

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 way is really no my fault.

It just means all the sweet things I got to say,

Come along with a grain of salt.

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