The Rose

Fifty Foot Hose

Some say love, it is a river
That drowns the tender reed
Some say love, it is a razor
That leaves your soul to bleedSome 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, afraid of breaking
That never learns to dance
It's the dream, afraid of waking
That never takes the chanceIt's the one who won't be taken
Who cannot seem to give
And the soul, afraid of dyin'
That never learns to liveWhen 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 strongJust 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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