Mcbroom Amanda ''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 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

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 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 the spring becomes the rose

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