

Lulu, 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 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

Who knows? Not me .
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