

Head in the Clouds

Gerry Cinnamon

Head in the clouds
Or under the weather
More late nights
Of the same old shite
Than you care to remember
Rough as a stone
Or light as a feather
You're on top o' the world
With a smile lookin' down
Or inside with the lava
They tell you nothin' is free
Only thing guaranteed
Is a load o' palaver

Head in the clouds
Or under the weather
Havin' your fun
With two weeks in the sun
And the rest is December
But something's appearin'
It's blurrin' your vision
And it's cuttin' a shape
Like a hot razor blade
With a deadly precision
Now you're caught in a game
You don't know how to play
But you win by decision

The Bonny is burnin'
The craziest feelin'
Down in your guts
Where you hide all the things
You don't want to be hearin'
The feelin' is buildin'
You try not to fight it
So you try to be cool
But then act like a fool
You don't know how to hide it
'Cause it feels like a dream
That you're through on goal
In the final and skied it

The answer is starin'
Though you're no very clever
You're still stupid enough to know
That you can't run forever
On your mind every day
'Cause the pain goes away
Anytime you're together

Take a trip to the jungle
Become a magician
Find an army of wise
Old shaman and hope
That they cure your condition
No more satellite navigation
To read your position

I don't know
If you're really in love
But I have my suspicions