

Kristin Hoffmann, Bittersweet

Long black skirts and painted eyes
Sally used to mesmerize with sultry music from a bow and photographs through chains of smoke
Traded in for army green and magazines on how to set the room for tea and sympathy
China patterns, color schemes
And when she looks at me does she see the life left behind?
And do these city streets bring memories?
Shadows of a girl

Is it bittersweet, the taste of comfort?
Soft, familiar, lonely days
Is it raining in your coffee?
Did you think it would be bittersweet?

Piano bars and chasing dreams
My musical insanities
The sweat and ache of promises
The full moon over Brooklyn Bridge
My life has an uncommon thread
There's not enough to pay the rent
And sometimes I get scared to death
of failure or complete success

And when I look at her
I see the life I did not choose
A simple day to day, a safer place
Shadows of a dream

'Cause it's bittersweet, the taste of struggle
Crying salt and sugar tears
Finding sunlight in my darkness
Didn't think it could be bittersweet
bittersweet...

Oh is there hell to pay
for something so heavenly?
Hey

Yes it's bittersweet, the taste of living
A semi-perfect harmony
Compromising and forgiving
Life can be, pleasingly bittersweet
Life can be, pleasingly bittersweet