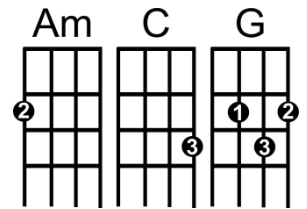


YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE - Bob Dylan 1971

Intro : 1st Verse



1. Clouds so swift, rain won't lift,
Gate won't close, railing's froze.
Get your mind off winter time, you ain't goin' nowhere.

Chorus: *Whoeee! Ride me high,
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come.
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly, down in the easy chair.*

2. 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*

3. Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots,
Tail gates and substitutes.
Strap yourself to the tree with roots,
You ain't goin' nowhere. *Chorus*

4. *(quietly)* 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. *Chorus X2*