

The Rose

Elkie Brooks

Ome 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, it's 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 dying
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 snows
Lies the seed that with the sun's love
In the spring, becomes the rose

Songwriters
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