

Whistling Away The Dark

Andy Williams

Often I think this sad old world is whistling in the dark.
Just like a child, who, late from school
Walks bravely home through the park.

To keep their spirits soaring and keep the night at bay.
Neither quite knowing which way they are going,
They sing the shadows away.

Often I think my poor old heart has given up for good.
And then I see a brand new face,
I glimpse some new neighborhood.

So walk me back home, my darling,
Tell me dreams really come true.
Whistling whistling here in the dark with you.

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