

## Janis Joplin

### "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 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 lonley,  
and the road has been too long.  
That 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 suns love,  
in the spring becomes the rose.

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