

The Lady's Not for Sale

Kris Kristofferson

She longed to be a lady,
When she was just a child;
But where the grass was greener, Lord
She done her growin' wild.
Then she tried to spread her tender wings,
And never left the ground;
So she turned to dreams at sweet sixteen
And woke up coming down.

But she tries in her way climbing higher,
And she dies each time she fails;
So give her a home, or leave her alone;
The lady's not for sale.

She ain't ashamed to show her soul,
So she'll sell it for a song.
But free don't mean she's easy
Or right for going wrong.
So let her be the lady, Lord,
She wants so bad to be;
And let her win the gentle man
That she was born to please.

'Cause she tries in her way climbing higher,
And she dies each time she fails;
So give her a home, or leave her alone;
The lady's not for sale.