

# 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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