Diana Ross, The Same Love That Made Me Laug

(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 do you wanna make me cry?