

## The Rose

André Rieu

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 it's 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 sould 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