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

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