

Until the Real Thing Comes Along

Aretha Franklin

I'd work for you, slave for you
I'd even 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, I'd gladly, I'd gladly move the earth for you
Oh, just to prove my love and it's worth for you
Now, if that isn't love it'll just have to do
Until the real thing comes along

With all the words, dear, at my command
I just can't sing to make you understand
I'll always love you darling, come what may
My heart is yours, what more can I say?

I'd sigh, I'd sigh for you, I'd even cry for you
I'd reach out and even tear the stars out of the skies for you
Now if that isn't love it'll just have to do
Until the real thing comes along
Until the real thing comes along