

# 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