

Alison Moyet, The Man I Love

Someday, he'll come along, the man I love
And he'll be big and strong, the man I love
And when he comes my way,
I'll do my best to make him stay

He'll look at me and smile, I'll understand
Then in a little while, he'll take my hand
And though it seems absurd,
I know we both won't say a word

Maybe I shall meet him Sunday
Maybe Monday, maybe not
Still, I'm sure to meet him one day
Maybe Tuesday will be my good-news day

He'll build a little home that's meant for two
From which I'll never roam, who would, would you?
And so all else above,
I'm dreaming of the man I love

Maybe I shall meet him Sunday
Maybe Monday, maybe not
Still, I'm sure to meet him one day
Maybe Tuesday will be my good-news day

He'll build a little home that's meant for two
From which I'll never roam, who would, would you?
And so all else above,
I'm waiting for the man I love