

## Conway Twitty "The Rose"

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Some say love, it is a river  
And that it drowns the tender reed  
And some say love, it's like a razor  
And that it 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 a heart afraid of breaking  
That never learns to dance  
It's a dream afraid of waking  
That never takes the 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 snows  
Lies the seed that with the sun's love  
In spring becomes the rose...

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