Fitzgerald Ella "The Man I Love"

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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

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