

## 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