

Eric Clapton, Sign Language

(Bob Dylan)

You speak to me in sign language,
As I'm eating a sandwich in a small cafe
At a quarter to three.

But I can't respond to your sign language.
You're taking advantage, bringing me down.
Can't you make any sound?

'Twas there by the bakery, surrounded by fakery.
This is my story, still I'm still there.
Does she know I still care?

Link Wray was playing on a jukebox, I was paying
For the words I was saying, so misunderstood.
He didn't do me no good.

[Repeat First Verse]

[Repeat Second Verse]