

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