# Roses from My Friends

## Ben Harper

I could have treated you better
But you couldn't have treated me worse
But it's he who laughs last
Is he who cries firstSometimes I feel I know strangers
Better than I know my friends
Why must a beginning
Be the means to an end?The stones from my enemies
These wounds will mend
But I cannot survive
The roses from my friendsWhen the last word has been spoken
And we've been witness to the final setting sun
All that shall remain is a token
Of what we've said and doneWhen all we had has been forsaken
Distant church bells no longer ring
That's the sound of a heart taken
And the story of tears from a kingThe stones from my enemies
These wounds will mend
But I cannot survive
The roses from my friendsThis may be the last time I see you
Forgive me for holding you close
This may be the last time that I see you
So of this moment I will make the mostThis may be the last time I see you
But if you keep me in your heart
Together we shall be eternal
If you believe we shall never partThe stones from my enemies
These wounds will mend
But I cannot survive
The stones from my enemies
These wounds will mend
But I cannot survive
I cannot survive, oh I cannot survive
The roses from my friends

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