

The Rose

Bette Midler

Women: 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
Men: Some say love, it is a hunger
An endless aching need
I say love, it is a flower
And you, its only seed

Men: It's the heart, afraid of breaking
That never learns to dance
It's the dream, afraid of waking
That never takes the chance
Women: 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

Women: When the night has been too lonely
And the road has been too long
Men: And you think that love is only
For the lucky and the strong
All: 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