

# Diamonds in the Mine

Leonard Cohen

The woman in blue, she's asking for revenge  
The man in white, that's you, says, he has no friends  
The river is swollen up with rusty cans  
And the trees are burning in your promised land And there are no letters in the mailbox  
And there are no grapes upon the vine  
And there are no chocolates in the boxes anymore  
And there are no diamonds in the mine Well, you tell me that your lover has a broken limb  
You say, you're kind of restless now and it's on account of him  
Well, I saw the man in question, it was just the other night  
He was eating up a lady where the lions and Christians fight And there are no letters in the mailbox  
And there are no grapes upon the vine  
And there are no chocolates in the boxes anymore  
And there are no diamonds in the mine  
(You tell them now) Ah, there is no comfort in the covens of the witch  
Some very clever doctor went and sterilized the bitch  
And the only man of energy, yes the revolution's pride  
He trained a hundred women, just to kill an unborn child And there are no letters in the mailbox  
Oh no, there are no, no grapes upon your vine  
And there are, there are no chocolates in your boxes anymore  
And there are no diamonds in your mine And there are no letters in the mailbox  
And there are no grapes upon the vine  
And there are no chocolates in your boxes anymore  
And there are no diamonds in your mine

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