

Frank Sinatra "Little Girl Blue"

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

The circus tent was strung
With every 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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