

You Ain't Going Nowhere

Bob Dylan

D

Em

Clouds so swift, rain won't lift

G

D

Gate won't close, the railing's froze

D

Em

Get your mind off wintertime

G

D

You ain't going nowhere.

Who—ee! Ride me high

Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come

O, o, we're gonna fly

Down in that easy chair.

I don't care how many letters they sent

Mornings came and mornings went

Pick up your money and pack up your tent,

You still 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

Genghis Khan, he could not keep

All his kings supplied with sheep

We'll climb that hill no matter how steep,

We still ain't going nowhere.

Chorus (Ex)