

# Maureen McGovern, 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 I'll never roam, who would, would you?  
And so all else above,  
I'm waiting for the man I love

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