

Amanda McBroom, 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 it's only seed"
It's the heart that fears 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
Life's the seed, that with the sun's love
In the spring becomes the rose