

Mockingbird Hill

Ray Stevens

When the sun in the mornin' peeps over the hill
And kisses the roses 'round my windowsill
Then my heart fills with gladness when I hear the trill
Of the birds in the treetops on Mockingbird Hill

Tra-la-la, tweedle dee dee dee dee
Gives me a thrill (Gives me a thrill)
To wake up in the morning to the, yeah, the mockingbird's trill
Tra-la-la, tweedle dee dee dee dee
Peace and goodwill (Peace and goodwill)
You're welcome as the flowers on the Mockingbird, Mockingbird Hill

Tweet, tweet, tweedle dee dee
Tweet, tweet, tweedle dee dee
Tweet, tweet

Whoa, when it's late in the evenin', I climb up the hill
And survey all my kingdom while everything is still
Yeah, yeah, just me and that old sky and an old whippoorwill
Singing songs in the twilight on Mockingbird Hill

Tra-la-la, tweedle dee dee dee dee
Gives me a thrill (Gives me a thrill)
To wake up in the morning to the, yeah, the mockingbird's trill
Tra-la-la, tweedle dee dee dee dee
Peace and goodwill (Peace and goodwill)
You're welcome as the flowers on the Mockingbird Hill

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Tweedle dee dee dee dee dee
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Tweedle dee dee dee dee dee
Tra-la-la-la-la, tweedle dee dee dee dee
Tra-la-la, tweet, tra, tweet, tra, tweet, tra, tweet, tra-la-la