

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 - afraid of break - ing that
night has been too lone - ly and the

nev - er learns to dance. It's the dream a - afraid 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 - afraid of dy - in' that
neath the bit - ter snows lies the seed that with the sun's love in the

2 1

33 F G C

nev- er learns to live. When the_

2

36 F G C

spring be- comes the rose.