

# Bob Dylan, You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

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!