

Diamonds

The Mekons

Sly like a magpie's shared between species
Something there glitters the theft is made
Gold speckled waters the source unfound
Slips through wet fingers back under ground

The reason for the voyage hasn't been forgot
The trail's not cold the coals are hot
The crew draws back together like magnets
Salmon at sea that head back to fresh water
To the head of the stream and the inevitable slaughter
Carry the future back off down the river

Reflections explained in a watched world
There's nothing of magic in this shining pearl

The water is red from the rust of an anchor
The blood and hte paint from the towns that got captured
Where something dissolved and got free in the current
Locked in black boxes they'll find their way
Thrown out on the highway they get home just the same
Each fishy sparkles again and again

Where rough diamonds lie a lens that bends all light
Wills change and shape to suit its eye
Where rough diamonds lie