

You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

(Written by Bob Dylan, 1967. 1971 version.)

(G) Clouds so swift, (Am) rain won't lift

(C) Gate won't close, (G) railings froze

(G) Get your mind off (Am) wintertime,

(C) You ain't goin' no(G)where

(G) Whoo-ee! (Am) Ride me high,

(C) Tomorrow's the day my (G) bride's gonna come

(G) Oh, oh, are (Am) we gonna fly,

(C) Down in the easy (G) chair!

(G) I don't care how many (Am) letters they sent

(C) Morning came and (G) morning went

(G) Pick up your money and (Am) pack up your tent,

(C) You ain't goin' no(G)where

(chorus)

(G) Buy me a flute and a (Am) gun that shoots

(C) Tailgates and (G) substitutes

(G) Strap yourself to the (Am) tree with roots

(C) You ain't goin' no(G)where

(chorus)

(G) Genghis Khan, he (Am) could not keep

(C) All his kings supp(G)lied with sleep

(G) We'll climb that hill no (Am) matter how steep

(C) When we get up to (G) it.

(chorus)

