

Little Girl, Little Boy

Chuck Prophet

Little girl, little girl
Life's no fairy tale
Doctors get diseases
Criminals make bail
Little girl, little girl

Little boy, little boy
Tell me something I don't know
What makes a lamp a Tiffany
What makes the flower grow
Little boy, little boy

Little boy, little boy
Can you play the violin

My daddy's got a string quartet
And my heart belongs to him
Little boy, little boy

Little girl, little girl
I can tune a baby grand
My heart it sings a symphony
I'm a one-man marching band
Little girl, little girl

Little boy, little girl
Little girl, little boy