

## Michael Ball

# "The Way We Were / The Rose"

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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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