

Rose (the)- Bette Midler- (2 pages) - Notes

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

33 *F* *G* *C*
 nev- er _____ learns to live. _____ When the_

36 *F* *G* *C*
 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.