

Eric Clapton

"Sign Language - Eric Clapton"

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by 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.

First Verse

Second Verse

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