Diamond Heart

Marissa Nadler

So do you know I'm a dancer now?
With red painted lips, and a Jezebel crown?
So have you heard I'm a singer now?
With reliquary eyes, and a diadem frown?

But I look for you,
In the diamond trees,
In a highway divine,
Deliver me.
Your father died,
A month ago,
And he scattered his ashes,
In the snow

And oh, my lonely diamond heart,
It misses you so well.
And oh, my lonely diamond heart,
It misses you, oh well.

I had a man in every town,
And I thought of you each time
When I tore off my gown.
Changes have come,
And I cannot recall
The shape of your face,
Through the winters and falls.

But I look for you,
In the traffic seas,
In the bars I'm always frequenting.
Your father died,
Some months ago,
And we scattered his ashes,
In the snow

Oh,
The days are the hardest hours of the year
Oh,
The days are the hardest hours of the year
Oh,

The days are the hardest hours of the year

And oh, my lonely diamond heart,
It misses you my dear.

She gave me a bird,
Made out of clay,
So I never will forget her.
And he gave me a book,
Made out of wood,
To fasten all the emblems.
She gave me a bird,
Made out of clay,
So I never will forget her.

And oh, my lonely diamond heart,
It misses you so well.
And oh, my lonely diamond heart,
It misses you, oh well.

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