

The Kingston Trio, Little Boy

When I was a little boy, my mother said to me, "Watch the new born roses grow. It's a pretty sight.
You, my son, shall blossom as the flower below. I will be your raindrops. You will be my rose.

Listen while I tell you of the beauty in the sky. There's a home for angels on the clouds so high.
I must be an angel. In heaven I shall stay. If you ever need me, I'll hear each word you say."

Now her raindrops fall no more. Who will take her place? Will I live to blossom full or wither into spade.
Many times I wonder on the clouds above is it my dear mother who showers me with love?

When I was a little boy.