

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]