

# 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