L. Armstrong Autor Administrator What a wonderfull world Louis Armstrong I see trees of green red roses too

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

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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 "llove you".
I hear babies cry, I want them grow
They Il learn much more then I II ever know
And i think to myself
What a wanderful world.