You Ain't Goin' Nowhere - Bob Dylan

Clouds so swift, rain won't lift
Gate won't close, railings froze

Get your mind off winter time
You ain't goin' nowhere

Chorus:
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

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

Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots,
Tail gates and substitutes
Strap yourself to the tree with roots,
You ain't goin' nowhere

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

(Chorus)