

Diana Ross, Little Girl Blue

(Richard Rodgers/Lorentz Hart)

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

The circumstent was strong
With every star in the sky
Above the ring I loved so well

Now the young world has grown old
Gone are the tinsle and gold

Sit there and count your fingers
What can you do?
Oh girl you're through
All you can count on are your fingers
Unlucky little girl blue

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

No use oh girl
You may as well surrender
Your hope is getting slender
Why won't somebody send a tender blue boy
To cheer little girl blue