

# Lisa Loeb, Diamonds

Diamonds are a ritual  
A prize in a cracker jack  
A name that you won't get back  
Diamonds are a run around  
A game you can't win  
While you wait for your life to begin

Miss the party  
Drink the punch  
The drunk ones are the lucky bunch

Diamonds play single  
So sharp and abbrasive  
Just look at their poor faces  
It's sad  
It's not in the cards for them  
Look down at their hands  
You'll see nothing but emptiness and misery

Miss the party  
Drink the punch  
The drunk ones are the lucky bunch  
Drink til' they can't tell what's wrong  
Drink til' they can't tell what's wrong

Diamonds are a piece of twine  
A seal on the envelope  
Some guarantee of hope  
Diamonds are just rocks that shine  
So I'm not the diamond kind  
I'll never see a diamond mine

Miss the party  
Drink the punch  
The drunk ones are the lucky bunch  
'cause they can't remember when they've had such a bad time  
No they can't remember when they've had such a bad time  
They can't remember when they've had such a bad time

Except they make diamond rings  
And diamonds are the hardest things