

Love Minus Zero

The Walker Brothers

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
And make promises by the hours
My love 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.

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