

# Westlife, 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 the 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 snow  
Lies the seed that with the sun's love,  
In the spring, becomes the rose.