

# Let the Little Boy Sing

Neil Diamond

Take you back to a cotton field  
In the heart of lousiana  
Little boy about nine years old  
Sings a song in the heat of the day  
Mama cried when her little boy sang  
She knew he could be someone special  
Mama cried 'cause the way that it was  
He would only be wasted away

Then his mama would pray  
And every night she would say  
Help my boy began  
Take the lord by the hand

Let the little boy sing  
Got a feeling that takes you home  
Got a melody of his own  
Let the little boy sing

Let the little boy try  
Let the little boy buy  
He can take you along  
On the wings of his song  
Let the little boy fly

Take you back to new orleans  
Where the music wakes up with the city  
To the bars by the railroad cars  
On the neon side of town  
Sang a song on the city streets  
And people began to listen  
Southern boy, sing your southern song  
Take it like no one around

Nobody walked by  
Without feelin' high  
Never heard it before  
They'd be calling for more

Let the little boy sing  
Got a melody of his own  
Got a feeling that takes you home  
Let the little boy sing  
And let the little boy fly  
Let the little boy try  
He can take you along  
On the wings of his song  
Let the little boy fly

Let him take you away

(ladies and gentlemen  
Super? ? are proud to introduce  
The little boy with a soul of a star)

Let the little boy sing  
Got a melody of his own

Got a feeling that takes you home  
Let the little boy sing  
Let the little boy try  
Let the little boy buy  
He can take you along  
On the wings of his song  
Let the little boy fly