

| GATHER UP THE DIAMONDS

HOP UP ON THAT CYPRESS STUMP  
LAYDOWN YOUR JACK OF SPADES  
LANTERN FLAMES ON MOSSY LAKE  
BENEATH THE POURING RAINS.

SHAKE OFF THE BITTER LIGHT  
WHILST THE BAYOU MOONLIGHT PREYS  
TOIL WITH ITS STEEL BLUE HAIR  
AND DANCE INSIDE ITS FEATHERED GAZE.

CHORUS  
GATHER UP THE DIAMONDS, MAN  
PUT AWAY THE PEARLS  
PASS THE WINE AND SING THE BLUES  
AND LET THE NIGHT UNFURL.

FLOAT THE RIVER TO THE FALLS  
REACH FURTHER IN BETWEEN.  
OUTSIDE THE SWAMP, YOU'LL JOIN THE HUNT  
IT ALL MAKES SENSE IT SEEMS.

HERE ODIN AND THE WAY BEGINS  
TO HOWL FROM WEEPING TREES  
WHILE SCARLET ROWS OF FIRE  
DROP SEEDS UPON THE LEAVES.

CHORUS  
GATHER UP THE DIAMONDS, MAN  
PUT AWAY THE PEARLS  
PASS THE WINE AND SING THE BLUES  
AND LET YOUR LIFE UNFURL.

JAM

BEFORE THE HOUR GETS TOO LATE  
AND THE WANING MOONLIGHT FADES  
AND CRICKETS END THEIR SERANADE,  
WITH GATORS ON PARADE.

GROVES OF MAN LINE THE POTTERS FIELD,  
NAMES CARVED ON ANCIENT STONE.  
LET THE WARLOCKS OF WINTERLAND  
WARM YOUR DEAD AND BURIED BONES.

- Brett M. Wilbur  
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