

Secondhand Love

Jen Foster

They had a love they could never walk away from
He said she fit him like his favorite jeans
A little tattered with some holes in the pockets
From wearing them and washing them clean
I only hope we share a love just like that
The kind we'd never take nothing for
In 50 years all the shirts off of your back
Folded in my dresser drawer
Don't give me no secondhand love, no
Don't want no secondhand love, no
I want the kind of love you never let go of
Even when it's hanging by a thread
You sew it up and put it on again
Those were the days when sentimental treasures
Were never sold off the dollar rack
He said, "Sweetheart, love's real measure
Is holding on when times get bad..."
Don't give me no secondhand love, no
Don't want no secondhand love, no
I want the kind of love you never let go of
Even when it's hanging by a thread
You sew it up and put it on again
You know you put it on again
I want a strong love
I want a pure love
I won't settle for not-so-sure love
We have troubles but at least they're ours
Don't want nobody's hand-me-downs
I'm not taking no, don't give me no
Secondhand love, don't want no secondhand love
I only want the kind you can be sure of
Even when it's hanging by a thread
You sew it up and put it on again
You sew it up and put it on again