

# Chris Rea, Diamonds

Oh getaway and don't come back  
Who do you think you're fooling with lies like that?  
You have dreams that set the rain on fire  
Burning with a cheap desire  
And it's plain as grey that what you say  
Have meanings of their own  
My love, she don't need diamonds

My love's more than a sweet dream  
And she don't need diamonds  
She shakes her hip to the tambourine  
And she don't need diamonds  
If you can't love me for nothing  
They you can't love me at all  
And it's plain as grey that what you say  
Have meanings of their own

We all got to dance, take a chance?  
But babe you should have stayed at home  
My love, my love, she don't need diamonds