You Ain’t Goin’ Nowhere—Bob Dylan

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Clouds so swift  Rain won’t lift  Gate won’t close  Railings froze  Get your mind off 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  My bride’s gonna come  Oh, oh, are we gonna fly  Down in the easy chair!  Buy me a flute  And a gun that shoots  Tailgates and substitutes  Strap yourself  To the tree with roots  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!  Genghis 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  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! |  |