

# 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...