

# The Rose

## Bette Midler

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 winter snow

Lies the seed that with the sun's love, in the spring becomes the rose

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