

The Lady's Not For Sale

Rita Coolidge

She longed to be a lady when she was just a child
But where the grass was greener
She done her going wild
And she tried to spread her tender wings
But never left the ground
So she turned to the breeze
At sweet sixteen
And woke up coming down

But she tries in her way climbing high
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
She'll sell it for a song
But free don't mean she's easy
Or right for going wrong
Oh so let her be the Lady, Lord
She wants so bad to be
And let her win
The gentleman
She was born to please

But she tries in her way climbing high
And she dies each time she fails
So give her a home
Or leave her alone
The lady's not for sale
Oh so give her a home
Or just leave her alone
You know the lady is not for sale