

Little Girl Blue

Anita O'Day

Sit there
and count your fingers.
What can you do?
Old girl, you're through
Sit there
and count your little fingers
unlucky little girl blue.

Sit there
count the raindrops
falling on you.
It's time you knew
All you can count on
is the raindrops
that fall on little girl blue

No use, old girl
you may as well surrender
your hope is getting slender
Why won't somebody send
a tender blue boy
to cheer the little the girl blue?

When I was very young
the world was younger than I
as merry as a carousel.
The circust tent was strung
with every star in the sky
above the ring I loved so well

Now the young world has grown old
gone are the tinsel and gold.

No use, old girl
you may as well surrender
your hope is getting slender
Why won't somebody send
a tender blue boy
to cheer the little the girl blue?
cheer little girl blue
cheer little girl blue
cheer little girl blue