

The Beautiful South, Diamonds

(Mike Greaves)

Little sister don't you cry
Lay your head down close your eyes
Your heart is aching
Mine is aching for you
Little sister don't you cry
Lay your head down close your eyes
And dream of when before young men
Looked at you

Diamonds always shine
You'll find true love again
The mud gets washed off with the rain
Diamonds always shine

Little sister look at me
Do you see the lines around my eyes
They trace the tracks of the tears
I cried inside
For a boy who loved me true
Who found somehow like you
He could not see the point
In going on

Diamonds always shine
You'll find true love again
The mud gets washed off with the rain
Diamonds always shine
Diamonds always shine