

Henry Mancini "Whistling Away The Dark"

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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 brave 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
Whistling, whistling, here in the dark with you

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