

Little Girl Blue

Sam Cooke

No use old girl
You might as well surrender
Your hope is 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
So sit there and count your little fingers
Unlucky little girl blue, whoa

Sit there and count the raindrops falling on you
It's time you knew
That all, all you count is the raindrops
That's falling on
Little blue girl

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