

Diamond In The Coal

The 88

I'm a habit
You're some running joke
I'm not worth repeating
You're fixed but not broke

But in that nothing
To where I was led
I searched for your reasons
But found mine instead

I had my eyes wide open
My mouth was dry
I saw the sunlight choking
On blackened skies
And when the dark came crashing
I was swallowed whole
And in the moonlight flashing
A diamond in the coal

Cursed are hands that
Touched on your skin
And cursed are the eyes
That have seen where you've been
But out of curses
Old sailors were shown
There's more than one wind to
Carry you home