

Mudhoney, The Rose

Some say love, it is a river
that drowns the tender reed
Some say love, it is a razor
that leaves the 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.

Its the heart afraid of breaking
that never learns to dance.
Its the dream afraid of waking
that never takes the chance.
Its the one who won't be taken
who cannot seem to give,
and the soul afraid of dyin'
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.