

Cole Porter & Ella Fitzgerald

"Love For Sale"

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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
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 love but true love

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

Love, love, love
Love for sale
Love

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