

# Etta James, The men 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  
And 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  
Just meant for two  
From which I'd never roam  
Who would, would you?  
And so all else above  
I'm waiting for 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  
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From which I'd never roam  
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And so all else above  
I'm waiting for the man I love