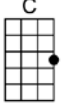
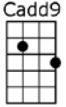
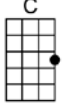
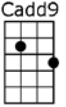
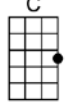
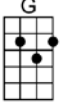
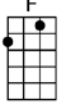
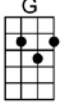
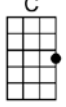


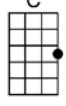
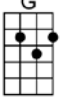
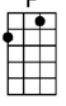
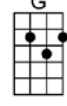

THE ROSE

4/4 1234 123 (without intro)

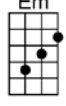

Intro:   /   /

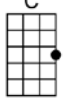
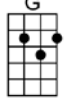
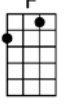
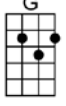
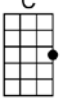
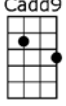
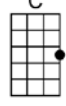
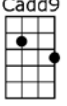
Some say love, it is a river that drowns the tender reed

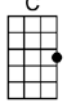
Some say love, it is a razor that leaves your soul to bleed

Some say love, it is a hunger, an endless aching need

I say love, it is a flower, and you, its only seed

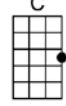
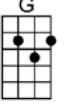
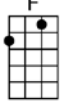
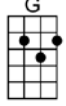
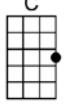
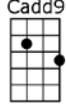
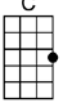
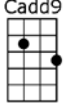
It's the heart, afraid of breaking, that never learns to dance

It's the dream, afraid of waking that never takes the chance

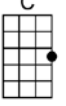
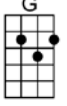
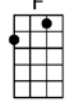
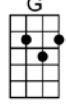
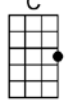
It's the one who won't be taken, who cannot seem to give

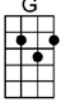
And the soul, afraid of dying that never learns to live


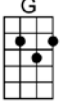
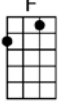

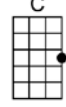
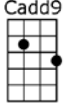
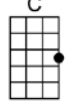
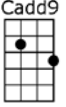
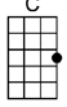
When the night has been too lonely, and the road has been too long

And you think that love is only for the lucky and the strong

Just re-member in the winter, far be-neath the bitter snow

Lies the seed, that with the sun's love, in the spring be-comes the rose