You ain't going' nowhere (Bob Dylan, 1971)	
G Am Clouds so swift, Rain won't lift	
C G Gate won't close, Railings froze	
G Am Get your mind off wintertime	
C G You ain't going' nowhere	
Chorus: G Am C Whoo-ee! Ride me high Tomorrow's the day	
G Am My bride's gonna come, Oh, oh, are we gonna fly	
C G 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 going' nowhere. (Cho	rus)
Buy me a flute, and a gun that shoots Tailgates and substitutes Strap yourself to the tree with roots You ain't going' nowhere. (Cho	rus)
Genghis Khan He could not keep, All his kings supplied with sheep We'll climb that hill no matter how steep When we get up to it. (Cho	rus)