

Little By Little

Peggy Lee

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 ever be 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?