

The Rose

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5/8/01

Some say love, it is a river, that drowns the tender reed
Some say love, it is a razor, that leads 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 a chance
It's the one, who won't be taken who cannot 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 find 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 warmth, in the spring becomes the rose