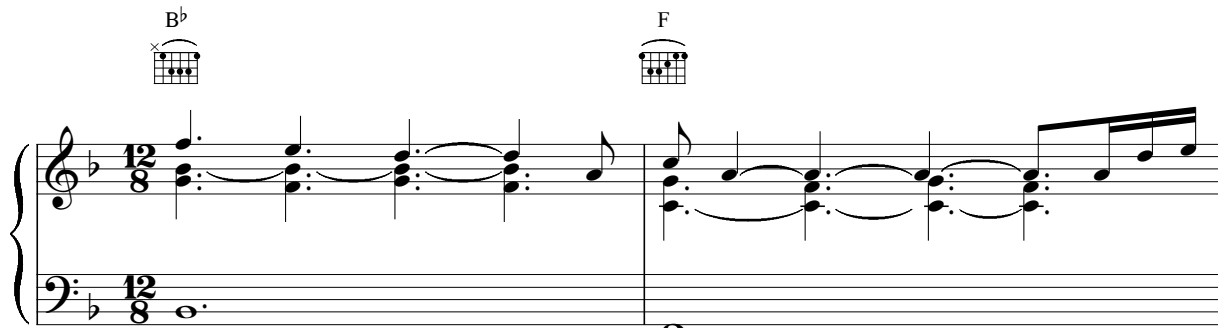


Bed Of Roses

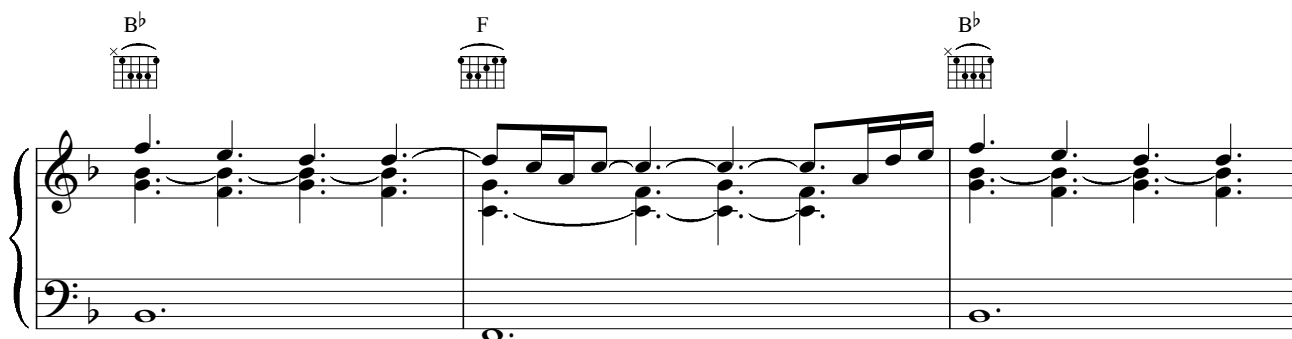
Words & Music by Jon Bon Jovi

♩ = 54

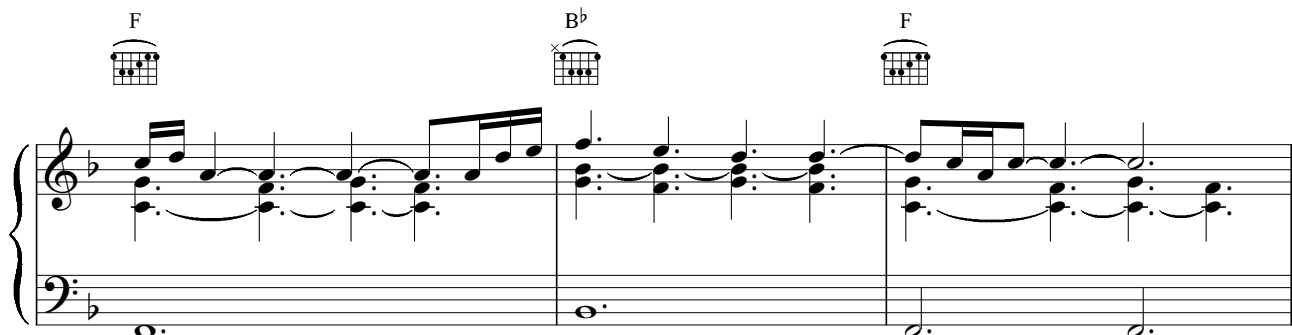
B^b F



B^b F B^b



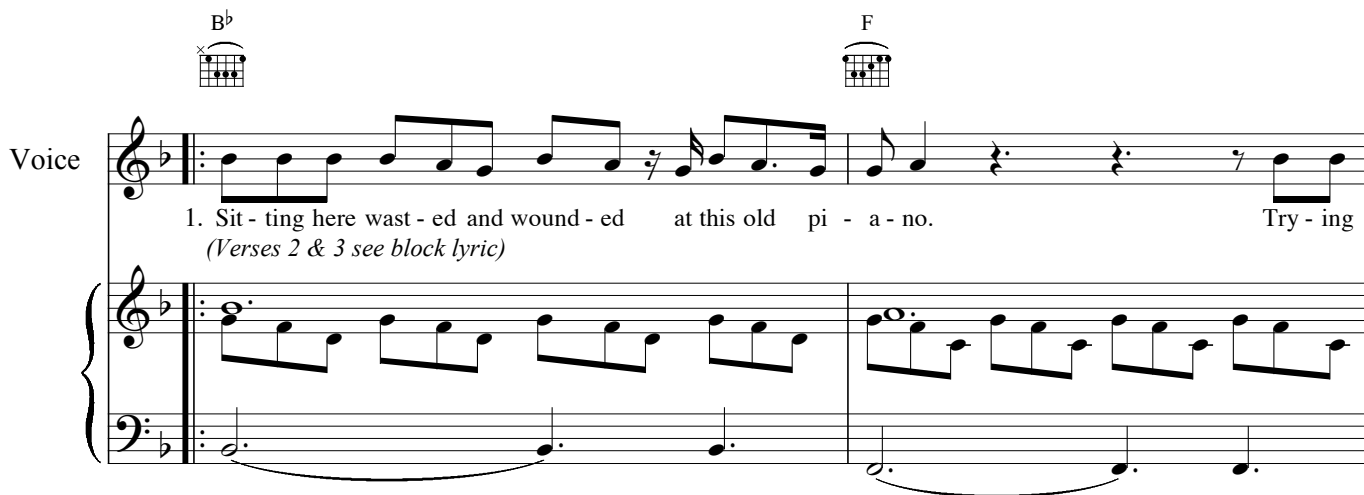
F B^b F



B^b F

Voice

1. Sit - ting here wast - ed and wound - ed at this old pi - a - no. Try - ing
(Verses 2 & 3 see block lyric)



B \flat F

Voice

hard to cap - ture the mo - ment, this morn - ing I don't know. 'Cause a

Am B \flat F Fsus 4 F

Voice

bot - tle of vod - ka's still lodged in my head and some blonde gave me night - mares, think that she's still in my

1. B \flat C

Voice

bed. As I dream a - bout mo - vies they won't make of me when I'm

F B \flat

Voice

dead. 2. With an truth is,

C F C Dm C B^b

Voice

ba - by, you're all that I need. I want to lay you down on a bed of

F Dm C/E B^b/F

Voice

ro - ses, for to - night I sleep on a bed of

F B^b F

Voice

nails. Oh, I want to be just as close as the

B^b F Dm C/E B^b/F 3^o segue

Voice

Ho - ly Ghost is, and lay you down on a bed of

not 3^o 3^o continue

F F C/E

Voice

ro - ses.____ 3. Well I'm ro - ses.____ Well this

B^b Csus⁴ C F

Voice

ho - tel bar's hang - ov - erwhis - key's gonedry, the bar - keep - er's wig's crook - ed and she's giv - ing me the eye, _ well

B^b C F C/E

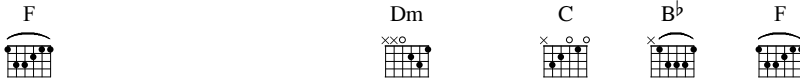
Voice

mighthavesaidyeah, but I laughedsohard I think I died.

Dm C B^b F Dm C/E B^b/F

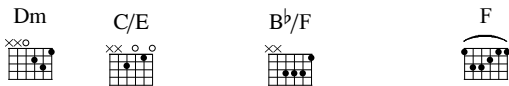
Voice

Guitar solo ad lib.



Voice

6



Voice

Now as

6 12



Voice

you close your eyes, you know I'll be think - ing a - bout you. While my



Voice

mis - tress, she calls me to stand in her spot - light a - gain. To - night, I

B \flat F

Voice

won't be a-lone,— you know that don't mean I'm not lone-ly, I've got

Dm C/E B \flat /F F C/E

Voice

no-thing to prove for it's you that I'd die to de-fend. I want to

Dm C B \flat F

Voice

lay— you down on a bed of ro-ses,— for to-

Dm C/E B \flat /F F

Voice

night— I— sleep on a bed of nails. Oh, I want to

1.

2.

Verse 2:

With an iron-clad 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 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.

Verse 3:

Well I'm so far away, each step that I take's on my way home
 A king's ransom in dimes, I'd give each night to see through this payphone.
 Still I run out of time, 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, baby blind love is true.