

# Luka Bloom, Diamond Mountain

Voices cry out, shells of houses  
White-faced children, hungry eyes  
The cruel sea calls the unwilling traveller  
Who would look for the road to survival

Hold my hand a little longer  
Take one last look out over the fields  
To the reds and the browns of Diamond Mountain  
Bring the smell and the sound to your station

I will be here when you need me  
I will be here in the pouring rain  
I will be here on Diamond Mountain

They bring their song line to Australia  
Scattering magical airs, cities, towns  
The dreaming road to Diamond Mountain  
An ordinary wonder on the heather ground

Hold my hand a little longer  
Take one last look out over the fields  
To the reds and the browns of Diamond Mountain  
Bring the smell and the sound to your station

He kisses his love, Diamond Mountain  
The mad wind whistles, bushes, stones  
Like two March swallows back on the mountain  
Come full circle at last, heaven is home