

A Whole New World

Unbelievable sights Indescribable feeling
Soaring, tumbling, freewheeling
Through an endless diamond sky
A whole new world
A hundred thousand things to see
I'm like a shooting star I've come so far
I can't go back to where I used to be

Arabian Nights

When the wind's from the east
And the sun's from the west
And the sand in the glass is right
Come on down Stop on by
Hop a carpet and fly
To another Arabian night
Arabian nights Like Arabian days
More often than not Are hotter than hot
In a lot of good ways

Proud of your Boy

Someday and soon
I'll make you proud of your boy
Though I can't make myself taller
Or smarter or handsome or wise
I'll do my best, what else can I do ?
Since I wasn't born perfect like Dad or you
Mom, I will try to Try hard to make you
Proud of your boy

Friend like me

Well Ali Baba had them forty thieves
Scheherezad-ie had a thousand tales
But master you in luck 'cause up your sleeves
You got a brand of magic never fails
You got some power in your corner now
Some heavy ammunition in your camp
You got some punch, pizzazz, yahoo and how
See all you gotta do is rub that lamp
And I'll say
Mister Aladdin, sir
What will your pleasure be?
Let me take your order
Jot it down
You ain't never had a friend like me
No no no