

# QUOTE OF THE WEEK

How much do I know  
To talk out of turn?  
You might say that I'm young  
You might say I'm unlearned  
But there's one thing I know  
Though I'm younger than you  
That even Jesus would never  
Forgive what you do  
Let me ask you one question  
Is your money that good?  
Will it buy you forgiveness?  
Do you think that it could?  
I think you will find  
When your death takes its toll  
All the money you made  
Will never buy back your soul  
And I hope that you die  
And your death will come soon  
I'll follow your casket  
On a pale afternoon  
I'll watch while you're lowered  
Down to your deathbed  
And I'll stand over your grave  
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

From **"The Masters of War"**, **Bob Dylan**