

Cole Porter, 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

The moon so long has been gazing down
on the warward ways of this wayward town
my smile becomes a smirk, I go to work

Love for sale
appetizing young love for sale
love thats fresh and still unspoiled
love thats 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 ways
I know every type of love
better far than they
if you want the thrill of love
I have 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