

Nobody's Sweetheart

[Fred Elizalde](#)

You're nobody, nobody's sweetheart now,
There's no place for you somehow,
With all of your fancy clothes, silken gowns,
You'll be out of place in the middle of your own hometown,
When you walk down the avenue,
All the folks just can't believe that it's you.
With all those painted lips and painted eyes,
Wearing a bird of paradise,
It all seems wrong somehow,
It seems so funny,
You're nobody's sweetheart now!

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