

# 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

Caught in a sea of rough diamonds  
If that's not enough  
Imagining if you were not here