

## Little Girl Blue

Ella Fitzgerald

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 loved so well

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

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 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 little girl blue?