

# Until the real thing comes along

Cahn/Chaplin/Freeman 1936

D Aaug Dmaj7 B<sup>9</sup>



I'd work for you,\_\_\_ slave for you\_\_\_ I'd be a beg-gar or a knave for you,and if

E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D D<sup>6</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>



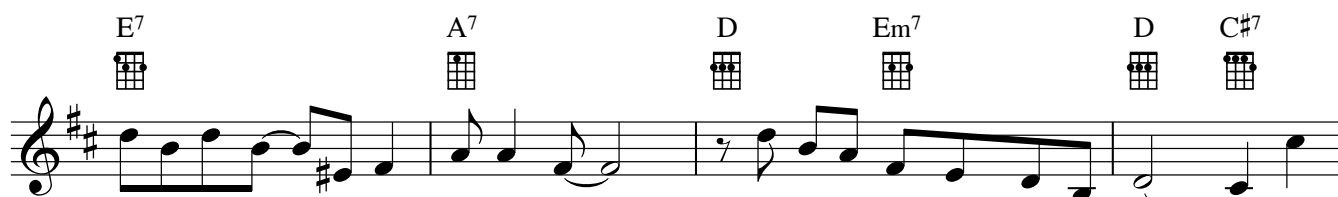
that is-n't love,\_\_\_ it-'ll just have to do\_\_\_ un-til the real thing comes a-long, I'd

D Aaug Dmaj7 B<sup>9</sup>



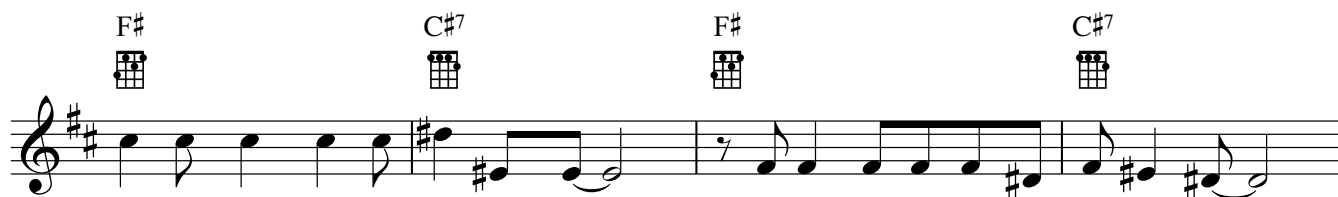
glad-ly move the earth for you,\_\_\_ to prove my love dear and its worth for you, and if

E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D Em<sup>7</sup> D C<sup>#7</sup>



that is-n't love,\_\_\_ it-'ll have to do\_\_\_ un-til the real thing comes a - long.\_\_\_\_ With

F<sup>#</sup> C<sup>#7</sup> F<sup>#</sup> C<sup>#7</sup>



all the words, dear, at my com-mand\_\_\_ I can't seem to make you un-der-stand\_\_\_

F# C#7 F# A7

I'll al-ways love you dar-ling, come what may,— my heart is yours, what more can I say?\_ I'd

D Aaug Dmaj7 B9

cry for you,— sigh for you,— I'd tear the stars down from the sky for you, and if

E7 A7 D Em7 D C#7

that is-n't love,— it-'ll just have to do— un-til the real thing comes a - long.\_\_\_\_ With

F# C#7 F# C#7

all the words, dear, at my com-mand— I can't seem to make you un-der-stand—

F# C#7 F# A7

I'll al-ways love you dar-ling come what may,— my heart is yours, what more can I say?\_ I'd

D Aaug Dmaj7 B9

walk on burn-ing coals for you,— I'd drive the Chrys-ler, leave the Rolls for you, and if

E7 A7 D Em7 D D6

that is-n't love,— it-'ll have to do— un-til the real thing comes a - long