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| What a Wonderful World  [Louis Armstrong](https://www.google.com/search?rlz=1C1GCEA_enGB822GB822&sxsrf=ALeKk01nQH4L61KL60N0sJtQ4ZpD2iSO2w:1612346209692&q=Louis+Armstrong&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAONgVuLQz9U3MMkzNlrEyu-TX5pZrOBYlFtcUpSflw4AKSn80x4AAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwirm9XYuc3uAhWCwuYKHS-VCiAQMTAAegQIARAD)  I see trees so green, red roses too I see them bloom for me and you. And I think to myself what a wonderful world.  I see skies so blue and clouds so 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 crying, I watch them grow. They'll learn much more than I'll ever know.  And I think to myself what a wonderful world. Yes I think to myself what a wonderful world Yes I think to myself what a wonderful world. | What an Ungrateful World (NOT RHYMING)  I see hunters hunting, and trophies too  I see melting ice and all the overheating  And I think to myself what an ungrateful world  I see trees cut down and cars everywhere  The bright day not so bright, darkness creeping into night  And I think to myself what an ungrateful world  I see animals cry  Watch them become extinct  We’ll never learn  Until it’s too late  And I think to myself what an ungrateful world  Yes I think to myself what an ungrateful world Yes I think to myself what an ungrateful world. |

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| **Original Song** | **What a ---------------------------World** |
| I see trees so green |  |
| red roses too |  |
| I see them bloom |  |
| for me and you. |  |
| And I think to myself what a wonderful world |  |
| I see skies so blue |  |
| and clouds so 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 |  |
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| of people going by |  |
| I see friends shaking hands |  |
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| They're really saying I love you. |  |
| I hear babies crying |  |
| I watch them grow. |  |
| They'll learn much more |  |
| than I'll ever know. |  |
| And I think to myself what a wonderful world. Yes I think to myself what a wonderful world Yes I think to myself what a wonderful world. |  |