

In the Rough

Anna Nalick

You say you fell while holding diamonds in your hands
"It's your fault for running, holding diamonds," I said
And I offer no sympathy for that
I hear that it was you who died alone
And I offer no sympathy for that
Better off I sparkle on my own

And someday love will find me in the rough
Someday love will finally be enough

I turned around 3 times and wound up at your door
Now you say you know all you did not know before
And I offer no sympathy for that
I hear that it was you who died alone
And I offer no sympathy for that
Better off I sparkle on my own

And someday love will find me in the rough
Someday love will finally be enough

I got your love letters
I threw them all away
And I hear you think that I'm crazy
I'm driving 95
And I'm driving you away
And I shine a little more lately

Someday love will find me in the rough
Someday love will finally be enough

Someday love will find me in the rough
Someday love will finally be enough

I shine a little more lately