

# Diamonds in the Mud

Gerry Cinnamon

I've got a mate who's a shaman  
Gets anything you want in no time  
A weekend at Bernie's  
Is a few days without any sunshine

I know a right dour-faced bastard  
A really nice guy but he hates life  
He's got sarcastic eyeballs  
And a tongue that can slash like a lock-knife

These faces I've known  
Growing up on the streets in the Southside  
From the hills of the 'milk  
To the parade in the east end

I remember the change  
In the accents on the Westside  
Making money 'til there's no time left to spend  
It's all bullshit but we all still pretend

When I was a wean  
I used to sell puff to make money  
But we'd smoke all the profit  
And by Friday it was no longer funny

I know a guy who's a lightweight  
One or two jars and he's buckled  
He's the guy that loses keys has to  
Break into his own house and gets huckled

These faces I've known  
Growing up on the streets in the Southside  
From the swords in the schemes  
To the art-school dreams of the town

And when I lie awake in the night time  
These things I remember  
Some happy, some sad  
Bring a smile to my face when I'm down  
In the Priory or in Sinbad's in Dunoon

I've been all round the world, but  
There's nowhere compares to my hometown  
The mayhem of Glasgow is buried deep in my blood  
And there's no other place where 'a cunt' might not be a put down  
It's thirteen degrees and there's folk in the street in the scud

No' the best place, but there's diamonds in the mud  
No' the best place, but there's diamonds in the mud  
No' the best place, but there's diamonds