

## The Rose

The Dubliners

Some say love  
It is a river  
That drowns the tender reed  
Some say love  
It is a razor  
That leaves the soul to bleed  
Some say love  
It is a hunger  
An endless aching need  
But 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  
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 the spring  
Becomes the rose