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

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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.