

## David Lowery

# "I Sold the Arabs the Moon"

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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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