

# Nobody's Sweetheart

Doris Day

You're nobody's sweetheart now,  
'Cause nobody wants you, somehow;  
Fancy hose, silken gown,  
You'd be out of place in your own home town!

When you walk down that old avenue,  
I just can't believe that it's you!  
Painted lips, painted eyes,  
Wearin' a bird of paradise!  
Well it all seems wrong somehow,  
But you're nobody's sweetheart now.

You're nobody's sweetheart now,  
'Cause nobody wants you, somehow;  
Fancy hose, silken gown,  
You'd be out of place in your own home town!

When you walk down that old avenue, oh-ho,  
I just can't believe that it's you!  
Painted lips, painted eyes,  
Wearin' a bird of paradise!  
Well it all seems wrong somehow,  
But you're nobody's sweetheart now.