

Love for Sale

Anita O'Day

When the only sound on 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 a wayward town
That a 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 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 kind but true love

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