

Love for Sale

Tony Bennett

When the only sound in the empty street
Is the heavy tread of the heavy feet
That belong to a lonesome cop
She opens shop
When the moon so long has been gazing down
On the wayward ways of this wayward town
Then her smile becomes a smirk
She goes 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 would like to sample her 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
She knows every type of love
Better far than they

If you want the thrill of love
She's 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 her wares,
Follow her and climb the stairs.
Love for sale.

Love for sale