

Clouds

American Music Club

Storm picks up valuable things
Places mirrors at my feet
A wardrobe filled with blood
And nasty lies to repeat

Well let me give you something
Cause everything's for free
Yeah let me give you something
Before you take it from me

With a magic finger
I'll smooth the lines on your face
And no bad feelings linger
But your disgust and my disgrace

You wanna get excited
So I'll push you too far
You wanna get excited
That's just too bad

Here they come
They've got shotguns and transparent skin
And they will stand around like rain
And they all want in

So come on in, you're welcome in

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Here they come
Tell me how you know my name