

John Waite, Love Is A Rose To Me

Love is a rose to me
Growin' desperate and I'm desperately
Reliving memories
For love is a rose
And when you look at me
There's no one that I would rather see
You make me feel complete
For love is a rose
Love is a rose to me
Picked and pressed in books of poetry
Young lovers never see that love is a rose
Love is a rose to me