

# John Mellencamp, The Man Who Sold The World

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, at all the millions here  
We must have died along, 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  
[Repeat]