

# Crosby & Nash, Bittersweet

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 dead  
Both side, why is it always bittersweet?  
And the broken cloudy days  
when I need the sun's heat  
I need the heat, oh both ways  
Why is it always bittersweet  
And the broken cloudy days  
When I need the sun's heat  
Oh, I need the heat  
Why, why is it bittersweet?  
And the broken cloudy days  
Is when I need the sun's heat  
I need the heat