

Frank Sinatra

"Until The Real Thing Comes Along"

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Don't you know, I'd work for you
I'd slave for you, be a beggar or a knave for you
If that isn't love, it will have to do
Until the real thing comes along

Gladly move the earth for you
Prove my love dear and it's worth for you
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 baby, come what may
My heart is yours, what more can I say

I would cry for you, even sigh for you
Tear those stars down from the sky for you
If that isn't love, it'll have to do
Until the real thing comes along

Walk on burning coals for you
I would drive the Chrysler, leave the Rolls for you
If that ain't love, it will have to do
Until the real thing comes along

I would try to hit high 'C' for you
I'd even punch out Mr. T for you
If that ain't love, it will have to do
Until the real thing comes along

There's not a thing that you can't ask of me
Go on, demand any task of me
If you want the moon or a lavalier
All you got to do is nibble on my ear

I would rob, steal, beg, borrow and lie for you
Lay my little body down and die for you
(If that ain't love, if that isn't love)
If that ain't love, it will have to do
Until the real thing comes along

