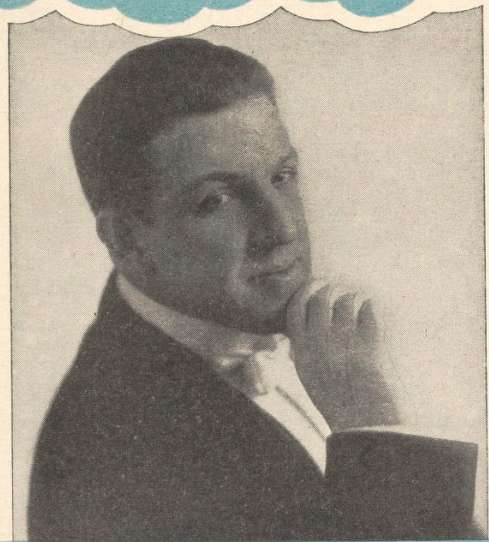


When It's Too Late

**SONG
HIT** OF *Pantages Broadway
Follies*

SUNG WITH GREAT SUCCESS
~ BY ~

OKLAHOMA BOB ALBRIGHT



WORDS AND MUSIC BY
JOHN C. SPIKES

ANITA-THOMPSON

PUBLISHED BY
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When It's Too Late

Words and Music by
JOHN C. SPIKES

Vamp

Hon - ey, you're treat - ing me wrong, I've known it ev - er so
Babe, I'm going to say good - bye, It sure brings tears to my

long, eyes. But I thought you would change and be a real dad - -
But your love for me dad - dy dear has grown so

dy. But you are act - ing much worse. And my poor heart's bout to
cold, You sure - ly must be to blame. My love for you has not

burst. I have to seek oth - er com - pa - ny for pleas -
 changed, But I'm just tired of you act - ing so un - true,

ure. Ev - 'ry one needs lov - ing, but you're neg - lect - ing me, And
 dear. You won't miss my true love until I am far a - way, Then you'll

should I learn to love an - oth - er, Whose fault would it be, you'll see.
 want me near you to love and cheer you. You'll find out some - day, you'll see.

CHORUS

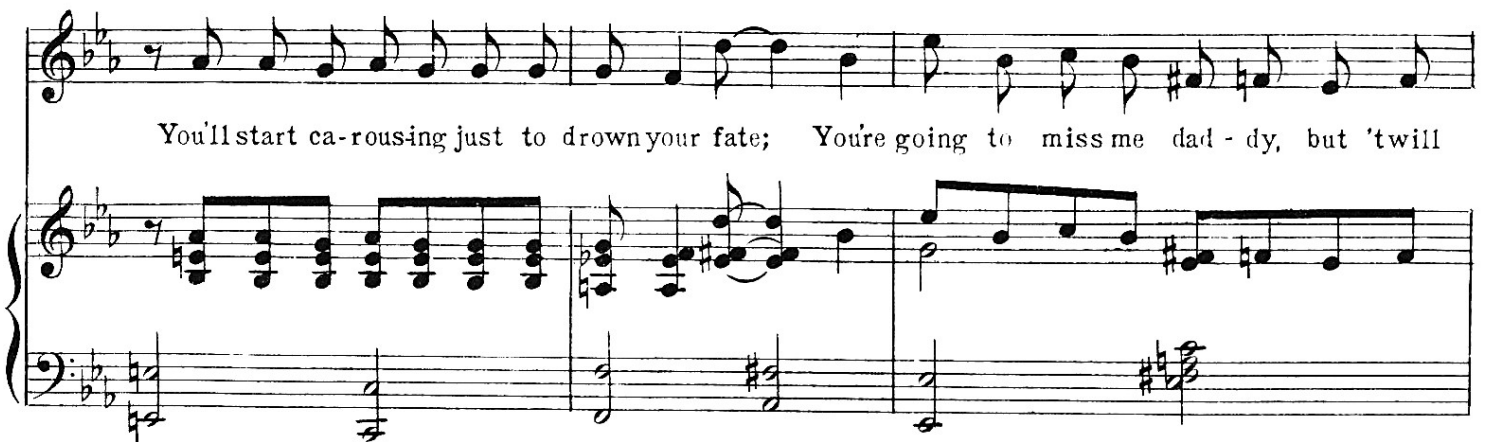
When it's too late you're going to miss me, When it's too late you'll want to kiss me,



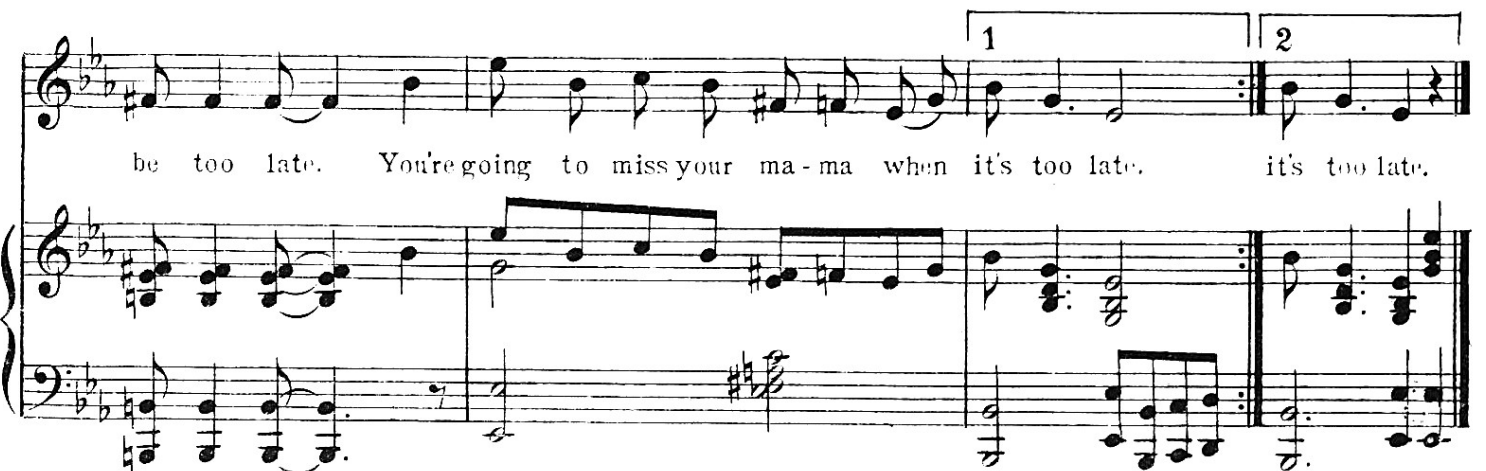
You'll wake up ear-ly some bright morn, And wish to the Lord you had nev-er been born.



You'll or-der meals, but you won't eat; You'll go to bed, but you won't sleep;



You'll start ca-rousing just to drown your fate; You're going to miss me dad-dy, but 'twill



be too late. You're going to miss your ma-ma when it's too late. it's too late.