

## The Rose

Bette Midler

Some say love, it is a river, that drowns the tender reed  
Some say love, it is a razor, that leads your soul to bleed  
Some say love it is a hunger, and 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 find that love is only for the lucky and the strong  
Just remember in the winter for 'neath the bitter snow  
Lies the seed that with the sun's love, in the spring becomes the rose