

Dubliners

"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 leaves the soul to bleed
Some say love
It is a hunger
An endless aching need
But 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
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

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