# 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 aliveBut these are just things I've been given
For a plastic way of living
And I'm not sure if that really is my styleSecond 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 saleWouldn'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 understandsThe 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 findYou 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 saleWouldn't you think that
I'd have it all figured out by now?

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