

Little Girl, Little Boy

Chuck Prophet

Little girl, little girl, life's no fairy tale
Doctors get diseases
Criminals make bail
Little girl, little girl Little boy, little boy, tell me something I don't know
What makes a lamp a Tiffany
What makes the flower grow
Little boy, little boy Little boy, little boy, can you play the violin
My daddy's got a string quartet
and my heart belongs to him
Little boy, little boy Little girl, little girl, I can tune a baby grand
My heart it sings a symphony
I'm a one-man marching band
Little girl, little girl

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