

Stacey Kent

"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 ever star in the sky,
Above the ring I 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, 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, 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.

Sit there and count your fingers
What can you do
Old girl you're through
Sit there, 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 ever count on
Are the raindrops
That fall on little girl blue

Won't you just sit there
Count the little raindrops
Falling on you
'Cause it's time you knew
All you can ever count on
Are the raindrops

That fall on little girl blue

No use old girl

You might as well surrender

'Cause your hopes are getting slender and slender

Why won't somebody send a tender blue boy

To cheer up little girl blue

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