

### 31 – 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 Is still lodged in my head  
And some blonde gave me nightmares  
I think that 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 down in a bed of roses  
For tonight I sleep on a bed of nails  
I want to be just as close as the Holy Ghost is  
And lay you down on a 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 given each night Just to see through this payphone  
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

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For tonight I sleep on a bed of nails  
I want to be just as close as the Holy Ghost is  
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The 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

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

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