

The Windows Of The World

Burt Bacharach

The windows of the world are covered with rain,
Where is the sunshine we once knew?
Ev'rybody knows when little children play
They need a sunny day to grow straight and tall.
Let the sun shine through.
The windows of the world are covered with rain,
When will those black skies turn to blue?
Ev'rybody knows when boys grow into men
They start to wonder when their country will call.
Let the sun shine through.
The windows of the world are covered with rain,
What is the whole world coming to?
Ev'rybody knows when men can not be friends
Their quarrel often ends where some have to die.
Let the sun shine through.
The windows of the world are covered with rain,
There must be something we can do.
Ev'rybody knows whenever rain appears
It's really angel tears.
How long must they cry?
Let the sun shine through.