Sandy Denny, Until The Real Thing Comes Along

I'd work for you, I'd even slave for you,
I'd be a beggar or a knave for you.
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.
And 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 darling, come what may,
My heart is yours, what more can I say.
I'd sigh for you, I'd cry for you,
I'd tear the stars down from the sky fo you.
And if that isn't love it'll have to do,
Until the real thing comes along.
I'd sigh for you, I'd cry for you,
I'd tear the stars down from the sky fo you.
And if that isn't love it'll have to do,
Until the real thing comes along.