

# Ella Fitzgerald, Little Girl Blue

When you were very young  
The world was younger than you  
As merry as a carousel

The circus tent was thrilling  
With every star in the sky  
Above the rings you loved so well

Now the young world has grown old  
Gone is the silver and gold

Sit there, and count your fingers  
What can you do?  
Old girl you're through  
Just sit there, and count your little fingers  
Unhappy little girl blue

Sit there, and count the raindrops  
Falling on you  
It's time you knew  
That all you can count on are the raindrops  
That fall on little girl blue

No use, old girl  
You might as well surrender  
Your hopes are getting slender  
Why won't somebody send a tender little boy  
To cheer up little girl blue?