

## Be-Bop Deluxe

### "The Littlest Birds"

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Well I feel like an old hobo,  
I'm sad lonesome and blue  
I was fair as the summer day  
Now the summer days are through  
You pass through places  
And places pass through you  
But you carry 'em with you  
On the souls of your travellin' shoes

Well I love you so dearly I love you so clearly  
Wake you up in the mornin' so early  
Just to tell you I got the wanderin' blues  
I got the wanderin' blues  
And I'm gonna quit these ramblin' ways one of  
These days soon  
And I'll sing

The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs...

Well it's times like these  
I feel so small and wild  
Like the ramblin' footsteps of a wanderin' child  
And I'm lonesome as a lonesome whippoorwill  
Sing in these blues with a warble and a trill  
But I'm not too blue to fly  
No I'm not too blue to fly cause

The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs...

Well I love you so dearly  
I love you so fearlessly  
Wake you up in the mornin' so early  
Just to tell you I got the wanderin' blues  
I got the wanderin' blues  
And I don't wanna leave you  
I love you through and through

Oh I left my baby on a pretty blue train  
And I sang my songs to the cold and the rain  
I had the wanderin' blues  
And I sang those wanderin' blues

And I'm gonna quit these ramblin' ways  
One of these days soon  
And I'll sing...

The littlest birds sing the prettiest songs...

[I don't care if the sun don't shine  
I don't care if nothin' is mine  
I don't care if I'm nervous with you  
I'll do my lovin' in the wintertime] - Syd Barrett

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