

# Tough Luck

Clarence Ashley & Doc Watson

She puts her pen to paper  
Lines across their hearts  
You didn't want to raise her  
You left her standing in the dark This time she's praying for silence  
Hoping that you would understand  
That she's just building these roadworks  
So that it's clearer when they land You can't still own what you let go  
What don't you understand Tough luck I said I'll be here in a month  
But you waited two  
Only coming back round  
'Cause you heard I was with someone new  
And I was waiting hear 'til you came back  
My heart was bleeding black  
It's tough love, I'm giving you  
Yes, tough luck on you He asks a question, she answers  
He made a crossword spelling guilt  
Empty boxes filled with chances  
But you can't just leave a rose to wilt You can't still own what you let go  
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Yes, tough luck on you

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