

# 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, yeah, yeah, love will find me in the rough  
Someday, yeah, yeah, love will finally be enough I turned around three 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, yeah, yeah, love will find me in the rough  
Someday, yeah, yeah, love will finally be enough I got your love letters and I threw them all away, yeah  
I hear you think that I'm crazy  
I'm driving 95 and I'm driving you away, yeah  
I shine a little more lately Oh someday, yeah, yeah, love will find me in the rough  
Someday, yeah, yeah, love will finally be enough  
Someday, yeah, yeah, love will find me in the rough  
Someday, yeah, yeah, love will finally be enough I shine a little more lately

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