

# The Same Love That Made Me Laugh

[Bill Withers](#)

Your love is like a a chunk of gold  
Hard to gain, and hard to hold Like a rose that's soft to touch  
Love has gone, and it hurts so much Well and why  
Must the same love that made me laugh  
Make me cry? Well now you think of love as sitting on a mountain  
Think of it as being a great big rock  
Won't you think before you started to roll it down  
Because once you start it, you can't make it stop I've given all I have to give  
And if you don't want me  
I don't want to live Well and why  
Must the same love that made me laugh  
Why you want to make me cry?  
Why you want to make me cry?  
Why you want to make me cry?  
Why you want to make me cry?  
Why you want to make me cry? Why you want to make me lay in my pillow  
Just cryin' like a weeping willow Why you want to make me cry?  
Why you want to make me cry?  
Why you want to make me cry?  
Why you want to make me cry? Why you want to make me mess in my pillow  
I'm just cryin' like a weeping willow Why you want to make me cry?  
Why you want to make me cry?  
Why you want to make me cry?

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