

# You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

by Bob Dylan (1967)

*D* *Em*  
Clouds so swift, rain fallin' in  
*G* *D*  
Gonna see a movie called Gunga Din.  
*D* *Em*  
Pack up your money, put up your tent in the wind,  
*G* *D*  
You ain't a-goin' nowhere.

*D* *Em*  
Ooo-ee! Ride me high  
*G* *D*  
Tomorrow's the day my bride's a-gonna come.  
*D* *Em*  
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly  
*G* *D*  
Down into the easy chair.

Clouds so swift  
Rain won't lift  
Gate won't close  
Railings froze  
Get your mind off wintertime  
You ain't goin' nowhere

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

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

Genghis Khan  
He could not keep  
All his kings  
Supplied with sleep  
Well climb that hill no matter how steep  
When we get up to it