

# My Love Is Not For Sale

Dan Bern

My clothes and my windshield wipers and a locket of my  
hair

Everything is for sale

My rifle and my boots and my instant coffee maker

That poem 'bout the moon over Switzerland

My flowers and my walkie-talkie

All the liquid in my body

I'll set a price and post it to your e-mail

But my love, my love is not for sale

I could sell my pictures on the streets of Barcelona

Women 30 minutes at a time

New York City subway, 3 songs for a dollar

Or maybe just a chorus for a dime

The newspaper on the street

The sky reflecting at my feet

It's all been bottled, packaged, drawn to scale

But my love, my love is not for sale

Take just a minute of your day

Tell me one thing that you would live for

Dying, dying's easy, getting easier all the time

Tell me one thing not to throw it all away for

I'll sell you the morning and I'll sell you the night

I'll sell you the river and move along

I'll sell you the balconies, I'll sell you the  
sidewalks

And all the shuttered windows of Bresson

I'll sell you the moon, I'll sell you the stars

And the forests with the lonesome wolfhound's wail

But my love, my love

My love is not for sale