

Myriam

"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 your soul to bleed.

Some say love it is a hunger
and endless aching need,
I say love it is a flower
and you its 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 cannot seem to give,
and the soul afraid of dyin'
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 the spring becomes the rose.

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