

Bob Dylan - Love Minus Zero - No Limit

tom:

My love she speaks like silence
 Without ideals or violence
 She doesn't have to say she's faithful
 Yet she's true, like ice, like 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 of situations
 Read books, repeat quotations
 Draw conclusions on the wall
 Some speak of the future
 My love she speaks softly
 She knows there's no success like failure

And that failure's no success at all

The cloak and dagger dangles
 Madams light the candles
 In ceremonies of the horsemen
 Even the pawn must hold a grudge
 Statues made of match sticks
 Crumble into one another
 My love winks, she does not 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

Acordes

