

Little Lost Child  
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

Little lost child in a room full of strangers,  
Home is behind you and dead anyway.  
Night dreams have led you across North America,  
Looking for fiddlers you don't have to pay.

Known in your home town for freedom and style.  
Enviied by those who bow down to the mill.  
You wonder now how you ever could smile.  
You wonder now if they envy you still.

But don't you worry, little lost child,  
You did what you had to do.  
Don't you worry.  
You're gonna be fine child.  
You're gonna come through.  
I know that you're gonna come through.

Little lost child on a street full of dangers,  
Filling your eyes with the tears of lost dreams.  
Downing your colors in hope of a new hope.  
You feel yourself coming apart at the seams.

Now don't you look back while you're feeling the pain.  
What you knew then was the peace of the dead.  
Little lost child, you can't go home again.  
Gone is the shadow who slept in your bed.

But don't you worry, little lost child,  
You did what you had to do.  
Don't you worry.  
You're gonna be fine child.  
You're gonna come through.  
I know that you're gonna come through.

Ah don't you worry, little lost child,  
You did what you had to do.  
Don't you worry.  
You're gonna be fine child.  
You're gonna come through.  
I know that you're gonna come through.