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 aching need.

I say love it is a flower and you it's only seed. It's the heart afraid of breaking that night has been too lonely and the road learns to dance. It's the dream afraid of waking that has been too long. It's the one who won't take the chance. It's the one who won't.

It's the land who won't. The one who won't.
F
G
C

never learns to live.

When the

spring becomes the rose.