

Bob Dylan

"You Ain't Going Nowhere"

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Fly so swift the rain won't lift
The gate won't close the railings froze
Get your mind on wintertime
You ain't going nowhere

Ooowe, 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
The morning came, the morning went
Pack up your money pick up your tent
You ain't going nowhere

Ooowe, 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 going nowhere

Ooowe, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
Oh oh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair?

Now Ghengis 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

Ooowe, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
Oh oh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair?

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