She May Be Somebody's Baby

Words by
WILLIAM G. TRACEY

Music by
HALSEY K. MOHR

Milton Charles
She May Be Somebody's Baby

Recitation

All over this country our small towns are filled
With girls tired of home life who want to be thrilled
The Main Street has no "kick" when they reach this age
They yearn for the movies or to go on the stage
The lure of the Follies is what makes them roam
But their greatest of follies is when they leave home
One out of one hundred gains glory and gold
And the ninety nine others are left in the cold
Too proud to go back they stay till it's too late
And they write home each week and say "things are just great"
And when all the thrill and glamour is gone
They're picked up in the whirl and just carried along
A man may be down to the edge of the brink
He can curse, he can steal, he can gamble and drink
But some good resolutions, a shave, some new clothes
And the world will respect him where-ever he goes
But just let a girl make one little mistake
And from then on her whole life is one sad heartache
She may laugh, she may dance, she may seem full of cheer
But behind ev'ry smile there's a big lonesome tear
So if you meet this girl in your travels some night
Try to show her the difference between wrong and right
One kind word of uplift instead of a slur
May be the start of a come-back for her
Just give her a chance and she'll do as she should
FOR THERE'S NO GIRL SO BAD THAT SHE CAN'T BE MADE GOOD

**SING Last half of Chorus**

She'll mend her ways if you help her
So don't criticize her downfall
Remember, she's somebody's baby
And some man was the cause of it all.
She May Be Somebody's Baby

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Valse moderato

She's one of the sights in the
Just one message of the

City of lights. A dreamer of fortune and fame.
Brotherly love may help to heal someone's heartaches.

Her story so old has often been told.
A word of advice sometimes may suffice.

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poor moth that played with the flame

don't laugh at someone’s mistakes
She gambled but fate was unkind,

true, Don't judge her, but just bear in mind:
You can't tell what fate holds for you:

She may be somebody's baby
Though she's a faded rose
Some mother loves her and prays for her,
too, Just as your own mother prays for you, She'll mend her ways if you help her, So don't criticize her downfall,

Remember she's somebody's baby, And some man was the cause of it all.
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