

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