

## THE ROSE

Some say I love it is a river that drowns the tender reed.  
Some say I love it is a razor that leaves your soul to bleed.  
Some say I love it is a hunger, and endless aching need  
I say I love it is a flower and you its 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.

When 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 snows  
Lies the seed that with the sun's love in the spring becomes the rose.