

# Love for Sale

Tony Bennett

When the only sound in the empty street  
Is the heavy tread of the heavy feet  
That belong to a lonesome cop  
She opens shop  
When the moon so long has been gazing down  
On the wayward ways of this wayward town  
Then her smile becomes a smirk  
She goes to work

Love for sale  
Appetizing, young love for sale  
Love that's fresh and still unspoiled  
Love that's only slightly soiled

Love for sale  
Who will buy?  
Who would like to sample her supply?  
Who's prepared to pay the price  
For a trip to paradise?

Love for sale  
Let the poets pipe of love  
In their childish way  
She knows every type of love  
Better far than they

If you want the thrill of love  
She's been through the mill of love.  
Old love. New love.  
Every love, but true love.  
Love for sale.  
Appetizing young love for sale.  
If you want to buy her wares,  
Follow her and climb the stairs.  
Love for sale.

Love for sale