

Bob Dylan, Sign Language

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
Tell her my story
Still I'm still there.
Does she know I still care?

Link Wray was playin'
On a jukebox I was payin'
For the words I was sayin'
So misunderstood
He didn't do me no good.

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