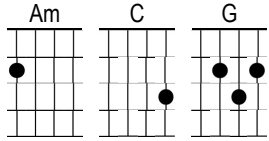


You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

The Byrds



G Am C G

G Clouds so swift **Am** rain won't lift
C Gate won't close **G** railings froze
| Get your mind off **Am** winter time
C You ain't goin' no **G** where

Chorus

G Ooo-ee! **Am** Ride me high
C Tomorrow's the day my **G** bride's gonna come
| Oh, oh, are **Am** we gonna fly **C** down in the easy **G** chair

G I don't care how many **Am** letters they sent
The **C** mornin' came and **G** mornin' went
| Pack up your money and **Am** pick up your tent
C You ain't goin' no **G** where

Repeat Chorus

G Buy me a flute and a **Am** gun that shoots
C Tailgates and **G** substitutes
| Strap yourself to a **Am** tree with roots
C You ain't goin' no **G** where

Repeat Chorus

Now, **G** Genghis Khan he **Am** could not keep
C All his kings sup**G** plied with sleep
| We'll climb that hill no **Am** matter how steep
C When we get up **G** to it

Repeat Chorus

G Ooo-ee! **Am** Ride me high
C Tomorrow's the day my **G** bride's gonna come
| Oh, oh, are **Am** we gonna fly **C** down in the easy **G** chair

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