What a Wonderful World
by Bob Thiele and George Weiss (1968)

I see trees of green, red roses too,
I see them bloom, for me and you
And I think to my-self, what a won-derful world.

I see skies of blue, and clouds of white,
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night,
and I think to my-self, what a won-derful world.

Bridge:
The colours 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 say-ing, “I love you.”

Yes, I think to my-self what a won-derful world.