

Rough Diamonds

End of Fashion

Oh no look at the way they start to rot
I know I've been away too long to ask

Caught in a sea of rough diamonds
If that's not enough
Imagining if you were not here
This wicked spell of traveling's
Just a mystery unraveling
I'm holding on to when you are here

And now baby where are you
So much I wanted to say
When I get home
Well I can love you I miss you
Honestly I can't resist you
No I'm coming home

Wait and I'll stick around
Till I have found my feet on the ground
I'm holding to when you are here
There's a ghost I'm carrying
Around like mindless worrying
There's a song I want you to hear

'cause baby where are you
So much I wanted to say
When I get home
Well I can love you I miss you
Oh honestly I can't resist you
No I'm coming home

Oh no look at the way they start to rot
I know I've been away too long to ask

Oh baby where are you
So many things I've got to say
When I get home
Well I can love you I miss you
Oh honestly I can't resist you
No I'm coming home

La la la la la la

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Imagining if you were not here