by The Byrds

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| columns and guitar forums!
Written by Bob Dylan. This is The Byrds version.
Clouds so swift, the rain won't lift
The gates won't close, the railings froze
Get your mind off wintertime
You ain't going nowhere
Ooo-wee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair
I don't care how many letters they sent
The morning came and the morning went
Pick up your money, pack up your tent,
You ain't going nowhere
Ooo-wee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair
Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots  \begin{matrix} \mathbf{c} \end{matrix} 
Tailgates and substitutes
Strap yourself to the tree with roots
You ain't going nowhere
One-wee, ride me high \bf C
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
                  Am
Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair
Gengis 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
Ooo-wee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
                   Αm
Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly
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C G
Down in the easy chair

ENJOY!