

## The Lady's Not for Sale

Kris Kristofferson

She longed to be a lady,  
When she was just a child;  
But where the grass was greener, Lord  
She done her growin' wild.  
Then she tried to spread her tender wings,  
And never left the ground;  
So she turned to dreams at sweet sixteen  
And woke up coming down.

But she tries in her way climbing higher,  
And she dies each time she fails;  
So give her a home, or leave her alone;  
The lady's not for sale.

She ain't ashamed to show her soul,  
So she'll sell it for a song.  
But free don't mean she's easy  
Or right for going wrong.  
So let her be the lady, Lord,  
She wants so bad to be;  
And let her win the gentle man  
That she was born to please.

'Cause she tries in her way climbing higher,  
And she dies each time she fails;  
So give her a home, or leave her alone;  
The lady's not for sale.