

Midler Bette

"Bed Of Roses"

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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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