

# The Rose

Jonathan Richman

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