

Little Arrows

Albert Hammond

As performed by Leapy Lee
There's a boy, a little boy, shooting arrows in the
blue
And he's aiming them at someone, but the question is at
who
Is it me, or is it you? It's hard to tell until you're
hit
But you'll know it when they hit you 'cause they hurt a
little bit
Here they come, pouring out of the blue
Little arrows for me and for you
You're falling in love again, falling in love again
Little arrows in your clothing, little arrows in your
hair
When you're in love you'll find those little arrows
everywhere
Little arrows that will hit you once and hit you once
again
Little arrows that hit everybody every now and then
(Woh-oh-oh, the pain)
Some folks run, and others hide, there aint nothing
they can do
And some folks put on armour, but the arrows go
straight through
So, you see, there's no escape, so why not face it and
admit
That you love those little arrows when they hurt a
little bit?
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