

Bed Of Roses

Albin Lee Meldau

Sitting here wasted and wounded at this old piano
Trying hard to capture the moment this morning I don't know
'Cause this bottle of vodka is still lodged in my head
And some blonde gave me nightmares; I think that she'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 its own beat in my head while we
're talking
About all of the things that I long to believe
About love, the truth, what you mean to me
And the truth is, baby, you're all that I need

I wanna lay you down in a bed of roses
For tonight I sleep on a bed of nails
Oh, I wanna be just as close as the Holy Ghost is
And lay you down in a 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, given each night to see through this
payphone
Still I run out of time or it's hard to get through
Till the bird on the wire flies me to you
I'll just close my eyes, baby, blind love is true

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For tonight I sleep on a bed of nails
Oh, I wanna be just as close as the Holy Ghost is
And lay you down on a bed of roses

Well this hotel bar hangover whiskey's gone dry
The barkeeper's wig's crooked as she's giving me the eye
I might have said yeah
But I laughed so hard I think I died

Now as you close your eyes, know I'll be thinking 'bout you
While my mistress she calls me to stand in her spotlight again
Tonight I won't be alone but know that don't mean I'm not lonel
y
I've got nothing to prove 'cause it's you that I'd die to defen
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