

Tony Bennett

"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, she opens shop

When the moon so long has been gazing down
On the wayward ways of this wayward town
That her smile becomes a smirk, she goes 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 her 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
She know every type of love better far than they
If you want the thrill of love, she's been through the mill
of love
Old love, new love, every love

But true love for sale
Appetizing young love for sale
If you want to buy her wares
Follow her and climb the stairs
Love for sale

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