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

Words by 
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Music by 
FRED. FISCHER 

Moderato 

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

long a-go; — Love's a funny 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, 

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CHORUS

You may hold a million girlies in your arms. But there's only room for one down in your heart.

You can always meet quite a few, Who look mighty good to you, But there's only one can give your love a start;

Every day brings a new love, But the old love will never depart, You may hold a million girlies in your arms,

But there's only room for one down in your heart. You may heart.