

Billie Holiday, Love For Sale

When the only sound on the empty street
Is the heavy tread of the heavy feet
That belong to a lonesome cop
I open shop
When the moon so long has been gazing down
On the wayward ways of this wayward town
That her smile becomes a smirk
I go 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 will like to sample my 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.
I know every type of love
Better far than they.
If you want the thrill of love
I've 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 my wares,
Follow me and climb the stairs.
Love for sale.

Love for sale