

No score

You Ain't Going Nowhere - Bob Dylan

G Am
Clouds so swift, rain won't lift
C G
Gates won't close, railings froze
Am
Get your mind off wintertime
C G
You ain't going nowhere

Ooo-wee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair

I don't care how many letters they sent
Morning came and morning went
Pick up your money, and pack up your tent,
You ain't going nowhere

Ooo-wee...

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

Ooo-wee...

Ghengis Khan he could not keep
All of his kings supplied with sleep
We'll climb that hill no matter how steep
You ain't going nowhere

Ooo-wee...

There are alternate lyric versions by Dylan that can be found online. The recording of this version has one extra stray beat that I removed for the dance.