

Mr. Zero

The Yardbirds

Diamonds of silvery rain in the fountains,
And ten-cent red roses from department store counters,
Watching the moonlight reflect off the river,
Beside where the trains cross the bridge and slow down,
Trains with white letters on black iron sides,
And white rushing water that all rolls away,
And Little Miss Someone does not want to stay.
Everyone's moving, with places to go,
And Mr Zero, he sadly stands still.
As the water goes one way, the train goes another,
Mr Zero stands still and Miss Someone don't bother.

Yesterday's kiss will be cold by tomorrow,
As campfires of midnight dissolve in the darkness.
The room is deserted, the blinds have been drawn,
Little Miss Someone has packed up and gone.
Fast moving cars disappear down the highway,
With signs that say "hitch-hikers: do not disturb".
Mr Zero looks quietly up from the curb.
Morning has faded, and shadows have grown,
And Little Miss Someone is on her way home.
Mr Zero stands watching, her plane flies above,
And with frost-bitten hands waves goodbye to his love.

Walks through the park on a bright summer Sunday,
And tapestry kittens that hung on the wall.
They all die in the air like a soft minor chord,
A vacancy sign, and a bulletin board.
Mr Zero is wrapping his jacket around him,
Speaking kind words that should have been said long ago,
But Little Miss Someone does not want to know.
The night is deserted, there's dust on the shelf,
Mr Zero sits lonely and talks to himself.
It's too late to change, the fine line has been crossed,
The charades are all done, Mr Zero has lost.