

THE ROSE

Some say love it is a river that drowns the tender reed.

Some say love it is a razor that leaves your soul to bleed.

Some say love it is a hunger, an endless, aching need

I say love it is a flower, and you it's only seed.

It's the heart afraid of breaking that never learns to dance

It's the dream afraid of waking that never takes the chance

It's the one who won't be taken, who cannot seem to give

And the soul afraid of dying that never learns to live.

And the night has been too lonely and the road has been too long.

And you think that love is only for the lucky and the strong.

Just remember in the winter far beneath the bitter snow

Lies the seed that with the sun's love, in the spring becomes the rose