

The Rose

The Kelly Family

Some say love, it is a river,
that drowns a tender reef.
Some say love, it is a razor,
that leads a 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 soul, afraid of dreaming,
that never learns to dance.
It's the soul, 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 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.