## The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, You Ain't Going Nowhe

Clouds so swift, the rain won't lift Gates won't close, the railing's froze. So get your mind off wintertime, You ain't going nowhere.

Ooooo ride me high Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come Oooo are we gonna fly Down in the easy chair

Buy me a flute, and a gun that shoots Tail gates and substitutes Strap yourself to a tree with roots, You ain't going nowhere

Ooooo ride me high Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come Oooo are we gonna fly Down in the easy chair

Well I don't care how many letters they sent The morning came and the morning went

So pack up your money, and pick up your tent You ain't going nowhere

Ooooo ride me high Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come Oooo are we gonna fly Down in the easy chair

And genghis khan he could not keep All his men supplied with sleep. We'll climb that hill no matter how steep When we get up to it

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