

Michael Ball, 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 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 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.