

Yardbirds, The

"Mr. Zero"

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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

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