

# 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