

# Happy Face

## Wolfmother

We were on the rise of it all  
Everything's beginning so small  
We were going around and around  
And following the only sound  
Everything falls into place when she puts on her happy face  
Everything falls into place when she goes to her happy place for me  
For me  
Listening to nature's call  
Watching as the trees grew tall  
They thought they're above it all  
Never thinking they could fall  
Everything falls into place when she puts on her happy face  
Everything falls into place when she goes to her happy place for me

Songwriters

ANDREW STOCKDALE Published by

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