

Dear Hearts and Gentle People

Perry Como

I love those dear hearts... an' gentle people,
Who live in my home town,
Because those dear hearts... an' gentle people,
Will never, ever, let you down!

They read the 'Good-Book'... from Fri 'till Monday,
That's how the weekend goes!
I've got a 'dream-house'... I'll build there one day,
With a picket-fence... an' ramblin' rose!

I feel so welcome... each time that I return,
That my happy heart keeps laughin' like a clown
I love those dear hearts... an' gentle people,
Who live an' love in my home town!

(instrumental)

I love those people!

(instrumental)

I love those dear hearts... an' gentle people,
Who live in my home town,
Because those dear hearts... an' gentle people,
Will never, ever let you down!

They read the 'Good-Book'... from Fri 'till Monday,
That's how the weekend goes!
I've got a 'dream-house'... I'll build there one day,
With a picket-fence... and a ramblin' rose!

(instrumental)

I love the dear hearts... an' gentle people,
Who shout a friendly 'Hi'...
When they go passin' by...
Who live an' love in my home town!

(instrumental)

Ah! These are my kinda people!