

# Every Rose Has Its Thorn

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Moderately

G



Cadd9



G



Cadd9



We both lie si-lent-ly still in the dead of the night. Although we

G



Cadd9



both lie close to-gether, we feel miles a-part in-side. Was it

G

Cadd9

G

Cadd9

some-thing I said or some-thing I did? Did my words not come out right? \_ Though I

D

C

G

tried not to hurt you, \_ though I tried. But I guess that's why \_ they say, ev - 'ry rose has its

Cadd9

G

Cadd9

thorn, just like ev - 'ry night has its dawn. \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ Just like

G

D

C

G

ev - 'ry cow - boy \_ sings his sad, sad \_ song, ev - 'ry rose has its



thorn.

(yea it does)

6



I lis-ten to our fav-'rite song play-ing on the ra-di-o, — hear the



D. J. say love's a game of eas-y come and eas - y go. — But I won-der does he know, has he



ev - er felt — like this? And I know that you'd be here right now it I



could've let you know some-how. I guess ev - 'ry rose has its thorn, just like



ev - 'ry night has its dawn. Just like ev - 'ry cow-boy sings his sad, sad song,



ev - 'ry rose has its thorn.

Though it's been a while now I can



still feel so much pain.

Like the knife that cuts you, the wound heals, but the scar, that scar re -

G Cadd9 G Cadd9

mains.

G Cadd9

I know I could have saved our love that night \_ if I'd known what to say. \_

G Cadd9

In - stead of mak - ing love \_ we both made our sep - 'rate ways. \_ Now I

G Cadd9 G Cadd9

hear you've found some - bod - y new \_ and that I nev - er meant that much to you. \_ To

D

C



hear that tears me up in - side — and to see you cuts me like a knife. I guess

G

Cadd9

G



ev - 'ry rose has its thorn, just like ev - 'ry night has its

Cadd9

G

D

Cadd9

G



dawn. \_\_\_\_\_ Just like ev - 'ry cow-boy \_\_\_\_\_ sings his sad, sad \_ song,

Cadd9

D

G



ev - 'ry rose has its thorn.