# Until the Real Thing Comes Along

## Fats Waller

I'd work for you, I'd even slave for you
I'd be a beggar or a knave for you (whatever that is)
And if that isn't love, it'll have to do
Until the real thing comes along

I'd gladly move the earth for you
To prove my love, dear, and its worth for you
If that isn't love, it will have to do (gotta 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, darling, come what may
My heart is yours, what more can I say?
(You want me to rob a bank? Well I won't do it)

I'd sigh for you, yes, I'd even cry for you, yes
I'd tear the stars down from the skies for you
If that isn't love, well skip it, it'll have to do
Until the real thing comes along

Listen baby
I'd even sigh for you, I'm 'bout ready to cry for you
I'd tear the stars down from the skies for you
If that isn't love, it'll have to do, baby, yes
Until the real thing comes along
(Here's the real thing, baby)

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