

# The Beautiful South, Diamonds

(Mike Greaves)

Little sister don't you cry  
Lay your head down close your eyes  
Your heart is aching  
Mine is aching for you  
Little sister don't you cry  
Lay your head down close your eyes  
And dream of when before young men  
Looked at you

Diamonds always shine  
You'll find true love again  
The mud gets washed off with the rain  
Diamonds always shine

Little sister look at me  
Do you see the lines around my eyes  
They trace the tracks of the tears  
I cried inside  
For a boy who loved me true  
Who found somehow like you  
He could not see the point  
In going on

Diamonds always shine  
You'll find true love again  
The mud gets washed off with the rain  
Diamonds always shine  
Diamonds always shine