

# The Rose

Amanda McBroom

♩ = 70

Some say love, it is a ri - ver that  
(It's the) heart a - fraid of break - ing that  
(When the) night has been too lone - ly, and the

drowns the ten - der reed. Some say love, it is a ra - zor that  
ne - ver learns to dance. It's the dream a - fraid of wak - ing that  
road has been too long, and you think that love is on - ly for the

leaves your heart to bleed. Some say love, it is a hun - ger, an  
ne - ver takes the chance. It's the one who won't be ta - ken, who  
lucky and the strong, just re - mem - ber in the win - ter, be -

end - less, ach - ing need. I say love, it is a flow - er and  
can - not seem to give, and the soul a - fraid of dy - ing that  
neath the bit - ter snows, lies the seed that with the sun's love in the

you its on - ly seed. It's the  
ne - ver learns to live. When the

spring be - comes THE ROSE.