

# Bob Dylan, Sign On The Cross

Now, I try, oh for so awf'ly long  
And I just try to be.  
And now, oh it's a gold mine  
But it's so fine.  
Yes, but I know in my head  
That we're all so misled,  
And it's that ol' sign on the cross  
That worries me.

Now, when I was just a bawlin' child,  
I saw what I wanted to be,  
And it's all for the sake  
Of that picture I should see.  
But I was lost on the moon  
As I heard that front door slam,  
And that old sign on the cross  
Still worries me.

Well, it's that old sign on the cross,  
Well, it's that old key to the kingdom,  
Well, it's that old sign on the cross  
Like you used to be.

But, when I hold my head so high  
As I see my ol' friends go by,  
And it's still that sign on the cross  
That worries me.

Well, it seems to be the sign on the cross. Ev'ry day,  
ev'ry night, see the sign on the cross just layin' up  
on top of the hill. Yes, we thought it might have  
disappeared long ago, but I'm here to tell you, friends,  
that I'm afraid it's lyin' there still. Yes, just a  
little time is all you need, you might say, but I don't  
know 'bout that any more, because the bird is here and  
you might want to enter it, but, of course, the door might  
be closed. But I just would like to tell you one time,  
if I don't see you again, that the thing is, that the sign  
on the cross is the thing you might need the most.

Yes, the sign on the cross  
Is just a sign on the cross.  
Well, there is some on every chisel  
And there is some in the championship, too.  
Oh, when your, when your days are numbered  
And your nights are long,  
You might think you're weak  
But I mean to say you're strong.  
Yes you are, if that sign on the cross,  
If it begins to worry you.  
Well, that's all right because sing a song  
And all your troubles will pass right on through.