

Down in the easy chair – The Byrds

Clouds so swift, rain won't lift
Gate won't close, railing's froze
Get your mind, off wintertime
You ain't goin' nowhere

Ooh-wee, ride me high

**Tomorrow's the day,
my bride's gonna come**

Oh-ho, are we gonna fly

Down in the easy chair?

I don't care, how many letters they sent
The morning came, the morning went
Pack up your money, pick up your tent
You ain't goin' nowhere

Ooh-wee, ride me high...

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

Ooh-wee, ride me high...

Now 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

Ooh-wee, ride me high...

Ooh-wee, ride me high...
