The Rose

D A
Some say love, it is a river,
G D
That drowns the tender reed.
D A
Some say love, it is a razor,
G D
That leaves your soul to bleed.
F#m Bm
Some say love, it is a hunger,
G A
An endless, aching need.
D A
I say love, it is a flower,
G D
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;
It's 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 snow,
Lies the seed that with the sun's love
In the spring becomes the rose.