

# Song of a Sad Little Girl

Strawbs

She looks so frail beside you  
As she wears her sick disguise  
You say she'll soon be better  
As you dry her tearful eyes  
You tell her fairy stories  
She tries to understand  
She looks to you for comfort  
And holds out her little hand.

But early in the morning  
When the sun shines  
Into her tiny room  
She wakes up like a bird  
And she's fine again.

You gently kiss her forehead  
And from the room you creep  
But you linger in the doorway  
As she whimpers in her sleep  
Her cheeks are flushed like sunset  
And her head's an open fire  
All night she turns and tosses  
As her temperature gets higher.

But early in the morning  
When the sun shines  
Into her tiny room  
She wakes up like a bird  
And she's fine again.

The nightlight in the corner  
Casts a soft and peaceful glow  
Her face becomes much cooler  
And her breathing much more slow  
She dreams of clowns and princes  
Sailing boats and trains  
The fairies come by moonlight  
To take away her pain.

But early in the morning  
When the sun shines  
Into her tiny room  
She wakes up like a bird  
And she's fine again.

She wakes up  
Like a bird  
And she feels fine.