

Love Minus Zero

Bob Dylan

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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