Love For Sale

Ella Fitzgerald

When the only sound in the empty street
Is the heavy tread of the heavy feet
That belong to a lonesome cop I open shopWhen the moon so long has been gazing down
On the wayward ways of this wayward town
That her smile becomes a smirk, I go to workLove for sale, appetizing young love for sale
Love that's fresh and still unspoiled
Love that's only slightly soiled, love for saleWho will buy? Who would like to sample my supply?
Who's prepared to pay the price, for a trip to paradise?
Love for saleLet 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 love but true loveLove for sale, appetizing young love for sale
If you want to buy my wares follow me and climb the stairs
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