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

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