

# Love for Sale

Anita O'Day

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 a wayward town  
That a 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 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 love  
Old love, new love  
Every kind but true love For sale  
Appetizing young love for sale  
If you want to buy my wares  
Follow me and climb the stairs  
Love for sale  
Love for sale

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