

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