

# Bed Of Roses

Bon Jovi

Sitting here wasted and wounded at this old piano  
Trying hard to capture the moment this morning I don't know  
'Cause a bottle of vodka still lodged in my head  
And some blond gave me nightmares I think she's still in my bed  
As I dream about movies they won't make of me when I'm dead  
With an ironclad fist I wake up and French kiss the morning  
While some marching band keeps its own beat in my head while we're talking  
About all of the things that I long to believe  
About love and the truth and what you mean to me  
And the truth is baby you're all that I need  
I want to lay you in a bed of roses  
For tonight I sleep on a bed on nails  
I want to be just as close as the Holy Ghost is  
And lay you down on bed of roses  
Well I'm so far away that each step that I take is on my way home  
A king's ransom in dimes I'd give each night to see through this pay phone  
Still I run out of time or it's hard to get through  
Till the bird on the wire flies me back to you  
I'll just close my eyes and whisper "baby blind love is true"

R: This hotel bar hangover whiskey's gone dry  
The barkeeper's wig's crooked and she's giving me the eye  
I might have said yeah but I laughed so hard I think I died

(solo)

Now as you close your eyes know I'll be thinking about you  
While my mistress she calls me to stand in her spotlight again  
Tonight I won't be alone but you know that don't mean I'm not lonely  
I've got nothing to prove for it's you that I'd die to defend

R: This hotel...