

# Love For Sale

**Shirley Horn**

When the only sound in the empty street  
Is the heavy tread of the heavy feet  
That belongs to a lonesome cop  
I open shop  
When 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 work.

Love for sale, appetizing young love for sale  
Love that's fresh and still unspoiled  
Love that's only slightly spoiled  
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 trill of love,  
I've been through the mill of love,  
Old love, new love,  
Every love but true love.  
Love for sale.

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