

Marc Almond, 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
A smile becomes a smirk
I go to work

Love for sale
Apetizing young love for sale
Love that's fresh and still unspoiled
Love that's fresh and slightly soiled
Love for sale

Who will buy
Who would like to sample my supply
Whose prepared to pay the price
For a trip to paradise

Love for sale

Let the poets write of love
In their childish ways
I know every type of 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
Everyone a true love

Love for sale
Apetizing young love for sale
If you want to buy my wears
Follow me and climb the stairs

Love for sale
Love for sale
Hey hey hey love for sale