

EVERYBODY'S BABY

WORDS & MUSIC
by
BEN SCHWARTZ



**STRAND VIEW
SERVICE CO.**
114 W. 44TH ST.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

Ev'rybodys Baby

SONG-FOX TROT

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PIANO



Vamp

I'm so in-spir-ing,
It's so dis-turb-ing,

It's get-ting tir-ing,
It's so per-turb-ing,

I'm be-ing bored to death;
I don't know what to do;

I'm so de-ceiv-ing,
They send me flow-ers,

Yet they're be-leiv-ing,
Pres-ents they show-er,

That I'm the best they've met;
And then they want to woo;

As much as I re-fuse them—
Too much has made me wea-ry—

I'm not a-ble to loose them.
My life is—sad and drear-y. For I'm

CHORUS

3

Ev-'ry bod-y's ba-by— some ba-by; That's what they say to me, There's a

score or more— ev-'ry night at my door, I nev-er get a lit-tle bit of

lib-er ty, For I'm ev-'ry-bod-y's sweet-ie— some sweet-ie;

When I go walk-ing down the street; Why there's one in front, there's one in back, there's
Why you'd think I was a cir-cus freak the

one to right and left, Sure my ven-til-a-tions cut off I can, hard-ly get my breath, for I'm
way I'm fol-lowed round, Ev-a has-n't got a thing on me they're like a pack of hounds.

ev-'ry-bod-y's ba-by— some ba-by; some ba-a-by. For I'm -by.