

# 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