

Jan Garber**"UNTIL THE REAL THING COMES ALONG"**

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You may not be an angel
But angels are so few
So until the real thing comes along
I'll string along with you.
I'm looking for an angel
To sing my love song to.
But until the real thing comes along
I'll sing my song to you.
For every little fault that you have
Say, I've got three or four.
The human little faults you do have
Only make me love you more.
You may not be an angel
But angels are so few
So until the real thing comes along
I'll string along with you

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