

Connie Francis, Second Hand Love

They tell me that there's someone else
you really, truly, love.
And even when we kiss, that she's the one
you're thinking of.
I guess it's true, cause once or twice,
you called me by her name.
I need you so, but now I know,
that you don't feel the same.
It's all over town, you put me down.
A second-hand love, a second-hand love.
Though late at night, I sit alone and count
the tears that fall.
I'd rather have this kind of love, then not
see you at all.
My friends all say, I'm better off,
if we should drift apart.
But everyday, I hope and pray,
I'll be first in your heart.
It's all over town, you put me down.
I'm a second-hand love, a second-hand love.
Just a second-hand love, a second-hand love.