Love for Sale

Jim Rotondi

When the only sound in the empty street,
Is the heavy tread of the heavy feet
That belong 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,
Appetising young love for sale.
Love that's fresh and still unspoiled,
Love that's only slightly soiled,
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 thrill of love,
I've been through the mill of love;
Old love, new love
Every love but true love

Love for sale.
Appetising young love for sale.
If you want to buy my wares.
Follow me and climb the stairs
Love for sale.
Love for sale.

Love for sale.

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