

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

Songwriters

COHEN, LEONARD Published by

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