

Ewa Bem, The Man I Love

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 seems absurd,
I know we both 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.

He'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.

Some day he'll come along,
the man I will love,
and he'll be big and strong,
the man I love.
And when he comes my way,
I'll do, 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 seems absurd,
I know we both 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.

He'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 am, I'm waiting for, waiting for, waiting for,
I'm waiting for, waiting for, waiting for the love.