

## Little By Little

Peggy Lee

Little boy lost in search of little boy found  
You go a wondering, wandering  
Stumbling, tumbling, round! round!  
When will you find  
What's on the tip of your mind?  
Why are you blind  
To all you ever were  
Never were, really are, nearly are?  
Little boy false in search of little boy true  
Will you ever be done traveling  
Always unraveling you, you?  
Running away could lead you further astray  
And as for fishing in streams for pieces of dreams  
Those pieces will never fit  
What is the sense of it?  
Little boy blue, don't let your little sheep roam  
It's time ,come blow your horn, meet the morn  
Look and see, can you be far from home?