

G Am  
 Fly so swift the rain won't lift  
 C G  
 The gate won't close the railings froze  
 Am C G  
 Get your mind on winter time, you ain't going nowhere  
 G Am C G  
 Ooh, we ride me high tomorrows the day my brides gonna come  
 G Am C G  
 Oh oh are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

G Am  
 I don't care how many letters they sent  
 C G  
 The morning came the morning went  
 G Am C G  
 Pack up your money pick up your tent you ain't going nowhere  
 G Am C G  
 Ooh, we ride me high tomorrows the day my brides gonna come  
 G Am C G  
 Oh oh are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

**SOLO:** First Three Lines of Verse

G Am  
 Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots  
 C G  
 Tailgates and substitutes  
 G Am C G  
 Strap yourself to a tree with roots you ain't going nowhere  
 G Am C G  
 Ooh, we ride me high tomorrows the day my brides gonna come  
 G Am C G  
 Oh oh are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

G Am  
 Now Gingus Kahn he could not keep  
 C G  
 All his kings supplied with sleep  
 G Am C G  
 We'll climb that hill no matter how steep when we get up to it  
 G Am C G  
 Ooh, we ride me high tomorrows the day my brides gonna come  
 G Am C G  
 Oh oh are we gonna fly down in the easy chair  
 G Am C G  
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D Em  
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 G D  
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 Em G D  
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C Dm  
 Fly so swift the rain won't lift  
 F C  
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 Dm F C  
 Get your mind on winter time, you ain't going nowhere  
 C Dm F C  
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F Gm  
 Fly so swift the rain won't lift  
 Bb F  
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 Gm Bb F  
 Get your mind on winter time, you ain't going nowhere  
 F Gm Bb F  
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