

The Bias Of Love

Walter Egan

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