

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

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Love for sale, love for sale, love for sale

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