

# For Sale

## Hank Snow and Anita Carter

Wouldn't you think that  
I'd have it all figured out by now  
And that I'd know exactly what I'm doin'? Wouldn't you think that I'd have a key  
To open every melody and sing  
Like it is all here at my feet? Wouldn't you think that  
I'd have a life hangin' on my wall?  
So I could prove that I'm alive But these are just things I've been given  
For a plastic way of living  
And I'm not sure if that really is my style Second hand it rolls on by  
It never looks back to wait for mine  
And if I fall any harder this time  
If I dig any deeper Lord what will I find? You can buy my life on radio  
And order me by mail  
Not everything about me is for sale  
No not everything about me is for sale Wouldn't you think that  
I'd have the strength to carry anything  
And I could buy myself a brand new set of hands? But sometimes like the others  
I just ran away take cover  
And I swear that no one really understands The second hand that rolls on by  
It never looks back to wait for mine  
And if I fall any harder this time  
If I dig any deeper Lord what will I find You can buy my life on radio  
And order me by mail  
Not everything about me is for sale  
No not everything about me is for sale Wouldn't you think that  
I'd have it all figured out by now?

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