

The Only Thing Worth Fighting For

Rosanne Cash

Waking up is harder than it seems
Wandering through these empty rooms of dusty books and quiet dreams
Pictures on the mantle speak your name
Softly like forgotten tunes, just outside the sound of pain

Work me like a pair of thieves
With tumbled locks and broken codes
You cannot take that from me
My small reprieves your heart of gold
Work me like a battlefield
Locked inside a holy war
Your love and my due diligence
The only thing worth fighting for

Change will come to those who have no fear
I'm not her, you never were the kind of gal to overthink
What I said was never what I meant
Now you see my world in flames, my shadow songs, my deep regret

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Fighting for

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