

The Man I Love

Ira Gershwin

George Gershwin

Some-day he'll come a-long 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 un-der-stand; And in a lit-tle while He'll take my hand;

And though it seems ab-surd, I know we both won't say a word.

May-be I shall meet him Sun-day, May-be Mon-day, may-be not;

Still I'm sure to meet him one day, May-be Tues-day Will be my good news day.

He'll build a lit-tle home, just meant for two, From which I'll nev-er roam, Who would would you?

And so all else a-bove, I'm wait-ing for the man I love.