

John Miles, The Right To Sing

The right to sing,
The right to play,
The right to do the things I feel in my own way,
And if you took it all and asked me to pretend,
You'd be breaking a heart that won't mend.

The right to win,
The right to lose.
The right to fall in love with anyone I choose.
And when it's my mistake and everything goes wrong,
I would write what I feel in a song.

They know it all,
Where is the answer?
They can only see what's down in black and white.
Back to the wall,
Just a romancer,
To sing and play my music is my life.
The right to laugh,
The right to dream,
The right to know that people say just what they mean.
And if it turns out that my hopes were not to be,
Then there's no one to blame, only me.

The right to live,
The right to breathe,
The right to stand by all the things that I believe.
Can't say I know it all, but someone has to try,
I will stand or I will fall, live or die,
I will stand or I will fall, live or die.