

# 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