

# Diana Ross, Little Girl Blue

(Richard Rodgers/Lorentz Hart)

When I was very young  
The world was younger than I  
As merry as a carousel

The circumstent was strong  
With every star in the sky  
Above the ring I loved so well

Now the young world has grown old  
Gone are the tinsle and gold

Sit there and count your fingers  
What can you do?  
Oh girl you're through  
All you can count on are your fingers  
Unlucky 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 oh 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