

# Buck Owens, Love Minus Zero No Limit

(Bob Dylan)

My love 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 laughs like the flower valentines can't buy her.

In the dime stores and the stations people talk of situations  
Read books repeat questions 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.

Oh, the cloak and dagger dangles, madams light the candles  
In ceremonies of the horsemen even pawns must hold a grudge  
Wind howls like a hammer night blows cold and rainy  
My love she's like the raven at my window with a broken wing... mhm