

Poor Baby

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SARAH:
Darling--HARRY:
Yes?SARAH:
Robert.HARRY:
What?SARAH:
I worry.HARRY:
Why?SARAH:
He's all alone.
There's no one--
HARRY:
Where?SARAH:
In his life.HARRY:
Oh.SARAH:
Robert ought to have a woman.
Poor baby, all alone,
Evening after evening by the telephone.
We're the only tenderness he's ever known.
Poor baby!JENNY:
David--DAVID:
Yes?
JENNY:
Robert.DAVID:
What?JENNY:
I worry.DAVID:
Why?JENNY:
It's such a waste.
There's no one--DAVID:
Where?JENNY:
In his life.DAVID:
Oh.JENNY:
Robert ought to have a woman.
Poor baby, sitting there,
Staring at the walls and playing solitaire,
Making conversation with the empty air.
Poor baby! [Later, as Robert takes April to bed] SARAH:
Robert...JENNY:
Bobby...SARAH:
Robert, angel...JENNY:
Bobby, honey...SARAH:

You know,
No one
Wants you to be happy
More than I do,
No one,
But isn't she a little bit, well,
You know,
Face it,
Why her?
Better,
No one--JENNY:
...wants you to be happy
More than I do,
No one,
But--SARAH & JENNY:
Isn't she a little bit, well,
You know,
Face it--SUSAN:
You know, no one
Wants you to be happy
More than I do--AMY & JOANNE:
You know, no one
Wants you to be happy
More than I do,
No one,
But--ALL:
Isn't she a little bit, well--[Variously]Dumb?
Tacky?
Vulgar?
Old?
Tall?
Aggressive?
Where is she from?
Neurotic?
Peculiar?
And cheap?
She seems so dead.
She's tall enough to be your mother.
And gross?
Depressing?
She's very weird.
And immature?
Goliath![Together]Poor baby, all alone,
Throw a lonely dog a bone, it's still a bone.
We're the only tenderness he's ever known.

Poor baby!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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