

Every Rose Has its Thorn (Re-Recorded)

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 inside Was 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 say Every 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 Yeah 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 guess Every 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 remains I 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 ways But 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 guess Every 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

Songwriters

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