Bill Withers, The Same Love That Made Me Laug

Your love is like a a chunk of gold Hard to gain, and hard to hold Like a rose that's soft to touch Love has gone, and it hurts so much Well and Why Must the same love that made me laugh Make me cry? Well now you think of love as sitting on a mountain Think of it as being a great big rock Won't you think before you started to roll it down Because once you start it, you can't make it stop I've given all I have to give And if you don't want me I don't want to live Well and Why Must the same love that made me laugh Why you wanna make me cry? (x5) Why you wanna make me lay in my pillow Just cryin' like a weeping willow Why you wanna make me cry? (x4) Why you wanna make me mess in my pillow I'm just cryin' like a weeping willow Why you wanna make me cry? (x3)