

Ella Fitzgerald, Our Love Is Here To Stay

The more I read the papers, the less I comprehend.
The world and all it's 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 were 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.