It's The Same Old Me.

(But Not The Same Old Girl.)

Words by
Arthur Gillespie.

Music by
Terry Sherman.

Moderato.

Everybody's had their share of trouble,
When a girl has got a fellow going,

Everybody's had their share of joy,
When he knows she's got him going good,

Love affairs are only dreams of fancy,
That's his cue to fix it with the parson,

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Love affair between a girl and boy.
That's the time to marry as he should.

Picture if you can a lonesome sweetheart,
Or perhaps she'll wed another fellow,

Lonesome 'cause his girl's gone away,
Though he's with another girl,
Then his chance is gone and he'll be sore;
First love's seem the best of all,

Laughing eyes and golden curl,
Something in his heart still seems to say:
When they're gone beyond recall,
Nothing left but memories of yore.

It's the same old me.
Refrain.

It's the same old summer's night, It's the same old summer breeze, It's the same old moon a shining Through the same old swaying trees.

same old tale of bliss, It's the same old lover's kiss, It's the same old place And the same old me, But it's not the same old girl.

It's the same old me.