Ewa Bem, The Man I Love

Some day 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'll never roam. Who would? would you? And so, all else above, I'm waiting for the man I love.

Some day he'll come along, the man I will love, and he'll be big and strong, the man I love. And when he comes my way, I'll do, 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'll never roam. Who would? would you? And so, all else above, I am, I'm waiting for, waiting for, I'm waiting for, waiting for the love.