

Bruce Cockburn

"All The Diamonds"

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All the diamonds in this world That mean anything to
me Are conjured up by wind and sunlight Sparkling on
the sea

I ran aground in a harbour town Lost the taste for being
free Thank God He sent some gull-chased ship To
carry me to sea

Two thousand years and half a world away Dying trees
still grow greener when you pray

Silver scales flash bright and fade In reeds along the
shore Like a pearl in sea of liquid jade His ship comes
shining Like a crystal swan in a sky of suns His ship
comes shining

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