

Marry Young

Tony Bennett

Heaven bless people who marry young
Though I guess that if you marry young
You can stumble and fall 'til you stand
But at least you stumble hand in hand
Never mind what they say, marry young
While its spring and the song is trembling to be sung
Let it slip off the tip of your tongue:
"I love you, you love me, people do, why don't we marry
young?"