

Diamonds and Rust

Judy Collins

Well I'll be damned
Here comes your ghost again
But that's not unusual
Now that the moon is full
And you called on the phone
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

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 northwest
Ten years ago
I gave you some cufflinks
You brought me something
We both know what memory can bring
It brings diamonds and rust

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

Now I see you standing
With brown leaves falling
And snow in the air
Now you're standing 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
But give me another word for it
You who are so good with words
And with keeping things vague
Because I need some of that vagueness now
It all come back too clearly
Yes I once loved you dearly
And we both know what memories bring
They bring diamonds and rust