

That's All That's Left Of My Baby

Cal Smith

That faint sweet smell of her perfume
A powder box that plays a tune
Lacy objects around the room
That's all that's left of my baby

The record that she loved to play
Some clothes she hadn't put away
Some bills of hers I'll have to pay
That's all that's left of my baby

But baby's gone, to my regret
What baby wants, baby gets
I was just a stepping stone
She's stepping higher, now baby's gone

I could give her things away
Reminders that she's gone to stay
But I'll have her memory anyway
That's all that's left of my baby

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