

# The Rose

Music by Amanda McBroom

Some say  
love it is a ri - ver that drowns the ten - der reed. Some say  
love it is a ra - zor that leaves your soul to  
bleed. Some say love it is a hun - ger an end - less ach - ing  
need. I say love it is a flow - er and you it's on - ly  
seed. It's the heart a - fraid of break - ing that  
night has been too lone - ly and the  
nev - er learns to dance. It's the dream a - fraid of wak - ing that  
road has been too long, and you think that love is on - ly for the  
nev - er takes the chance. It's the one who won't be ta - ken who  
luck - y and the strong, just re - mem - ber in the win - ter far be -  
can - not seem to give, and the soul a - fraid of dy - in' that  
neath the bit - ter snows lies the seed that with the sun's love in the  
nev - er learns to live. When the  
spring be - comes the rose.

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 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 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.