

Billie Holiday, OUR LOVE IS HERE TO STAY

George and Ira Gershwin
The more I read the papers
The less I comprehend
The world with all its capers
And how it all will end.
Nothing seems to be lasting.
But that isn't our affair;
We've got something permanent,
I mean in the way we care.
It's very clear
Our love is here to stay;
Not for a year
But ever and a day.
The radio and the telephone and the movies that we know
May just be passing fancies,
And in time may go.
But, oh my dear,
Our love is here to stay;
Together we're going a long, long way.
In time the Rockies may crumble, Gibraltar may tumble,
They're only made of clay,
But our love is here to stay.