

Bing Crosby, Amor

(verse)

do you make the most of your five senses,
Or is your life like Old Mother Hubbard's shelf?
Well, mark this on your slate,
Life is not an empty plate.
That's if you appreciate yourself.

(refrain)

Ev'ry time you're near a rose,
Aren't you glad you've got a nose?
And if the dawn is fresh with dew,
Aren't you glad you're you?
When a meadowlark appears,
Aren't you glad you've got two ears?
And if your heart is singing, too,
Aren't you glad you're you?
You can see a summer sky,
Or touch a friendly hand,
Or taste an apple pie.
Pardon the grammar, but ain't life grand?
And when you wake up each morn,
Aren't you glad that you were born?
Think what you've got the whole day through,
Aren't you glad you're you?