

Hildegard Knef, Love For Sale

When the only sound
In 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 would 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 ev'ry 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,
Ev'ry 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,
Love for sale.