

Little Girl Blue

Ella Fitzgerald

When I was very young
The world was younger than I
As merry as a carousel

The circus tent was strung
With every star in the sky
Above the ring I loved so well

Now the young world has grown old
Gone are the tinsel and gold

Sit there, and count your fingers
What can you do?
Old girl, you're through
Sit there, and count your little fingers
Unlucky, little girl blue

Sit there, and count the raindrops
Falling on you
It's time you knew
All you can count on is the raindrops
That fall on little girl blue

No use, old girl
You may as well surrender
Your hope is getting slender
Why won't somebody send a tender
Blue boy
To cheer little girl blue?

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