

## Secondhand Love

Jen Foster

They had a love they could never walk away from  
He said she fit him like his favorite jeans  
A little tattered with some holes in the pockets  
From wearing them and washing them clean  
I only hope we share a love just like that  
The kind we'd never take nothing for  
In 50 years all the shirts off of your back  
Folded in my dresser drawer  
Don't give me no secondhand love, no  
Don't want no secondhand love, no  
I want the kind of love you never let go of  
Even when it's hanging by a thread  
You sew it up and put it on again  
Those were the days when sentimental treasures  
Were never sold off the dollar rack  
He said, "Sweetheart, love's real measure  
Is holding on when times get bad..."  
Don't give me no secondhand love, no  
Don't want no secondhand love, no  
I want the kind of love you never let go of  
Even when it's hanging by a thread  
You sew it up and put it on again  
You know you put it on again  
I want a strong love  
I want a pure love  
I won't settle for not-so-sure love  
We have troubles but at least they're ours  
Don't want nobody's hand-me-downs  
I'm not taking no, don't give me no  
Secondhand love, don't want no secondhand love  
I only want the kind you can be sure of  
Even when it's hanging by a thread  
You sew it up and put it on again  
You sew it up and put it on again