When the mellow moon begins to beam, Ev'ry night I dream a little dream, And of course Prince Charming is the theme, The he for me. Although I realize as well as you It is seldom that a dream comes true, For/To me it's clear That he'll appear. 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.