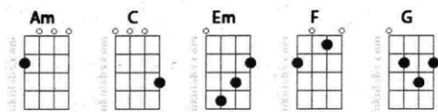


# The Rose

Bette Midler

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 acheing 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 a chance

It's the one, who won't be taken  
Who cannot 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 feel 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