

Billie Holiday, UNTIL THE REAL THING COMES

Sammy Kahn / Saul Chaplin / Mann Holiner / Alberta Nichols / L.E. Freeman

I'd wait for you

I'd slave for you

I'd be a beggar or a knave for you

If that isn't love, it will have to do

Until the real thing comes along

I'd gladly move

The earth for you

To prove my love, dear

And its worth for you

If that isn't love, it will have to do

Until the real thing comes along.

With all the words, dear, at my command

I just can't make you understand

I'll always love you darling

Come what may

My heart is yours

What more can I say?

I'd lie for you

I'd sigh for you

I'd tear the stars down from the sky for you

If that isn't love, it will have to do

Until the real thing comes along

With all the words, dear, at my command

I just can't make you understand

I'll always love you baby

Come what may

My heart is yours

What more can I say?

I'd lie for you

I'd cry for you

I'd lay my body down and die for you

If that isn't love, it will have to do

Until the real thing comes along