

## Little Girl Blue

Frank Sinatra

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

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

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

Sit there and count your fingers what can you do  
Old girl, you're through  
Just sit there and count your little fingers  
Unhappy little girl blue

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

No use, old girl, you might as well surrender  
Your hopes are getting slender  
Why won't somebody send a tender  
Blue boy to cheer up little girl blue