

Sinatra Frank**"Until The Real Thing Comes Along"**

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Writers: Cahn/Chaplin/Freeman/Holiner

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

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