NOBODY CARES IF I'M BLUE

Lyric by GRANT CLARKE

Music by HARRY AKST

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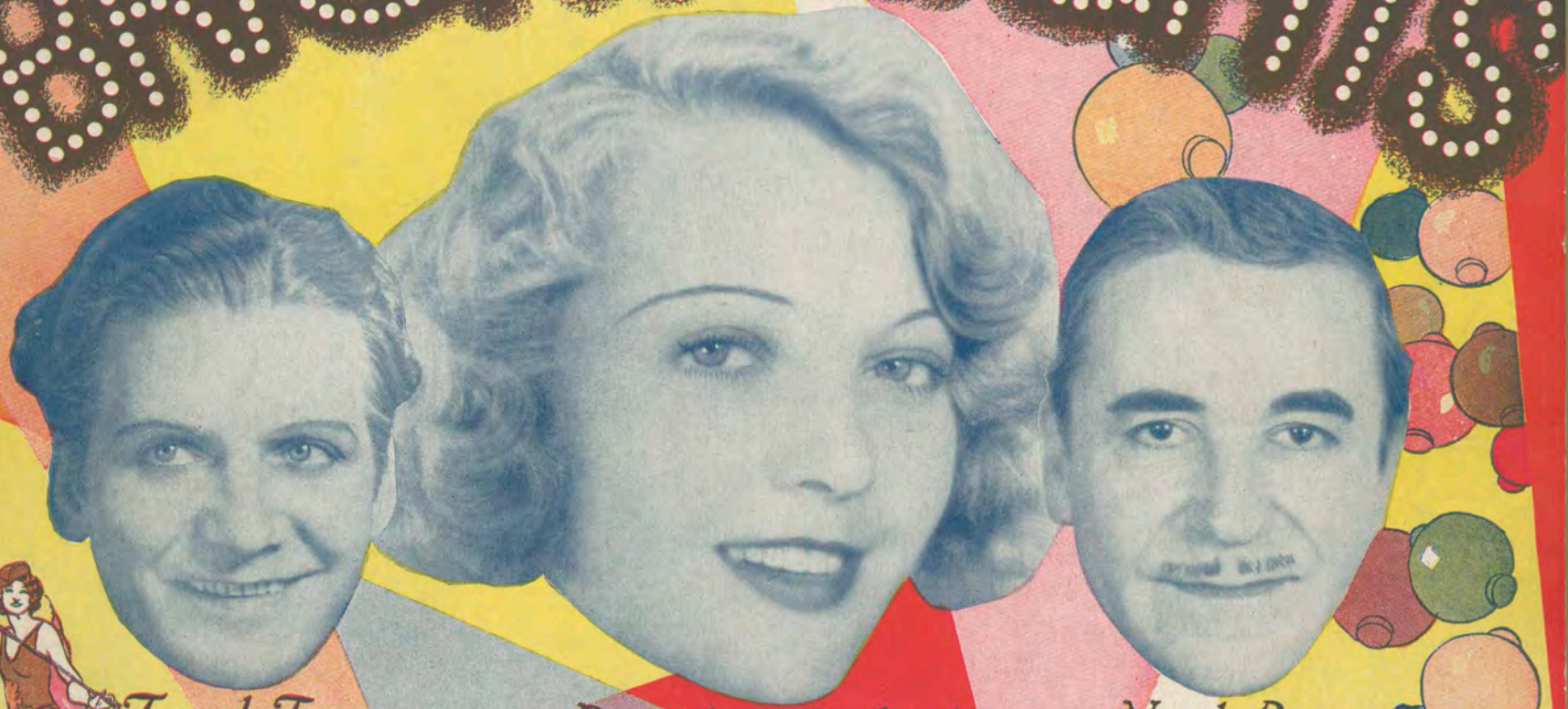
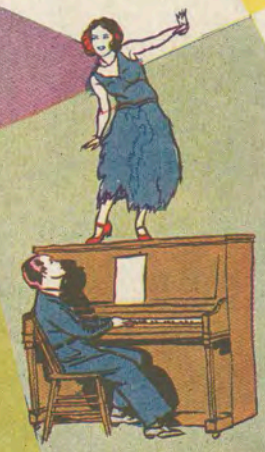
BRIGHT LIGHTS



Frank Fay *Dorothy Mackaill* *Noah Beery*



EVERY LITTLE GIRL HE SEES
NOBODY CARES IF I'M BLUE
SONG OF THE CONGO

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK
Printed in U·S·A·

"Bright Lights"

Nobody Cares If I'm Blue

Lyric by
GRANT CLARKE

Ukulele in D
Tune Uke thus G C E A when used with Piano

Music by
HARRY AKST

Moderato

By the writers of "AM I BLUE"

f

sffz

Vamp

mf

p

All the old gang
Life must be a

I once knew
lot of fun,

Now have left me two by two, The
When two hearts beat just as one; There's

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old neigh-bor-hood_ don't look so good,_ I'm so lone-ly
nev-er a care_ when there's a pair_ Of eyes for you,

by my on-ly, Each and ev-'ry-one, it seems,_
that a-dore you, I keep try-ing con-stant-ly_

Meets the i-deal of their dreams_ I've searched ev-'ry-where_ for
To meet some-one meant for me,_ But try as I may_ It's

my i-deal,_ Now I'm be-gin-ning to feel:_
strange to say_ No-bod-y hap-pens my way._

REFRAIN

No-bod-y knows, no-bod-y cares if I'm lone - some,

p-f

No-bod - y sighs, no-bod-y cries if I'm blue. It seems that

night af-ter night I sit a - lone and twid-dle my thumbs, But still I

keep right on hop - in', Keep the door o - pen, But no-bod-y comes.

f

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Ain't it a crime, Kiss-es of mine are just wast-ed, — Since I'm a tot,

I'm sing-in' "What -'ll I do?" (*Boo-Hoo!*) Like a play-thing on a shelf,
(*Extra catch lines*) Gon-na find my-self a dock,

Guess, I'll have to be by my-self, 'Cause no-bod-y knows, no-bod-y cares if I'm
Guess I'll have to play by my-self,
I'm just coo-coo, watch-ing the clock,

1 blue. 2 blue.

sffz

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NEW YORK

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Male and Mixed Voices—15c

Of all the hours of day or night, dear,
From dawn till evening shadows fall;
There is but one time of delight, dear,
One time that's best of all.

At the end of the day, when cares fade away,
The twilight is gray above;
I draw you so near and kiss every tear
That comes with each whisper of love,
Your smile makes it seem like a wonderful dream
That has, somehow, at last come true;—
The long day is done, but life's just begun,
At the end of the day with you.

Thru all the day I wait till evening,
And daylight spends itself in vain;
Each day is long, the hours are lonely,
Till evening comes again—

—Walter Rafael

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