

# Diamonds and Rust

## Judy Collins

Well I'll be damned  
Here comes your ghost again  
But that's not unusual  
Now that the moon is full  
And you called on the phone  
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 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 northwest  
Ten years ago  
I gave you some cufflinks  
You brought me something  
We both know what memory can bring  
It brings diamonds and rust You burst on the scene  
Already a legend  
The original phenomenon  
The unwashed phenomenon  
You strayed into my arms  
And there you stayed  
Temporarily lost at sea  
The Madonna was yours for free  
The girl on the half-shell  
Would keep you from harm Now I see you standing  
With brown leaves falling  
And snow in the air  
Now you're standing 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

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