

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?