

Piotr Polk, What a wonderful world

I see trees of green, red rosses too
I see them bloom, for me and you
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world
I see skies of blue and clouds of white
Bright blessed days, dark sacred nights
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world
The colors of a rainbow, so pretty in the sky
Are also on the faces, of people going by
I see friends shaking hands,
sayin' "how do you do?"
They're really sayin', I love you
I hear babies cry, I watch them grow
They'll learn much more, then I'll never know
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world