

The Man I Love

Ella Fitzgerald, Nelson Riddle

Someday he'll come along
The man I love
And he'll be big and strong
The man I love
And when he comes my way
I'll do my best to make him stay

He'll look at me and smile
I'll understand
Then in a little while
He'll take my hand
And though it seems absurd
I know we both won't say a word

Maybe I shall meet him Sunday
Maybe Monday, maybe not
Still I'm sure to meet him one day
Maybe Tuesday will be my good news day

He'll build a little home
That's meant for two
From which I'll never roam
Who would, would you
And so all else above
I'm dreaming of the man I love

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