

Michael Ball

"The Way We Were / The Rose (Live At The Royal Albert Hall)"

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Can it be that it was all so simple then
Or has time re-written every line
If we had the chance to do it all again
Tell me, would we?
Could we?

Memories may be beautiful and yet
What's too painful to remember
We simply choose to forget
So it's the laughter we will remember
Whenever we remember...
The way we were...

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 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 sun's love, in the spring
Becomes the...

So it's the laughter we will remember
Whenever we remember...
The way we were...
The way we were...

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