

Little Boy

The Kingston Trio

When I was a little boy, my mother said to me, "Watch the new born roses grow. It's a pretty sight to see.
You, my son, shall blossom as the flower below. I will be your raindrops. You will be my rose.
Listen while I tell you of the beauty in the sky. There's a home for angels on the clouds so high.
I must be an angel. In heaven I shall stay. If you ever need me, I'll hear each word you say."
Now her raindrops fall no more. Who will take her place? Will I live to blossom full or wither into space?
Many times I wonder on the clouds above is it my dear mother who showers me with love?
When I was a little boy.