

Bob Dylan - You Aint' Going Nowhere

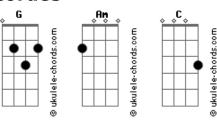
Tom: G

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

Acordes



Pick up your money, pack up your tent, You ain't going nowhere

0oo-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

000-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

000-wee...