

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