

# The Byrds, You Ain't Going Nowhere

Written by Bob Dylan

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 send  
Morning came and morning went  
Pack up your money  
Pick 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 a 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

Now Genghis Kahn  
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