

You Ain't Going Nowhere" The Byrds written by Bob Dylan

C Dm
Clouds so swift the rain won't lift
F C
The gate won't close the railings froze
Dm F C
Get your mind on the winter time you ain't going nowhere

Chorus

C Dm F C
Ooh-we ride me high tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
C Dm F C
Oh my are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

C Dm
Now Genghis Kahn he could not keep
F C
All his kings supplied with sleep
Dm F C
We'll climb that hill no matter how steep when we get up to it
F C
chorus, repeat 'down in the easy chair'

