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The Rose

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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 afraid of breaking that never learns to dance.
It's the dream afraid of waking that never takes a 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.