

SM 3349

# You May Hold A Million Girlies In Your Arms, (But There's Only Room For One Down In Your Heart)

Words by  
HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by  
FRED. FISCHER

Moderato

*Till Ready*

When the shad-ows fall, some-one I re-call, Loved her so,  
When the lights are low, mem'-riés come and go, Days when you

long a - go;— Love's a fun - ny game, we are all the same, You'll find where-ev - er you  
loved me too;— Oth - er girls I've met, but I can't for-get, Your love is last - ing and

go, — An old sweet-heart is al - ways new, It's strange how she lin - gers with you, —  
true, — Af - fec - tion fond can ne - ver die, Tho' we're far a - part, I know why. —

This composition may also  
be had for your Talking  
Machine or Player Piano  
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CHORUS

You may hold a mil-lion girl-ies in your arms. — But there's on-ly room for one down in your

heart, — You can al-ways meet quite a few, Who look migh-ty good to you, But there's

on-ly one can give your love a start; — Ev-'ry day — brings a

new love, But the old love will ne-ver de-part, — You may hold a mil-lion girl-ies in your

arms, — But there's on-ly room for one down in your heart. — You may heart. —

