

# Until the Real Thing Comes Along

Frank Sinatra

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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