

Happy Feet

Dean Martin

Sound of rain on the window pane
Makes a mighty sweet and soft refrain
But I never found a sound as sweet
As the tippity tippity tap of happy feet
Mocking bird never says a word
But his pretty music must be heard
Well, there is no music with a beat of
The tippity tippity tap of happy feet
Honey, when we're dancing, it is so divine
'Count of we're much closer, closer than quarter to nine
The band down in Dixieland
Got a rhythm makes you clap your hand
But there is no rhythm I repeat
Like the tippity tippity tap of happy feet
Tippity tippity tap of happy feet
Honey, when we're dancing, it is so divine
'Account of we're much closer, closer than quarter to nine
I love the band in Dixieland
I got a rhythm makes you clap your hand
But there is no rhythm I repeat
Like the tippity tippity tap of happy feet
The tippity tippity tap of happy feet
Tippity tippity tap of happy feet

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