

# Get Off My Cloud

Chumbawamba

Look! No strings! Just paper, glue, and card  
Hark! The angels sing 'Paste the Lord'

That was the Armley tabernacle choir.  
Next we'll be hearing the true story of an American housewife who claims to  
have taken mid-air photographs of Jesus Christ in the skies of Indiana.

High above the streets and houses Misses Meta Battle  
With one hand on the Valium and one hand on the bottle  
Somewhere over Indiana, eight miles high  
Meta Battle sees the good Lord wandering 'cross the sky

Have your fun whilst your alive  
You won't get nothing when you die  
Have a good time all the time  
Because you won't get nothing when you die

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Gobsmacked, William Shatnered, Meta does a double take  
Come on, baby, do the camera shake  
Half expecting from the aisle a certain Mister Beadle  
Watching you, watching us, watching Misses Meta Battle

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Meta Battle shot her Lord and watched Him tumble down  
And now there's people out with Polaroids all around town  
And who knows, that Jesus on the church near your house  
Could well be the original; kiss it as you pass

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Don't hang around 'cause two is a crowd  
Hey, you, get off my cloud

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Hey, you, get off my cloud  
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Hey, you, get off my cloud  
Don't hang around 'cause two is a crowd

Susej em kcuř ho  
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Susej em kcuř ho  
Susej em kcuř ho  
Susej em kcuř ho  
Susej em kcuř ho  
Susej em kcuř ho  
Susej em kcuř ho  
Susej em...