

The Right to Love

Tony Bennett

My love and I ask little of the world
The right to sigh together in the rain
And walk with hands up in the sun
And share our joys and our pains

And yet they say that we were wrong
That we hadn't the right to our love
That this love was shameful to see
And yet we treasured our love

And so we go our solitary way
Indifferent to the cold unfriendly stares
Indifferent to the whispered talk

We don't care at all
We have all we need
As long as we can be together

We find our consolation in each other's eyes
The sweet look of wonder
We know that we have earned the precious right to love