

Bittersweet

Corey Hart

From under a tuscan sun one day she arrived at his door
Knock, knock is anybody listening?
Lightning in a bottle jewel of the crown
You know someday somebody's gonna love her
Their eyes met, you could say it was more like a crash
Over the bed spread Henri Magritte ate his apple
Inside her head
Torrential rains fell on there wedding day
And you can't stop tasting it

Bittersweet, the band was -playing
Bittersweet, lovers swaying
Bittersweet shows
You don't know what you've lost 'til it goes

Television's out they're still watching "women in love"
Kick, kick is anybody feeling?
She digs the fig, she bites straight into his heart
Someday, somebody will adore her
They collide, they conspire, they confuse
All the mystery writers
Driving down Las Vegas boulevard
While you can't stop tasting it

Bittersweet, band was playing
Bittersweet, lovers swaying
Bittersweet shows
You don't know what you've lost 'til it goes
Bittersweet, like sugar-lemons
Bittersweet, a mystic sermon
Bittersweet, flows
Through the gates of heaven you wait for seven moons