

Walter Egan, The Bias Of Love

by Walter Egan

Witness the way in which I swallowed your line
So easily convinced the very first time
It was my finest hour it was my pride
A sudden sense of power by taking your side

A choice as black as night and white as a dove
A prejudice too fair to fight the bias of love
The bias of love

True justice and true love both of them blind
Can't take the measure of you in my mind

Chorus

Solo

Chorus