

# Happy Feet

Dean Martin

Sound of rain on the window pain  
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 rythm makes you clap your hand  
But there is no rythm I repeat  
Like the tippity tippity tap of happy feet

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 rythm makes you clap your hand  
But there is no rythm I repeat  
Like the tippity tippity tap of happy feet  
The tippity tippity tap of happy feet  
Tippity tippity tap of happy feet