

# Bittersweet

Crosby & Nash

On the one side, truth towers like a cliff  
On the other side, love dangles by a thread  
And here is a climber who cannot find his eyes  
And a falling woman wishing she was deadBoth side  
Why is it always bittersweet?  
And the broken cloudy days  
When I need the sun's heat  
I need the heat, oh both waysWhy is it always bittersweet?  
And the broken cloudy days  
When I need the sun's heat  
Oh, I need the heatWhy, why is it bittersweet?  
And the broken cloudy days  
Is when I need the sun's heat  
I need the heat

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