

Clouds

Boy George

The metaphors are endless
Some onomatopoeia
A bunch of oxymorons
Trying to convince us of their view
And what can be said
About what happened yesterday
There's worse going on
If you really want to know

Parting clouds
May clear the sky
And let the sunshine
Fall on us again

They're just clouds
Full of rain
Big grey clouds
Filled with pain
Hanging over you
Hanging over me
They're just clouds
It's all they'll ever be

It's all they'll ever be

Are you telling me your sorry
Or is it still me that you blame
Do you shake like Little Richard
Everytime you hear my name
Playground stuff
Instead of love
The day I stole Laura
Was the day I grew to adore her

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