

## **Kentucky Headhunters**

### **"Diane"**

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My love, she speaks like silence  
Without ideals or violence  
She doesn't have to say, she's faithful  
Yet she's true like ice like fire

People carry roses  
Make promises by the hours  
My love laughs like the flowers  
Valentines can't buy her

In the dime stores and bus stations  
People talk of situations  
Read books, repeat quotations  
Draw conclusions on the wall

Some speak of the future  
My love she speaks softly  
She knows, there's no success like failure  
And that failure's no success at all

The cloak and dagger dangles  
Madams light the candles  
In ceremonies of the horsemen  
Even the pawn must hold a grudge

Statues made of match sticks  
Crumble into one another  
My love winks, she doesn't bother  
She knows too much to argue or to judge

The bridge at midnight trembles  
The country doctor rambles  
Bankers' nieces seek perfection  
Expecting all gifts that wise men bring

The wind howls like a hammer  
The night blows cold and rainy  
My love, she's like some raven  
At my window with a broken wing

