

# Every Rose Has Its Thorn

## Bret Michaels

One, two, three, four  
We both lie silently still  
In the dead of the night  
Although we both lie close together  
We feel miles apart insideWas it something I said or something I did  
Did the words not come out right  
Though I tried not to hurt you  
No, though I tried  
But I guess that's why they sayEvery rose has its thorn  
Just like every night has its dawn  
Just like every cowboy sings his sad, sad song  
Every rose has its thornYeah it does  
I listen to my favorite song  
It's playing on the radio  
Hear the DJ say loves a game of easy come and  
Easy go  
But I wonder does he know  
Has he ever felt like this  
And I know that you'd be here right now  
If I could have let you know somehow  
I guessEvery rose has its thorn  
Just like every night has its dawn  
Just like every cowboy sings his sad, sad song  
Every rose has its thorn  
Though it's been a while now  
I can still feel so much pain  
Like a knife that cuts you the wound heals  
But the scar, that scar remainsI know I could have saved a love that night  
If I'd known what to say  
Instead of makin' love  
We both made our separate waysBut now I hear you 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 knife  
I guessEvery rose has its thorn  
Just like every night has its dawn  
Just like every cowboy sings his sad, sad song  
Every rose has its thorn

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