

Frank Sinatra, Until The Real Thing Comes Along

(M.Holiner, A.Nichols, S.Cahn, S.Chaplin, L.E. Freeman)

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Don't you know I'd work for you, I'd slave for you, be a beggar or a knave for you
If that isn't love it will have to do until the real thing comes along
Gladly move the earth for you, prove my love dear, and it's worth for you
If that isn't love it'll 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 would cry for you, even sigh for you, tear those stars down from the sky for you
If that isn't love it'll have to do, until the real thing comes along
Walk on burning coals for you, I would drive the Chrysler, leave the Rolls for you
If that ain't love it will have to do, until the real thing comes along
I would try to hit high "C" for you, I'd even punch out Mr. T for you
If that ain't love it will have to do, until the real thing comes along
There's not a thing that you can't ask of me, go on, demand any task of me
If you want the moon or a lavalier, all you got to do is nibble on my ear
I would rob, steal, beg, borrow, and lie for you, lay my little body down and die for you
(If that ain't love - if that isn't love), If that ain't love it will have to do
Until the real thing comes along