

The Rose

Conway Twitty

Some say love, it is a river
And that it drowns the tender reed
And some say love, it's like a razor
And that it 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 a heart afraid of breaking
That never learns to dance
It's a dream afraid of waking
That never takes the chance
It's the one who won't be taken
Who can not 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 bitter snows
Lies the seed that with the sun's love
In spring becomes the rose...