

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.