

Little Girl Blue

Chet Baker

Sit there and count your fingers,
what can you do,
Old girl, you're through.
Just sit there and count your little fingers,
unhappy little girl blue.
Sit there and count the raindrops falling on you,
It's time you knew,
All you can count on are the raindrops that fall on
little girl blue.
No use, old girl, you might as well surrender,
Your hopes are getting slender,
why won't somebody send a tender
Blue boy to cheer up little girl blue.

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 silver and gold

Sit there and count the raindrops falling on you,
It's time you knew,
All you can count on are the raindrops that fall on
little girl blue.