

For Sale

Kasey Chambers

Wouldn't you think that
I'd have it all figured out by now
That I'd know exactly what I'm doing
Wouldn't you think that I'd have a key
To open every melody and sing
Like it is all here at my feet
Wouldn't you think that
I'd have a life hanging on my wall
So I could prove that I'm alive
But these are just things I've been given
For a plastic way of living
And I'm not sure if that really is my style

The second hand it rolls on by
It never looks back to wait for mine

And if I fall any harder this time
If I dig any deeper Lord what will I find
Well you can buy my life on radio
And order me by mail
But not everything about me is for sale
No not everything about me is for sale

Wouldn't you think that
I'd have the strength to carry anything
And I could buy myself
A brand new set of hands
But sometimes like the others
I just ran away take cover
And I swear that no one really understands

The second hand it rolls on by
It never looks back to wait for mine

And if I fall any harder this time
If I dig any deeper Lord what will I find
Well you can buy my life on radio
And order me by mail
But not everything about me is for sale
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