

Anne E. Dechant

"Bed Of Roses"

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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
still lodged in my head
And some blond gave me nightmares
I think that he'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
it's 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 on a bed of roses
For tonite I sleep on a bed on nails
I want to be just as close as the Holy Ghost is
And lay you down on bed of roses

Well I'm so far away
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
But I'm so far away
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,
blind love is true

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For tonite I sleep on a bed on nails
I want to be just as close as the Holy Ghost is
And lay you down on bed of roses

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

When you close your eyes
Know I'll be thinking about you
When my mystery calls me
To stand in this spotlight again
Tonite 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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