

This Bitter Earth

Irma Thomas

This bitter earth,
What fruit it bares,
That no one shares, and if my life
Is like the dust, that hides the glow of a rose
What good am I?
Heaven only knowsThis bitter earth, it can be so cold
Today your young, too soon your old
But while the voice within me cries
I'm sure someone may answer my call
This bitter earth, may not not so bitter after allThis bitter earth, can be so cold
Today your young, too soon, too soon your old
But while the voice within me cries
I'm sure someone will answer my call
And this bitter earth, may not be so bitter after all

Songwriters

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