

# Anna Nalick, In The Rough

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