Lyric by RAYMOND KLAGES
ARTISTS COPY
Music by BILLY FAZIOLI

Little Boy

Moderato con express

Fools we are to wander away,
Most of us regret it some day;
You and I will never know why,
In our hearts there's always a sigh.

If we all could just realize,
We'd never break home ties;
When we think of someone who yearns,
Oh! how those memories burn.

Makes no difference where you may roam,
There's a voice that calls you home.
And through all each long dreary year,
Someone's voice we seem to hear.

Lit-tle boy, lit-tle boy, won't you come back to moth-er's knee
For I've shed many tears through the years,
Since you've been away from me.

Ev-ery joy, lit-tle boy, that you knew back in childhood days,
Still lingers in my mind.
Each day I find a memory of your boyish ways;
I have those cute lit-tle pants, that you used to tear.
Sliding down the cel- lar door.

Ball and your bat, your old tat-tered hat,
And all those things that I ad-ore.

Hurry back, hurry back to the one that you left behind.
Oh! how I've missed you.

lit-tle boy of mine.
A
Vamp

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