

# Nick Lowe, Who Was That Man?

Who was that, who was that man?  
Nobody knows all across this land  
Who was that, that unknown man  
Who was that, who was that man?

It was a wild and wet November night  
And the rush hour was at its height  
King's Cross the venue that  
The finger of death was pointed at

Among the crowd was a lonely soul  
With a mission in mind and a place to go  
Nobody knows where he was bound  
When his fateful steps took him underground

Who was that, who was that man?  
Nobody love him across this land  
Who was that, that unloved man  
Who was that, who was that man?  
Through the open gates the victims poured  
The high and the mighty and the skinned and scored  
Up on the escalator they stood  
That brown old thing was made of wood

A cigarette butt lit a fireball  
Went all the way to the ticket hall  
Mamas and papas and children died  
But there was one left there for whom no one cried

Who was that, who was that man?  
Nobody claim him across this land  
Who was that, an unclaimed man  
Who was that, who was that man?

The authorities through debris  
On radio and TV did pick  
Exclusive pictures in the papers  
That made the general public tick

The powers that be were all aghast  
About how this thing had come to pass  
But none of them seemed to care at all  
About the lonesome face on the station wall

Who was that, who was that man?  
Nobody knows all across this land  
Who was that, that unknown man  
Who was that, who was that man?

Who was that now?

Who was that, who was that man?  
Nobody love him across this land  
Who was that, that unloved man  
Said nobody loves him  
Who was that man?