

Little Girl Blue

Linda Ronstadt

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 up little girl blue

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

All you can count on is the raindrops
That fall on little girl blue