

Joan Baez, You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

Clouds so swift, rain won't lift
Gate won't close, the railings froze
Get your mind off wintertime
You ain't going nowhere
Whoo-ee! Ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my man'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 going nowhere
Whoo-ee! Ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my man'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 going nowhere
Whoo-ee! Ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my man'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
But we still ain't going nowhere
Whoo-ee! Ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my man's gonna come
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair!

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Tomorrow's the day my man's gonna come
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