Nana Mouskouri, Little Girl Blue

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

Repeat 2-3-

To cheer a little girl blue