

## Time Seller

The Spencer Davis Group

I know there's a man who can sell time  
I can take it away and say that it's mine  
He smiles from a distance and lives in a tree  
Holding out a welcome hand, a fist for you and me

Money is chocolate, locked in a silver cloud  
Everybody knows but no one is around  
There's no tomorrow, only today  
When it rains, it rains lemonade

So come with me and meet the man  
Whose job it is, is selling all this time  
Before he spreads his wings and starts to flying 'round the sky

People are shadows, trapped in a golden well  
And only children's lives can break this spell  
We live in a land where the clouds go on trees  
Birds sound just like a clean summer breeze

I know that this man who does sell time  
Is someone whose life lives in my mind  
It's all said to think that there is such a man  
When you're lonely you can join me in his land

Come with me and meet the man  
Whose job it is, is selling all this time  
Before he spreads his wings and starts to flying 'round the sky