

## Love for Sale

Harry Connick, Jr.

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, who will buy  
Who would 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 l  
ove  
Old love, new love, every love but true love

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