

The Man I Love

Barbra Streisand

Some day 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,
And in a little while he'll take my hand
And, though it seem absurd,
I know we both won't say, we 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...
We'll build a little home just meant for two,
From which I'll never roam,
Who would, would you? And so all else above
I'm waiting for the man I love.
Maybe I shall meet him on Sunday,
Maybe Monday maybe not...
Still I'm sure to meet him one day,
Maybe Tuesday will be my good news day.
We'll build a little home just meant for two,
From which I'll never, ever roam,
Who would, would you?
And so all else above
I'm waiting for...The man...I...Love!