

Frank Sinatra - Until The Real Things Come Along

Tom: A

I'd work for you, I'd slave for you,
 I'd be a beggar or a knave for you;
 And if that isn't love, it will have to do
 Until the real thing comes along.

I'd gladly move the earth for you
 To prove my love, dear, and its worth for you;
 If that isn't love, it will have to do
 Until the real thing comes a - long

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

I would cry for you, even sigh for you,
 Tear the stars down from the sky for you
 If that isn't love, it'll have to do
 Until the real thing comes a - long.

I would walk on burning coals for you,
 I would drive the Chrysler, leave the Rolls for you
 If that isn't love, it'll have to do
 Until the real thing comes a - long.

I would try to hit high C for you,
 I'd even punch out Mister T for you,
 If that isn't love, it'll have to do
 Until the real thing comes a - long.
 There's not a thing that you can't ask of me
 Go on, demand any task from me
 You want the moon for a lavalier?
 All you've got to do is nibble on my ear.

I would rob, steal, beg borrow and lie for you
 Lay my little body down and die for you,
 If that ain't love, if that ain't love,
 If that ain't love, it'll have to do
 Until the real thing comes a - long.

Acordes