

Diamonds in the Mud

Gerry Cinnamon

I've got a mate who's a shaman
Gets anything you want in no time
A weekend at Bernie's
Is a few days without any sunshine

I know a right dour-faced bastard
A really nice guy but he hates life
He's got sarcastic eyeballs
And a tongue that can slash like a lock-knife

These faces I've known
Growing up on the streets in the Southside
From the hills of the 'milk
To the parade in the east end

I remember the change
In the accents on the Westside
Making money 'til there's no time left to spend
It's all bullshit but we all still pretend

When I was a wean
I used to sell puff to make money
But we'd smoke all the profit
And by Friday it was no longer funny

I know a guy who's a lightweight
One or two jars and he's buckled
He's the guy that loses keys has to
Break into his own house and gets huckled

These faces I've known
Growing up on the streets in the Southside
From the swords in the schemes
To the art-school dreams of the town

And when I lie awake in the night time
These things I remember
Some happy, some sad
Bring a smile to my face when I'm down
In the Priory or in Sinbad's in Dunoon

I've been all round the world, but
There's nowhere compares to my hometown
The mayhem of Glasgow is buried deep in my blood
And there's no other place where 'a cunt' might not be a put down
It's thirteen degrees and there's folk in the street in the scud

No' the best place, but there's diamonds in the mud
No' the best place, but there's diamonds in the mud
No' the best place, but there's diamonds