

You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

Glen Hansard & Mark A. Irglov

Clouds so swift, rain won't lift
Gate won't close, the railings froze
Get your mind off wintertime
You ain't goin' nowhere
Ooh wee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day, my man's gonna come
Ohh, 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 your tent
You ain't goin' nowhere
Ooh wee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my man's gonna come
Ohh, 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
Ooh wee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day, my man's gonna come
Ohh, 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
But we still ain't goin' nowhere
Ooh wee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my man's gonna come
Ohh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair?
Ooh wee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my man's gonna come
Ohh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair?

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