

I Sold the Arabs the Moon

David Lowery

And I was the man who sold the Arabs the moon
The Emirate Princes, their hands manicured
Their servants with luggage, they followed behind
The African concubines, regal and tall
And I was the man who sold the Arabs the moon
They festooned their flags with crescent moons
And I was the man who sold the English the sea
They wanted the afternoon breezes it bore
The sweet smell of spices from over the sea
The afternoon showers it brought during tea
And I was the man who sold the English the sea
I cowered before great battleship guns
And I was the man who sold the Yankees the sky
The black of the night and the blue of the day
The endless horizon of hope and desire
And I was the man who sold the Yankees the sky,
The English the Sea
The Arabs the moon

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