

My Zero

Ezra Furman

Out on the open prairie
The amber waves of grain
I sat and lit my fire
I saw your passing train
I watched your yellow windows
I couldn't see your face

I thought you'd always be
My zero
I thought you'd always be
My zero

Sitting down by the fire
I cook my can of beans
I draw the constellations
I wonder what they mean
Sit back, replay my movie
I go through all the scenes

I thought you'd always be
My zero
I thought you'd always be
My zero

My zero

I've gone away forever
The wrong side of the tracks
My blood all filled with garbage
My heart shot through with cracks
I saw her dark hair falling
All down her snow-white back
I thought you'd always be
My zero
I thought you'd always be
My zero
My zero