

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...

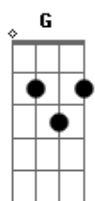
Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots
 Tailgates and substitutes
 Strap yourself to the tree with roots
 You ain't going nowhere

Ooo-wee...

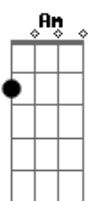
Gengis Khan he could not keep
 All his kings supplied with sleep
 We'll climb that hill no matter how steep
 When we get up to it

Ooo-wee...

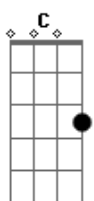
Acordes



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