YOU MAY BE THE WORLD TO A WORLD OF FRIENDS
But
You're More Than The World To Me

Words by
JEFF BRANEN

Music by
ALFRED SOLMAN

Valse Andante

I've been waiting a long, long time,
You remember when first we met,

Waiting, my dear, for you;
Back in the days of old;

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you to make up your mind What you're goin' to
days when our love was young And our hearts were
do; Your father, your moth-er, your sis-ter, your broth-er, Your
bold; You told me that I was as high as the sky was A-
friends and your rel-a-tives too, Don't want to see you go,
bove an-y-body you knew, That's what I heard you say,
all of them love you so, They think the world of you.
That's why I'm here to-day, Pleadin' a-gain with you.
You may be the world to your mother,

You may be the same to your dad,

You may be the world to your sister, your brother,

Or someone who's lonesome and sad;

You may be the world to any one, any-
other,
The love in whose eyes you can see,
You may be the world to a
world of friends But you're more than the world to
ten.

You're Me! You me!
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