

# Diamonds And Rust

Joan Baez

Well I'll be damned  
Here comes your ghost again  
But that's not unusual  
It's just that the moon is full  
And you happened to call And here I sit, hand on the telephone  
Hearing a voice I'd known  
A couple of light years ago  
Heading straight for a fall As I remember your eyes  
Were bluer than robin's eggs  
"My poetry was lousy", you said  
Where are you calling from?  
A booth in the Midwest Ten years ago  
I bought you some cuff links  
You brought me something  
And we both know what memories can bring  
They bring diamonds and rust You burst on the scene  
Already a legend  
The unwashed phenomenon  
The original vagabond  
You strayed into my arms And there you stayed  
Temporarily lost at sea  
The Madonna was yours for free  
Yes the girl on the half-shell  
Would keep you unharmed Now I see you standing  
With brown leaves falling around  
An' snow in your hair  
Now you're smiling out the window  
Of that crummy hotel over Washington Square Our breath comes out white clouds  
Mingles and hangs in the air  
Speaking strictly for me  
We both could have died then and there Now you're telling me  
You're not nostalgic  
Then give me another word for it  
You, who are so good with words  
And at keeping things vague 'Cause I need some of that vagueness now  
It's all come back too clearly  
I once loved you dearly  
And if you're offering me diamonds and rust  
Well, I'll already paid...

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