

# Rough Diamonds

## End of Fashion

Oh no, look at the way they start to rot  
I know I've been away too long to askCaught 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 hereAnd 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 homeWait 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 homeOh no, look at the way they start to rot  
I know I've been away too long to askOh 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 homeLa, la, la, la, la, laCaught in a sea of rough diamonds if  
that's not enough  
Imagining if you were not here

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