Roses and Thorns

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I asked the old bandito
What should I do to get her back
She's been taken by a bad man
His ways are wrong, his heart is black

Should I try to make a rescue
Or wait until he sets her free
The old bandito looked in the distance
Drank his tequila and said to me

There are no roses without thorns
Here in this desert where I was born
Between pain and duty all men are torn
There are no roses without thorns

Then I asked the old bandito
What if I win her back someday
What should I do to try to keep her
What should I do to make her stay

Boy, please heed my answer
For there can be but only one
When you win her from your rival
The struggle has just begun

There are no roses without thorns

Here in this desert where I was born
Between pain and duty all men are torn
There are no roses without thorns

I fought for her and won her
From my rival I set her free
But every night it haunts me
What the bandito said to me

Boy, if you fight for her and you win her
Just remember if you do
You must try your best to hold her
Without binding her to you

There are no roses without thorns
Here in this desert where I was born
Between pain and duty all men are torn
There are no roses without thorns

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