1. We both lie silently still, in the dead of the night. Although we both lie close together, we feel miles apart inside. Was it something I said, or something I did, did my words not come out right?

Though I tried not to hurt you, though I tried, but I guess that's why they say

- R: Every rose has its thorn.

  Just like every night has its dawn.

  Just like every cowboy sings a sad, sad song.

  Every rose has its thorn.
- 2. Listen to our favorite song, playing on the radio. Well the DJ says loves a game of easy come and easy go. But I wonder, does he know, has he ever felt like this. Well I know that you'd be here right now if I coulda let you know somehow, I guess
- R: Every rose has...
- \*: Though it's been awhile now, I can still feel so much pain.

  Like a knife that cuts you the wound heals, but the scar, that scar remains
- 3. I know I coulda saved our love that night if I'd known what to say .

Instead of making love we both made our separate ways.

And now I hear you've found somebody new, and that I never meant that much to you.

To hear that tears me up inside, and to see you cuts me like a kni fe, I guess

R: Every rose has...