Frank Sinatra, Little Girl Blue

When you were very young, the world was younger than you,
As merry as a carousel,
The circus tent was strung with ever star in the sky,
Above the ring you loved so well.
Now the young world has grown old, gone are the silver and gold,
Chorus : 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,
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
Blue boy to cheer up little girl blue.