L. Armstrong

Autor Administrator

What a
wonderfull world

Louis
Armstrong

I
see trees of green

red
roses too

I
see then bloom for me and you.

And
I think for myself,

What
a wanderful world.

I
see skies of blue, and clauds of white

The
bright sunny days

the
dark sacred nights

And
i think for myself,

What
a wanderful world.

The
colors of the rainbow

are
so pretty in the sky

Are
also on the faces of peeple walking by.

I
see friends shaking hands saying „How do you do?“

They
re really saying „Ilove you“.

I
hear babies cry, I want them grow

They
ll learn much more then I ll ever know

And
i think to myself

What
a wanderful world.