

Leonard Cohen

"Diamonds In The Mine"

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The woman in blue, she's asking for revenge
The man in white, that's you, says, he has no friends
The river is swollen up with rusty cans
And the trees are burning in your promised land

And there are no letters in the mailbox
And there are no grapes upon the vine
And there are no chocolates in the boxes anymore
And there are no diamonds in the mine

Well, you tell me that your lover has a broken limb
You say, you're kind of restless now and it's on account
of him
Well, I saw the man in question, it was just the other
night
He was eating up a lady where the lions and Christians
fight

And there are no letters in the mailbox
And there are no grapes upon the vine
And there are no chocolates in the boxes anymore
And there are no diamonds in the mine
(You tell them now)

Ah, there is no comfort in the covens of the witch
Some very clever doctor went and sterilized the bitch
And the only man of energy, yes the revolution's pride
He trained a hundred women, just to kill an unborn
child

And there are no letters in the mailbox
Oh no, there are no, no grapes upon your vine
And there are, there are no chocolates in your boxes
anymore
And there are no diamonds in your mine

And there are no letters in the mailbox
And there are no grapes upon the vine
And there are no chocolates in your boxes anymore
And there are no diamonds in your mine

