

Love For Sale

Marvin Gaye

When the only sound on the empty street
Is the heavy tread of the heavy feet
That belong to a lonesome cop
I open shop

When the moon so long has been gazing down
On the wayward ways of this wayward town
That her smile becomes a smirk
I go to work

Love for sale
Appetizing, young love for sale
Love that's fresh and still unspoiled
Love that's only slightly soiled

Love for sale, who will buy?
Who will like to sample my supply?
Who's prepared to pay the price
For a trip to paradise?

Love for sale, let the poets pipe of love
In their childish way
I know every type of love
Better far than they

If you want the thrill of love
I've been through the mill of love
Old love, new love
Every love, but true love

Love for sale
Appetizing young love for sale
If you want to buy my wares
Follow me and climb the stairs

Love for sale
Love for sale