

Andy Kirk, Until The Real Thing Comes Along

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Miscellaneous

Until The Real Thing Comes Along

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- words and music by Mann Holiner, Alberta Nichols, Sammy Cahn,

Saul Chaplin and L. E. Freeman

- as recorded in New York, August 1, 1936, by Fats Waller & his Rhythm

I'd work for you, I'd even slave for you

I'd be a beggar or a knave for you (whatever that is)

And if that isn't love, it'll 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 (gotta 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?

(You want me to rob a bank? Well I won't do it)

I'd sigh for you, yes, I'd even cry for you, yes

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

If that isn't love, well skip it, it'll have to do

Until the real thing comes along

Listen baby

I'd even sigh for you, I'm 'bout ready to cry for you

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

If that isn't love, it'll have to do, baby, yes

Until the real thing comes along

(Here's the real thing, baby)