Diamonds

Lisa Loeb

Diamonds are a ritual
A prize in a cracker jack
A name that you won't get back
Diamonds are a run around
A game you can't win
While you wait for your life to begin

Miss the party
Drink the punch
The drunk ones are the lucky bunch

Diamonds play single
So sharp and abbrasive
Just look at their poor faces
It's sad
It's not in the cards for them
Look down at their hands
You'll see nothing but emptiness and misery

Miss the party
Drink the punch
The drunk ones are the lucky bunch
Drink til' they can't tell what's wrong
Drink til' they can't tell what's wrong

Diamonds are a piece of twine
A seal on the envelope
Some guarantee of hope
Diamonds are just rocks that shine
So I'm not the diamond kind
I'll never see a diamond mine

Miss the party
Drink the punch
The drunk ones are the lucky bunch
'cause they can't remember when they've had such a bad time
No they can't remember when they've had such a bad time
They can't remember when they've had such a bad time

Except they make diamond rings
And diamonds are the hardest things