

Tough Luck

Doc Watson & Clarence Ashley

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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