Bob Dylan

C Dm

Clouds so swift rain won't lift

- (

Gate won't close railings froze

C Dm

Get your mind off wintertime

- C

You ain't goin' nowhere

Chorus:

C Dm

Whoo-ee! Ride me high

F (

Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come

C Dm

Oh, oh, are we gonna fly

F

C

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 goin' nowhere

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

Genghis Khan he could not keep All his kings supplied with sheep We'll climb that hill no matter how steep

WHEN WE GET UP TO IT

CHORUS (ACAPELLA)
CHORUS