

# Don't Love Make a Diamond Shine

Tracy Byrd

Tommy and Janey barely eighteen  
Holding hands at the jewelry store  
Eyes open wide staring inside  
At the ring that they wanted for her

Mister bring it closer mister can we hold it  
I think it's gonna fit just fine  
As he slipped it on her hand Janey kissed her man  
Don't love make a diamond shine.

Don't love make a diamond shine  
It don't matter if it costs a dime  
Dang thing looks like a million bucks  
Sittin' on the hand of a girl in love.

A perfect fifteen carat is duller than dirt  
If the heart don't wear it  
With three little words it'll knock you blind  
Don't love make a diamond shine.

There's a rich lady with a new Mercedes  
Livin' up in a high rise  
She's got a big ol' rock on her left hand  
That looks cheaper than a Cracker Jack prize.

'Cause her man don't know that it ain't the dough  
No all he needs to spend is time  
And that big marquis'd be a laser beam  
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