

I'M MAKING BELIEVE THAT I DON'T CARE

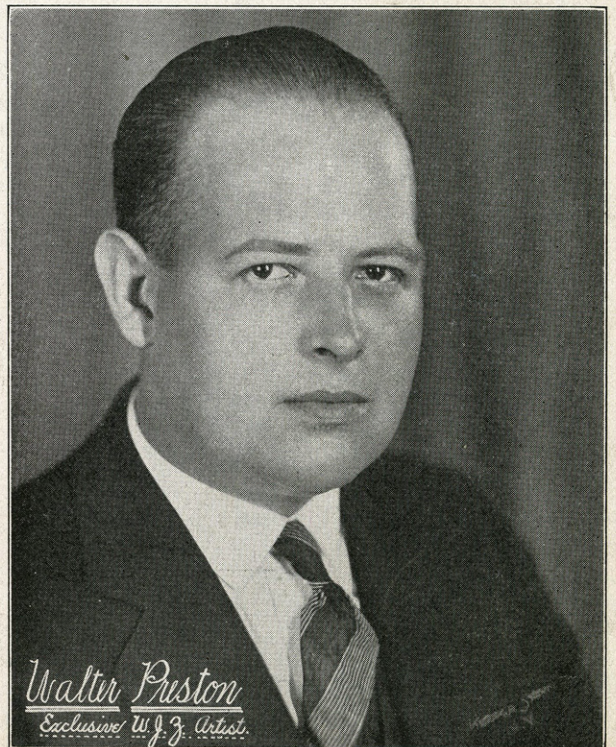
Words by
AL DUBIN
and
WILLIE RASKIN

Music by
ALEX MARR

WITH
UKULELE ARRANGEMENT



R. D. KENDALL
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Van Buren 1170 CHICAGO, ILL.



JOE MORRIS MUSIC CO.
1587 BROADWAY NEW YORK

MADE IN U.S.A.

I'm Making Believe That I Don't Care

—○○—

RECITATION

Bright lights and music wherever I go
And voices that laugh thru the night,
And I go along with the rest of the throng
But somehow I never feel right.

For bright lights can never replace the old moon
That once used to shine for us two,
And a jazz melody seems so empty to me
Compared to the love songs we knew.

I'm only fooling myself, after all
When I start a new love affair,
I kiss other lips and I hold other hands
But after they're gone, I dont care.

I've often told myself I can forget
I've often said "We are thru"
But when I make love to somebody else
I'm always thinking of you.

I tore up each picture of you that I had
I tore all your letters apart
I tore up each note that you ever wrote
But I can't tear you out of my heart.

(Above recitation takes one full chorus then go back to)

I'm flirting with others, pretending I'm gay
But hating myself for acting that way
I'm making believe that I don't care
But I'm caring still more every day.

NL.M.

b
foi

Ph
oi
plas



SM 7369

I'm Making Believe That I Don't Care.

Tune Ukulele



Lyric by
AL DUBIN &
WILLIE RASKIN

Uke arr. by Bob Neilson.

Music by
ALEX MARR

Valse Andante

f *a tempo*

You could-n't be faith-ful to me It's best that we
Each place I go I miss you so Tho I'm with an -

mp

drift - ed a - part _____ I go a - long
oth - er it's true _____ I play the game

sing - ing a song But I'm not de - ceiv - ing my heart.
with some new flame But I know there's no one like you.

poco rall.

Chorus
a tempo

I'm mak - ing be - lieve that I don't care, Tho

a tempo mp-f

ev - 'ry one knows that I do, I'm try - ing to

smile when all the while, My poor heart is cry - ing for

you I'm flirt-ing with oth-ers pre-tend-ing I'm

gay But hate-ing my-self for act-ing that way, I'm

mak-ing be-lieve that I don't care, But I'm car-ing still

more ev-'ry day. I'm day.

a tempo *allarg.*

TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO

My Melancholy Baby.

Words by
GEO. A. NORTON

Tune Uke
B \flat E \flat G C

Music by
ERNIE BURNETT

Chorus

Come to me, my mel-an-chol-y ba-by, Cud-dle up and don't be
blue; All your fears are fool-ish fan-cy, may be,

p-f

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From Saturday Night Till Monday Morning

Lyric by
A. L. DUBIN

Tune Ukulele
G C E A

Music by
ALEX MARR

Chorus

Where do they go and what do they do From
Where do they go and what do they do From

Sat-ur-day night till Mon-day morn-ing? Each lit-tle peach
Sat-ur-day night till Mon-day morn-ing? Where does she spend

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