

Pressing on

Bob Dylan

Well, I'm pressing on
Yes, I'm pressing on
Well, I'm pressing on
To the higher calling of my Lord Well, I'm pressing on
Pressing on
Well, I'm pressing on
To the higher calling of my Lord Pressing on
Pressing on
I know I'm pressing on
To the higher calling of my Lord Many try to stop me, shake me up in my mind
Say, "Prove to me that He is Lord, show me a sign"
What kind of sign they need when it all come from within
When what's lost has been found, what's to come has already been?
I just keep pressing on
On and on and on and on
Pressing on
Well, I'm pressing on
To the higher calling of my Lord Pressing on
On and on and on and on
Pressing on
Well, I keep turning 'round
Pressing on
To the higher calling of my Lord
Oh Lord, yeah Shake the dust off of your feet, don't look back
Nothing can hold you down, nothing that you lack
Temptation's not an easy thing, Adam given the Devil reign
Because he sinned I got no choice, it run's in my vein
Well, I'm pressing on
On and on and on and on
Pressing on, oh yes, I am
Pressing on
To the higher calling of my Lord Well, I'm pressing on
On and on and on and on
I'm pressing on
Pressing on
To the higher calling of my Lord Pressing on
On and on and on and on
Pressing on
Pressing on

To the higher calling of my Lord
Pressing on
On and on and on and on
Pressing on
Pressing on
To the higher calling of my Lord

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