

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

