

Keely Smith

"Until the Real Thing Comes Along"

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

I'd gladly move the earth for you,
I would prove my love dear, and all its worth for you
If that isn't love, it'll have to do,
Until the real thing comes along

With all the words 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'd cry for you, and I'd sigh for you
I would tear the 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'd try to hit high "C" for you
Frank I'd even punch a photo thief 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 or steal, and lie I'd for you
Lay my injured 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

