

Byrds, The

"You Ain't Going Nowhere"

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Clouds so swift, rain won't lift
Gate won't close, railing's froze
Get your mind off wintertime
You ain't goin' nowhere

Oooo, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
My bride's gonna come
Oh ho, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair?

I don't care how many letters they sent
Morning came and morning went
Pack up your money, pick up your tent
You ain't goin' nowhere

Oooo, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
My bride's gonna come
Oh ho, 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

Oooo, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
My bride's gonna come
Oh ho, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair?

Now 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

Oooo, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
My bride's gonna come

Oh ho, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair?

Oooo, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
My bride's gonna come
Oh ho, are we gonna fly
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