

# Diamonds In A Whiskey Glass

Gord Bamford

When my down gets tough  
I find a way to cope  
Drag myself right back up  
From the end of my rope  
I pour a strong one straight and mean  
Swallow hard and let it do its thing

My don't give a damn takes over  
She's not so right I'm not so wrong  
I get less sober, she gets less gone  
And all the broken pieces of our past  
Shine like diamonds in a whiskey glass

All the lines I crossed  
Just gradually blur  
And it ain't all my fault  
For losing her  
And what was heaven starts to fade  
And I'm better off anyway

My don't give a damn takes over  
She's not so right I'm not so wrong  
I get less sober, she gets less gone  
And all the broken pieces of our past  
Shine like diamonds in a whiskey glass

Ain't it funny how that half empty bottle  
Starts to look half full when you're looking up from the bottom

And all the broken pieces of our past  
Shine like diamonds in a whiskey glass  
Shine like diamonds in a whiskey glass