

Carlos Lyra, Poor Little Rich Girl Blue

I feel that someone who sees me
May think I'm oh, so happy to be
A rich girl who owns the world
Could I be unhappy?
Poor little rich girl in sorrow
The more you dream
And wish at the well

It seems no prince
Will come along
Just a bird flying by
With his free song
You have much more, little bird
Have you heard? More than I do
Than the poor little rich girl so blue