The Lady's Not For Sale

Kris Kristofferson

She longed to be a lady
When she was just a child.
Where the grass was greener, Lord,
She done her growin' wild.
And she tried to spread her tender wings
And never left the ground;
So she turned to dreams at sweet sixteen
And woke up comin' down.
But she tries in her way climbin' higher
And she dies each time she fails.
So give her a home or leave her alone -
The lady's not for sale,

She ain't ashamed to show her soul;
She'll sell it for a song.
But free don't mean she's easy
Or ripe for goin' wrong.
So let her be the lady, Lord,
She wants so bad to be.
Let her win the gentle man
That she was born to please
Cause she tries climbin' higher
And she dies each time she fails.
So give her a home or leave her alone -
The lady's not for sale.

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