

Diana Ross, My Man (Mon Homme)

(M. Yvain/A. Willemetz/J. Charles)

It's caused me a lot
But there's one thing that I got
It's my man

Cold and wet
Tied you bet
All of that I'll soon forget
With my man

He's not much for looks
And no hero out of books
But I love him

Two or three girls has he
That he likes as well as me
But I love him

I don't no why I should
He isn't true
He beats me to
What can I do?

Oh my man, I love him so
He'll never know
All my life is just despair
I don't care
When he takes me in his arms
The world is right, all right

What's the difference if I say
I'll go away
When I know
I'll come back on my knees some day
Whatever my man is
I am his for ever more

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