

Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass

"Walk, Don't Run"

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The trees join hands and say, "Hello,"
And suddenly ev'rywhere we go
The sun beams through in fun.

The leaves form patterns like a heart
And whisper forever "Never part."
Be true, 'cause I love you.

Bridge:
Shadows write words of love a - cross our path;
Birds sing,
"How luck - y those whose love just grows to - geth -
er."

Blades of grass stand on and on
And chatter together in a calm
That's green and so ser - ene,
A mem - 'ry of our walk of love.

In a dream, a stream goes by
Re - flec - ting a message from the sky
A - bove
And here and there we look around
To see other lovers who have found
Their way.

Bridge 2:
Crick - ets tap out their sym - pho - ny in code;
Rab - bits
Run hel - ter skel - ter find - ing shel - ter here.

And flowers swaying in the breeze
Look up to the branches of the trees
And sing as birds take wing --
All this is true 'cause I love you.

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