

# Diamonds & Rust

Joan Baez

Well I'll be damned  
Here comes your ghost again  
But that's not unusual  
It's just that the moon is full  
And you happened to call  
And here I sit  
Hand on the telephone  
Hearing a voice I'd known  
A couple of light years ago  
Heading straight for a fall

As I remember your eyes  
Were bluer than robin's eggs  
My poetry was lousy you said  
Where are you calling from?  
A booth in the midwest  
Ten years ago  
I bought you some cufflinks  
You brought me something  
We both know what memories can bring  
They bring diamonds and rust

Well you burst on the scene  
Already a legend  
The unwashed phenomenon  
The original vagabond  
You strayed into my arms  
And there you stayed  
Temporarily lost at sea  
The Madonna was yours for free  
Yes the girl on the half-shell  
Would keep you unharmed

Now I see you standing  
With brown leaves falling around  
And snow in your hair  
Now you're smiling out the window  
Of that crummy hotel  
Over Washington Square  
Our breath comes out white clouds  
Mingles and hangs in the air  
Speaking strictly for me  
We both could have died then and there

Now you're telling me  
You're not nostalgic  
Then give me another word for it  
You who are so good with words  
And at keeping things vague  
Because I need some of that vagueness now  
It's all come back too clearly  
Yes I loved you dearly  
And if you're offering me diamonds and rust  
I've already paid