

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE

Words and music by Bob Dylan
(with some revisions by Roger McGuinn)

G Am C G
Clouds so swift, rain won't lift, gate won't close, railings froze
G Am C G
Get your mind off winter time. You ain't goin' nowhere!

CHORUS:

G Am C G
Whoo ee! Ride me high. Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
G Am C G
Oh, ho, are we gonna fly down in the easy chair!

G Am C G
I don't care how many letters they sent the morning came the morning went
G Am C G
Pack up your money and pick up your tent. You ain't goin' nowhere!

CHORUS AGAIN

G Am C G
Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots tailgates, substitutes
G Am C G
Strap yourself to a tree with roots. You ain't goin' nowhere!

CHORUS AGAIN

G Am C G
Now, Genghis Khan, he could not keep all his kings supplied with sleep
G Am C G
We'll climb that hill, no matter how steep, when we get up to it!

CHORUS AGAIN

From the 1968 Columbia LP "Sweetheart of the Rodeo"
Copyright @ 1967,1972 by Dwarf Music