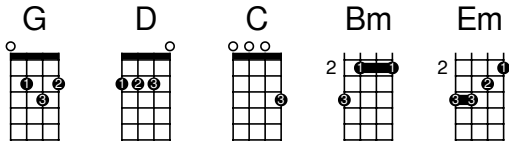


# The Rose

Amanda McBloom



Some say [G]love, it is a [D]river,  
That [C]drowns the [D]tender [G]reed  
Some say love, it is a [D]razor,  
That [C]leaves your [D]soul to [G]bleed  
Some say [Bm]love it is a [Em]hunger,  
An [C]endless aching [D]need  
I say [G]love it is a [D]flower and  
[C]You [D]its only [G]seed

It's the [G]heart afraid of [D]breaking  
That n[C]ever lea[D]rns to da[G]nce  
It's the [G]dream afraid of [D]waking  
That [C]never [D]takes a [G]chance  
It's the [Bm]one, who won't be [Em]taken  
Who [C]cannot seem to [D]give  
And the [G]soul afraid of [D]dying  
[C]That never [D]learns to [G]live

When the [G]night has been too [D]lonely  
And the [C]road has [D]been too [G]long  
And you [G]feel that love is [D]only  
For the [C]lucky [D]and the [G]strong  
Just [Bm]remember in the [Em]winter  
Far be[C]neath the bitter [D]snow  
Lies the [G]seed that with the [D]sun's love,  
In the [C]spring [D]becomes the [G]rose