

# As Long As You're Happy

Cloud Cult

I wanted to take you to prom  
In my ice cream truck.  
You made me feel 20 feet tall,  
But I couldn't stand up.  
Was I just your car crash,  
A scribbled note in a ten-year-old journal?  
Will you think of me when you're watching  
Your NBC sitcoms or the Sunday night movie?

As long as you're happy.  
As long as you're happy.

Now you are painted fingernails  
And tampons,  
And I am one feathered wing  
And one naked arm.  
Was I just your stuntman,  
A temporary stand-in for your Hollywood superman?  
Will you think of me when you're writing  
Your annual Christmas letters and updating the family?

As long as you're happy.  
As long as you're happy.

You kiss so deep  
I could taste you in my toes,  
But now you're so far I wouldn't even  
Know how to say "Hello."  
Was I just your car crash,  
A scribbled note in a ten-year-old journal?  
Will you think of me when you're writing  
Your NBC sitcoms and the Sunday night movie?

Was I just your stuntman,  
A temporary stand-in for your Hollywood superman?  
Will you think of me when you're writing  
Your annual Christmas letters and updating the family?

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