

Little Girl Blue

Frank Sinatra

When you were very young, the world was younger than you

As merry as a carousel

The circus tent was strung with ever star in the sky

Above the ring you loved so well

Now the young world has grown old, gone are the silver and gold
Sit there and count your fingers, what can you
do

Old girl, you're through

Just sit there and count your little fingers

Unhappy little girl blue
Sit there and count the raindrops falling on you

It's time you knew

All you can count on are the raindrops

That fall on little girl blue

No use, old girl, you might as well surrender

Your hopes are getting slender, why won't somebody send a tender

Blue boy to cheer up little girl blue

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