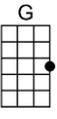
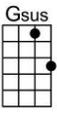
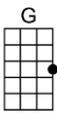
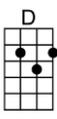
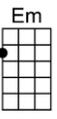
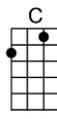
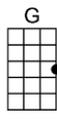


# SOME DAYS ARE DIAMONDS (BAR)-Dick Feller

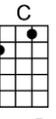
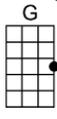
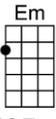
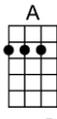
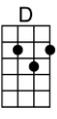
## (SOME DAYS ARE STONE)

4/4 1...2...1234

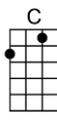
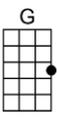
Intro: |  |  | (X2)

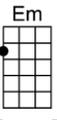
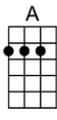
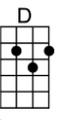
When you ask how I've been here with-out you, I like to say I've been fine, and I do.

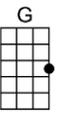
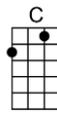
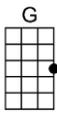
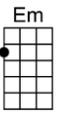
But we both know the truth is hard to come by. And if I told the truth, that's not quite true.

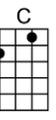
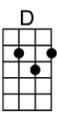
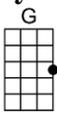
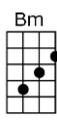
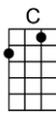
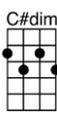
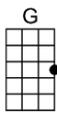
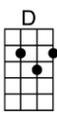
Some days are diamonds, some days are stone.

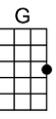
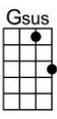
Sometimes the hard times won't leave me a-lone.

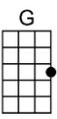
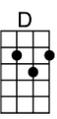
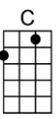
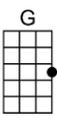
   

Sometimes the cold wind blows a chill in my bones.

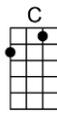
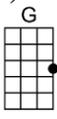
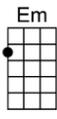
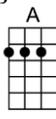
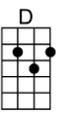
        

Some days are diamonds, some days are stone.

Interlude: |  |  | (X2)

Now the face that I see in my mirror, more and more is a stranger to me.

More and more I can see there's a danger in be-coming what I never thought I'd be.

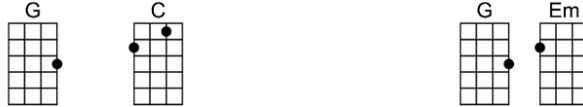
**p.2. Some Days Are Diamonds**



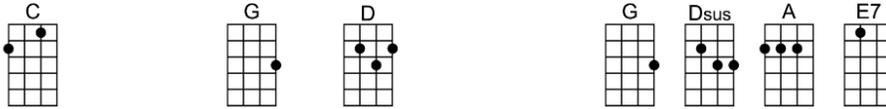
**Some days are diamonds, some days are stone.**



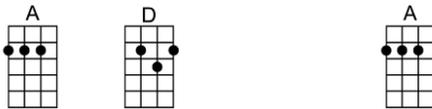
**Sometimes the hard times won't leave me a-lone.**



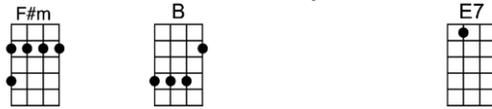
**Sometimes the cold wind blows a chill in my bones.**



**Some days are diamonds, some days are stone.**



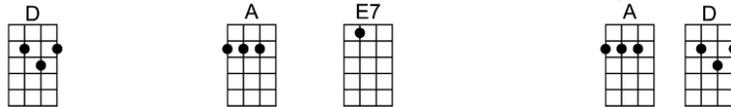
**Some days are diamonds, some days are stone.**



**Sometimes the hard times won't leave me a-lone.**



**Sometimes the cold wind blows a chill in my bones.**



**Some days are diamonds, some days are stone.**



**Some days are diamonds, some days are stone.**

# SOME DAYS ARE DIAMONDS-Dick Feller

## (SOME DAYS ARE STONE)

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | G | Gsus | (X2)

When you ask how I've been here with-out you, I like to say I've been fine, and I do.

But we both know the truth is hard to come by. And if I told the truth, that's not quite true.

Some days are diamonds, some days are stone.  
Sometimes the hard times won't leave me a-lone.  
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Now the face that I see in my mirror, more and more is a stranger to me.  
More and more I can see there's a danger in be-coming what I never thought I'd be.

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