

Black Market

Marlene Dietrich

Black Market
Sneak around the corner
Budapester Strasse
Black Market
Peek around the corner
"La Police qui passe"

Come! I'll show you things you cannot get elsewhere
Come! Make with the offers and you'll get your share.

Black Market
Powdered milk for bikes
Souls for Lucky Strikes
Got some broken down ideals? Like wedding rings?

Spoken:
Sh! Tiptoe. Trade your things.

Chorus:
I'll trade you for your candy
Some georgeous merchandise
My camera. It's a dandy
Six by nine - just your size
You want my porcellain figure?
A watch? A submarine?
A Rembrandt? Salami? Black lingerie from Wien?
I'll sell my goods
Behind the screen.
No ceiling, no feeling. A very smooth routine
You buy my goods, and boy my goods are keen.
Black Market
Coocoo clocks and treasures
Thousand little pleasures
Black Market
Laces for the missis, chewing gum for kisses.

Come! And see my big binoculars this week.
Price? Only six cartons one puff a peek.
Black Market
Milk and microscope for liverwurst and soap.
Browse around I've got so many toys.

Spoken: Don't be bashful
Step up, boys.

Chorus:
You like my first edition?

It's yours, that's how I am.
A simple definition
You take art, I take spam.
To you for your "K" ration: my passion and maybe
An inkling, a twinkling or real sympathy
I'm selling out - take all I've got!
Ambitions! Convictions! The works!
Why not? Enjoy my goods, for boy my goods

Are hot!