

## For Sale

Kasey Chambers

Wouldn't you think that  
I'd have it all figured out by now  
That I'd know exactly what I'm doing  
Wouldn't you think that I'd have a key  
To open every melody and sing  
Like it is all here at my feet  
Wouldn't you think that  
I'd have a life hanging on my wall  
So I could prove that I'm alive  
But these are just things I've been given  
For a plastic way of living  
And I'm not sure if that really is my style

The second hand it rolls on by  
It never looks back to wait for mine

And if I fall any harder this time  
If I dig any deeper Lord what will I find  
Well you can buy my life on radio  
And order me by mail  
But not everything about me is for sale  
No not everything about me is for sale

Wouldn't you think that  
I'd have the strength to carry anything  
And I could buy myself  
A brand new set of hands  
But sometimes like the others  
I just ran away take cover  
And I swear that no one really understands

The second hand it rolls on by  
It never looks back to wait for mine

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If I dig any deeper Lord what will I find  
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But not everything about me is for sale  
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