The Rose

Mudhoney

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 its only seedIt's the heart that fears the breaking, that never learns the 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, who never learns to liveWhen the night has been too lonely and the road has been too long
When you think that love is only for the lucky and for 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 roseWhen the night has been too lonely and the road has been too long
When you think that love is only, only for the lucky
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, the rose

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