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 will 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!

He'll build a little home
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The man I love!