

G | Am | C | G | You Ain't Goin' Nowhere – The Byrds '68

G Am C G
Clouds so swift rain won't lift gate won't close railings froze

Am C G
Get your mind off wintertime you ain't goin' nowhere

Am C G
Oou-wee ride me high tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come

Am C G
Oh Oh! are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

Am C G
I don't care how many letters they sent the morning came and morning went

Am C G
Pack up your money pick up your tent you ain't goin' nowhere

Am C G
Oou-wee ride me high tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come

Am C G
Oh Oh! are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

***Instr:* | G | Am | C | G | G | Am | C | G |**

Am C G
Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots tailgates and substitutes

Am C G
Strap yourself to a tree with roots you ain't goin nowhere

Am C G
Oou-wee ride me high tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come

Am C G
Oh Oh! are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

Am C G
Now Genghis Kahn he could not keep all his kings supplied with sleep

Am C G
We'll climb that hill no matter how steep when we get-up-to-it

Am C G
Oou-wee ride me high tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come

Am C G
Oh Oh! are we gonna fly Down in the easy chair

Am C G
Oou-wee ride me high tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come

Am C G | Am | C | G |
Oh Oh! are we gonna fly down in the easy chair