

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