

Little Girl Blue

Ella Fitzgerald

When I was very young the world was younger than I
As merry as a carousel
The circus tent was strung with every star in the sky
Above the ring I loved so well Now the young world has grown old
Gone are the tinsel and gold Sit there and count your fingers
What can you do? Old girl, you're through
Sit there and count your little fingers
Unlucky little girl blue Sit there and count the raindrops falling on you
It's time you knew
All you can count on is the raindrops
That fall on little girl blue No use, old girl, you may as well surrender
Your hope is getting slender
Why won't somebody send a tender blue boy
To cheer little girl blue? No use, old girl, you may as well surrender
Your hope is getting slender
Why won't somebody send a tender blue boy
To cheer little girl blue?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>