

# Bonnie Tyler, 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 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 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 snow  
Lies a seed that with the suns love in spring becomes the rose