

Diana Ross, The Same Love That Made Me Laugh

(Bill Withers)

Your love is like a chunk of gold
Hard to get and it's hard to hold
Just like a rose that's soft to touch
Love has thorns and it hurts so much

Well then why must the same love
That made me laugh make me cry

Well now think of love as sitting on a mountain
Think of it of being a great big rock
Well I did it before you start to roll me down
Because once you've started you can't make it stop

I'll give it all I have to give
And if you don't want me
I don't want to live

Well then why must the same love
That made me laugh make me cry

Why you wanna make me cry?
Why you wanna make me cry?
Why you wanna make me cry?
Why you wanna make me cry?
Why you wanna make me cry?
Why you wanna make me cry?
Why do you wanna make me cry?