

Chris Rea, Diamonds

Oh getaway and don't come back
Who do you think you're fooling with lies like that?
You have dreams that set the rain on fire
Burning with a cheap desire
And it's plain as grey that what you say
Have meanings of their own
My love, she don't need diamonds

My love's more than a sweet dream
And she don't need diamonds
She shakes her hip to the tambourine
And she don't need diamonds
If you can't love me for nothing
They you can't love me at all
And it's plain as grey that what you say
Have meanings of their own

We all got to dance, take a chance?
But babe you should have stayed at home
My love, my love, she don't need diamonds