

You Ain't Goin' Nowhere
 Words and music Bob Dylan
 Album: The Basement Tapes (1967/1975)

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

G Am
 Whoo-ee! Ride me high
 C
 Tomorrow's the day
 G
 My bride's gonna come
 G Am
 Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
 C G
 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

Whoo-ee! Ride me high
 Tomorrow's the day
 My bride's gonna come
 Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
 Down in the easy chair!

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

Whoo-ee! Ride me high
 Tomorrow's the day
 My bride's gonna come
 Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
 Down in the easy chair!

Genghis 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

Whoo-ee! Ride me high
 Tomorrow's the day
 My bride's gonna come
 Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
 Down in the easy chair!

Alternate take

Capo 2nd fret
Chords as above

Now look here dear Sue
You best feed the cat
The cat needs feedin'
You're the one to do it
Get your hat
Feed the cat
You ain't goin' nowhere

Whoo-ee! Ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
My bride's gonna come
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair!

Look here you bunch of
basement noise
You ain't no
punchin' bag
I see you walkin' out there,
and you're the one to do it
Pick up your nose, you canary
You ain't goin' nowhere

Just pick up that oil cloth
cram it in the corner
I don't care if your name is Michael,
you gonna need some boards
Get your lunch
you foreign bib
You ain't goin' nowhere

Now look here, you pile of money,
you best go off here to find a file
I've seen you out there beatin' on you hammer,
you ain't no head lettuce
Beat that buzzard
lay 'm on the rug
You ain't goin' nowhere