

The Love of My Man

Etta James

The love of my man
keeps me safe and warm
The love of my man
protects me from all harm
'Cause I know he loves me
and I love him so, yes I do

And oh, the love of my man
It makes my whole life worth living
The love of my man
makes me feel just like giving
giving, yeah
And when his lips touch mine
it gives me a feeling so divine
Yes it does

When he goes away
I'm never, never lonely
'Cause I know he thinks of me
He thinks of me only, yes he does
But I'll go on loving him
I'll go on loving him anyway

Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh the love-the love-the love of my man
Early in the morning
I like to talk about the love of my man
Late in the evening
In the wee hours of the morning
I like to talk about the love of my man
It's good...