

## What A World

Maywood

Joyce had her birthday, she was such a dear  
Oh, you could hear her singing  
She got a bird, she'll never forget  
Next morning, it's sad, the bird it was dead

What a world, what a world  
Things that happen, sometimes are hard to understand  
Honestly, what are we without a helping hand

People I knew, remember so well  
The day that the bell was ringing  
It was for the greatest person we knew  
We all felt so blue, there was nothing to do

What a world, what a world  
Things that happen, sometimes are hard to understand  
Honestly, what are we without a helping hand

Don't get upset about things that I say  
It's only my way of living  
Maybe I'm gloomy and maybe I'm not  
I just care a lot, can't help it, oh God

What a world, what a world  
Things that happen, sometimes are hard to understand  
Honestly, what are we without a helping hand