

# Neil Diamond, Let The Little Boy Sing

Take you back to a cotton field  
In the heart of Louisiana  
A little boy 'bout nine years old  
Singin' songs in the heat of the day

But Mama cried when her little boy sang  
She knew he could be someone special  
Mama cried 'cause the way that it was  
He would only be wasted away

Then his Mama would pray  
And every night she would say  
Help the boy if you can  
Take 'em Lord by the hand

And let the little boy sing  
Got a feeling that takes you home  
Got a melody on his own  
Let the little boy sing

Let the little boy try  
Let the little boy by  
He can take you along  
On the wings of his song  
Let the little boy fly

Take you back to New Orleans  
Where the music wakes up with the city  
To the bars by the railroad cars  
On the neon side of town

Sang a song on the city streets  
And people began to listen  
Southern boy, sing your southern song  
You sing it like no one around

And nobody walked by without feelin' high  
Never heard it before  
But they've been calling for more

Let the little boy sing  
Got a melody on his own  
Got a feeling that takes you home  
Let the little boy sing

And let the little boy fly  
Let the little boy try  
He can take you along  
On the wings of his song  
Let the little boy fly  
Then he'll take you away

"...Ladies and Gentlemen!  
The Superdome is proud to introduce  
The little boy with the soul of the south!"

Let the little boy sing  
Got a feeling that takes you home  
Got a melody all his own  
Let the little boy sing

Let the little boy try  
Let the little boy by  
He can take you along

On the wings of his song  
Let the little boy fly

Just let the little boy sing  
Got a feeling that takes you home  
Got a melody on his own  
Let the little boy sing