

# You Ain't Going Nowhere

Loudon Wainwright III

Rain so swift  
Cloud won't lift  
Gate won't close  
The railings froze  
Get your mind off wintertime  
You ain't goin' nowhere

Whoo-ee ride me high  
Tomorrow's the day  
My bride's gonna come  
Oh, Lord, we're 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

Whoo-ee ride me high  
Tomorrow's the day  
My bride's gonna come  
Oh, Lord, we're 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

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Tomorrow's the day  
My bride's gonna come  
Oh, Lord, we're gonna fly  
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