

Ours

Lena Horne

The high gods above look down and laugh at our love
And say to themselves, "How tawdry it's grown"
They've seen our cars in front of so many bars
When we should have been under the stars

Together but alone, ours is the chance
To make romance our own

Ours, the white Riviera under the moon
Ours, a gondola gliding on a lagoon
Ours, a temple serene by the green Arabian Sea
Or maybe you'd rather be going out buying Gay Paree

Ours, the silent sierras greeting the dawn
Or a sun-spotted Devon-shire lawn dotted with flowers
Mine the inclination, yours the inspiration
Why don't we take a vacation and make it all ours?

Ours, the glitter of Broadway, Saturday night
Ours, a box at the garden watching a fight
Ours, the mad, the brouhaha at the Plaza's Persian Room
Or if this fills you with gloom
We can go and admire Grant's Tomb

Ours, a home on the river facing the east
Or in one of Park Avenue's least
Frightening towers, oh, this champion chatting
Sounds to me like Latin

Why don't we stay in Manhattan
And make it all?
Why don't we stay in Manhattan
And make it all ours?