The Man Who Sold The World

Midge Ure

We passed upon the stair
We spoke of was and when
Although I wasn't there
He said I was his friend
Which came as some surprise
I spoke into his eyes
I thought you died alone
A long long time ago

Oh no, not me
I never lost control
You're face to face
With the man who sold the world

I laughed and shook his hand,
And made my way back home
I searched for form and land
For years and years I roamed
I gazed a gazely stare
And all the millions here
We must have died alone
A long long time ago

Who knows? not me
We never lost control
You're face to face
With the man who sold the world

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