

# Black Market

Marlene Dietrich

Black Market  
Sneak around the corner  
Budapester Strasse  
Black Market  
Peek around the corner  
"La Police qui passe"

Come! I'll show you things you cannot get elsewhere  
Come! Make with the offers and you'll get your share.

Black Market  
Powdered milk for bikes  
Souls for Lucky Strikes  
Got some broken down ideals? Like wedding rings?

Spoken:  
Sh! Tiptoe. Trade your things.

Chorus:  
I'll trade you for your candy  
Some georgeous merchandise  
My camera. It's a dandy  
Six by nine - just your size  
You want my porcellain figure?  
A watch? A submarine?  
A Rembrandt? Salami? Black lingerie from Wien?  
I'll sell my goods  
Behind the screen.  
No ceiling, no feeling. A very smooth routine  
You buy my goods, and boy my goods are keen.  
Black Market  
Coocoo clocks and treasures  
Thousand little pleasures  
Black Market  
Laces for the missis, chewing gum for kisses.

Come! And see my big binoculars this week.  
Price? Only six cartons one puff a peek.  
Black Market  
Milk and microscope for liverwurst and soap.  
Browse around I've got so many toys.

Spoken: Don't be bashful  
Step up, boys.

Chorus:  
You like my first edition?

It's yours, that's how I am.  
A simple definition  
You take art, I take spam.  
To you for your "K" ration: my passion and maybe  
An inkling, a twinkling or real sympathy  
I'm selling out - take all I've got!  
Ambitions! Convictions! The works!  
Why not? Enjoy my goods, for boy my goods

Are hot!