

Diana Ross, Turn Around

Where are you going my little one, little one
Petals and petticoats, where did they go
Turn around and you're two
Turn around and you're four
Turn around and you're a young girl
Going out of the dorm

Turn around, turn around
Turn around and you're a young girl
Going out of the door

Where are you going my little one, little one
Where are you going my baby my own

Turn around and you're a young wife
With babes of your own

Turn around, turn around
Turn around and you're a young wife
With babes of your own

Turn around, turn around
Turn around and you're a young wife
Turn around and you're a young wife
With babes of your own

Where are you going my little one, little one
Blooms of red roses, where did they go?
Turn around and you're young
Turn around and you're old
That's a sure way to travel
And so I had been told

Turn around, turn around
Turn around and you're a young wife
Turn around and you're a young wife
With babes of your own