

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