

Paul McDermott

"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 heart to bleed.

Some say love, it is a hunger,
an endless aching need.
I say love, it is a flower,
and you its only seed.

Its the heart afraid of breaking
that never learns to dance.
Its the dream afraid of waking
that never takes the chance.

Its 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 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 suns love,
in the spring, becomes a rose

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