

The Diamonds

I ain't been taught but i ain't too wild
i have left home but not for long
i ain't been loved but ain't too cold
i ain't too old but this i know

the streets have died the gold is gray
the preacher on the stoop he lay
the Bible there beside him lies
his bottle on the other side

Mrs Society she gives
a diamond collar to her dog
and prays her puppy won't be hurt
while Puerto Ricans die in dirt

when cobble stone is crushed to sand
the diamonds still will be on dogs
for human hands will come and go

I ain't been taught but i ain't too wild
i ain't too cold but this i know

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