

# Bed of Roses

Bette Midler

Bed of roses

By Bonnie Hayes

From the album "Bette Midler" Long, long ago, where the tall grass grows  
And the still air is sweet with summer flowers;  
In the shade by the stream I would lie awake and dream,  
And in dreaming I would while away the hours. Long, long gone yesterday,  
And the castle and the prince and the God to whom I prayed.  
Well, I made, and I'm gonna lie in this bed of roses.  
I'm tired of trying to be free.  
Gonna lay down like a sigh in my bed of roses.  
Bed of roses I believed my life would be. Well, I wasted years,  
All the useless, bitter tears.  
If I'd known I'd have stopped it at the start.  
I knew life was long,  
And I knew life could go wrong,  
But I never knew my life would break my heart. Dreams die harder than pride.  
I have learned my lesson well.  
I will put them both aside.  
'cause I made and I'm gonna lie in this bed of roses.  
I'm tired and I'm dying to be free.  
Gonna lay down like a sigh in my bed of roses.  
Bed of roses I believed my life would be. Roses die, and all the fairy tales are lies,  
And I guess that's just too bad for poor old me.  
'cause I made, and I'm gonna lie in my bed of roses.  
Bed of roses I believed my life would be.  
Bed of roses I believed my life would be.

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