Diamond Light, Pt. 1

Tweedy

Why don't we pick one script
And read it
Where the milk has dried
On the throneOpen wide
Sing gracefully beside
Rolling rivers of diamond light
Dash and heave
Each ache to the skyWhy don't we choose one to
Believe in
Where shadows die
Also aloneCoincide
Colliding points of view
Perfect mountains of diamond light
Dash and heave
Each ache to the sky

Songwriters
Jeff TweedyPublished by
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