

# Until The Real Thing Comes Along

Rod Stewart

I'd work for you, I'd even slave for you  
I'd be a beggar or a knave for you  
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 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, darling, come what may  
My heart is yours, what more can I say? I'd sigh for you, I'd cry for you  
I'd tear the stars down from the skies 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'd lie for you, I'll cry for you  
I'd lay my body down and die for you  
But if that isn't love, it's gonna have to do  
Until the real thing comes along  
Until the real thing comes along

Songwriters

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