

# The Rose

Westlife

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 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 snows  
Lies the seed  
That with the sun's love  
In the spring  
Becomes the rose

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written by MCBROOM, AMANDA

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