Diamonds To Coal

Jim White

It's the twilight hour
As the sun goes down
I see a flatbed Ford with a scrapyard load
Rattle off through town
The railroad crossing lights flash on
There ain't no train in sight
A crescent moon will soon ascend
As day gives way to night
And I feel home
And I think how far away
I got from home
Back in the bad old days
But I'm done turning diamonds to coal
Now just before dinner time
This old drunk comes knocking on my door
Say he's looking for some girl who lived here
Twenty-seven years ago
The radio in the kitchen is playing
'Papa Was A Rolling Stone'
And as he strolls away into the night
And the streetlights flicker on
I get to thinking about home
And how sometimes there come a day
When I try to get back home
But all you can do is run away
But I'm done turning diamonds to coal
In love we find out who we are
In sorrow we abide
Our strength's revealed by what we build
From the broken things inside
But a day will come when you will know
Which way you must choose to go
To travel on and live alone
Or turn yourself around and try to get back home
Try to get back home
And now way up high two jet planes
Weave spider webs across the sky
As that flatbed Ford has dropped his load
Now there he goes swinging by

And the silence gathering 'round this house
Makes such a lovely sound
That I know for sure that I am cured
From turning diamonds, from turning diamonds to coal
'Cause I feel home and I'm done turning diamonds to coal
Yes, I'm done turning diamonds to coal
Yes, I'm done turning diamonds to coal
Yes, I'm done turning diamonds to coal
Yes, I'm done turning diamonds to coal

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/