

# Love Minus Zero/No Limit

Leon Russell

My love, she speaks like silence  
Without ideals or violence  
She doesn't have to say she's faithful  
But she's true, like ice, or fire  
People carry roses  
Make promises by the hours  
My love, she laughs like the flowers  
Valentines can't buy her  
In the dime stores and bus stations  
People talk over situations  
Read books, and repeat quotations  
Draw conclusions on the wall  
Some speak of the future  
My love, she speaks softly  
Knows there's no success like failure  
And that failure's no success at all  
Cloak and dagger dangles  
Madams light the candles  
In ceremonies of the horsemen  
Even a pawn must hold a grudge  
Statues made of matchsticks  
Crumble into one another  
My love winks, she doesn't bother  
She knows too much to argue or to judge  
The bridge at midnight trembles  
The country doctor rambles  
Bankers' nieces seek perfection  
Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring  
The wind howls like a hammer  
The night blows cold and rainy  
My love, she's like some raven  
At my window with a broken wing

Songwriters

Bob Dylan  
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