

Love for Sale

Shirley Horn

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

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