

You Ain't Going Nowhere (Byrds version of a Bob Dylan song)

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

G Am
Ooh-wee, ride me high
C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna
come
G Am
Oh-ho, are we gonna fly
C G
Down in the easy chair?

G Am
I don't care how many letters they sent
C G
The morning came, the morning went
G Am
Pack up your money, pick up your tent
C G
You ain't goin' nowhere

G Am
Ooh-wee, ride me high
C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna
come
G Am
Oh-ho, are we gonna fly
C G
Down in the easy chair?

G Am
Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots
C G
Tailgates and substitutes
G Am
Strap yourself to a tree with roots
C G
You ain't goin' nowhere

G Am
Ooh-wee, ride me high
C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna
come
G Am
Oh-ho, are we gonna fly
C G
Down in the easy chair?

G Am
Now Genghis Khan, he could not keep
C G
All his kings supplied with sleep
G Am
We'll climb that hill, no matter how steep
C G
When we get up to it.

G Am
Ooh-wee, ride me high
C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna
come
G Am
Oh-ho, are we gonna fly
C G
Down in the easy chair?