

## Little Boy Lost

Maureen McGovern

Little boy lost  
In search of little boy found  
You go a-wondering, wandering,  
Stumbling, tumbling, round! round!  
When will you find  
What's on the tip of your mind?  
Why are you blind  
To all you ever were, never were,  
Really are, nearly are?

Little boy false  
In search of little boy true  
Will you be ever done traveling,  
Always unraveling you, you?  
Running away  
Could lead you further astray  
And as for fishing in streams  
For pieces of dreams,  
Those pieces will never fit  
What is the sense of it?

Little boy blue  
Don't let your little sheep roam  
It's time, come blow your horn,  
Meet the morn,  
Look and see,  
Can you be far from home?

Running away  
Could lead you further astray  
And as for fishing in streams  
For pieces of dreams,  
Those pieces will never fit  
What is the sense of it?

Little boy blue  
Don't let your little sheep roam  
It's time, come blow your horn,  
Meet the morn,  
Look and see,  
Can you be far from home?