Bitter Side Of Sweet

Clint Black

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(Clint Black/Hayden Nicholas)
She asked me how love gets along with me all by myself.
Wonders how I keep from getting dust upon that shelf.
She wanted to know how a man like me ends up alone, anyway.
'Was I breakin' all the rules of love and the games that people play.
I said not too many hangin' round of all the ones I meet.
In time they always find that I'm on the bitter side of sweet.
She huddled on the gate on my block where I always catch my bus.
An' I hoped it wouldn't stop today, there'd just be the two of us.
But it showed up like it always does, about twenty minutes late.
I told her it'd right along but she said she couldn't wait.
She didn't need any assistance in putting some distance, between us on that empty street.
She was of a mind, in record time that I'm on the bitter side of sweet.

That I act this was is really no my fault.
It just means all the sweet things I got to say,
Come along with a grain of salt.
It's no wonder I'm not scoring points, I'm always out of bounds.
If any wise willed words convince the point, I'm foolish by the pound.
An' a fool can see no one believes what's rollin' off my tongue.
An' I've never seen a recipe for sweet talkin' anyone.
I could have written a book on the lessons I took in the agony of defeat.
An showed you all the signs between the lines on the bitter side of sweet.
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