

# Bob Dylan - You Aint' Going Nowhere

Tom: G

G Am  
 Clouds so swift, the rain won't lift  
 C G  
 The gates won't close, the 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  
 The morning came and the morning went

Pick up your money, 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...

Gengis 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

Ooo-wee...

## Acordes

