

Harry Connick Jr., 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

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, 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 every 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, every love but true love

Love for sale
Appetizing young love for sale
Well, if you want to buy my wares
Follow me and climb the stairs
Love for sale