

Sesame Street, No One Like You

I like your eyes
I like your nose
I like your mouth
Your ears, your hands, your toes
I like your face
It's really you
I like the things you say and do
There's not a single soul
Who sees the skies

The way you see them
Through your eyes
And aren't you glad
You should be glad
There's no one, no one
Exactly like you