Ella Fitzgerald, The Man 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 we'll never roam; Who would, would you?
And so all else above I'm waiting for the man I love