

He'd Be a Diamond

The Bevis Frond

When the tape runs out, the music keeps playing,
And when the walls come down, it's still hard to cross the line,
And when his love is gone, he says he still needs her,
And he wants to let you know,
That if he had his chance again, he'd be a diamond. When you dab your eyes, the tears keep on falling,
And when you blow your nose, it still gets blocked up and runs,
And though you feel like shit, he says you look beautiful,
And he swears by all the saints,
That if he had his chance again, he'd be a diamond. Is he lying to get what he wants, or does he mean it this time?
Is he running low on affection, and beer and dope,
And an ironing board?
And an unpaid analyst who shags? When you turn your back, you still see what's behind you,
And when you start afresh, you still think of days gone by,
And when a heart is broken, it still goes on pumping,
And he told me just last night,
That if he had his chance again, he'd be diamond.

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