

Connie Talbot, Wonderful World

I see trees of green, red roses 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
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world
The colors of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky
Are also on the faces of people going by
I see friends shaking hands, saying, "how do you do?"
They're really saying, "I love you"
I hear babies cry, I watch them grow
They'll learn much more, than I'll never know
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world
Yes, I think to myself, what a wonderful world