

# The Rose

Jette Torp

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 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 dyin'  
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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