

Skeeter Davis, Little Arrows

There's a boy a little boy shooting arrows in the blue
And he's aiming them at someone but the question is at who
Is it me or is it you it's hard to tell until you're hit
But you'll know it when they hit you cause they hurt a little bit
Here they come pouring out of the blue little arrows for me and for you
You're falling in love again falling in love again
Little arrows in your clothing little arrows in your hair
When you're in love you'll find those little arrows everywhere
Little arrows that will hit you once and hit you once again
Little arrows that hit everybody every now and then wow oh oh the pain

Some folk a run and others hide but there is nothing they can do
And some folk put on amour but the arrows go straight through
So you see there's no escape so why not face it and admit
That you love those little arrows when they hurt a little bit
Here they come pouring out...
Here they come pouring out...