

Barbara Streisand

"The Rose"

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Some say love, it is a river, that drowns the tender reed
Some say love, it is a razor, that leads your soul to
bleed
Some say love, it is a hunger, and 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 a
chance
It's the one, who won't be taken who can not
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.

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