You ain't going nowhere

### **[Chorus]**

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

### **[Chorus]**

Gengis 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