

Dylan Bob

"When He Returns"

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by Bob Dylan

The iron hand it ain't no match for the iron rod,
The strongest wall will crumble and fall to a mighty
God.
For all those who have eyes and all those who have
ears
It is only He who can reduce me to tears.
Don't you cry and don't you die and don't you burn
For like a thief in the night, He'll replace wrong with
right
When He returns.

Truth is an arrow and the gate is narrow that it passes
through,
He unleashed His power at an unknown hour that no
one knew.
How long can I listen to the lies of prejudice?
How long can I stay drunk on fear out in the
wilderness?
Can I cast it aside, all this loyalty and this pride?
Will I ever learn that there'll be no peace, that the war
won't cease
Until He returns?

Surrender your crown on this blood-stained ground,
take off your mask,
He sees your deeds, He knows your needs even before
you ask.
How long can you falsify and deny what is real?
How long can you hate yourself for the weakness you
conceal?
Of every earthly plan that be known to man, He is
unconcerned,
He's got plans of His own to set up His throne When He
returns.

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