

We left the party at half past nine  
Our friends are all out getting high  
And the night is cold and miserable  
But you've never looked so beautiful

With your jacket pulled up to your chin  
Raindrops clinging to your skin  
And your eyes are full of shooting stars  
Reflected headlights from passing cars

And the cloud factories way up high  
Paint a grey-smoke sunrise in the sky  
And it comes to carry you away  
With red ribbons and a black bouquet

I pass your gravestone on my way to school  
Beside a white fence backyard swimming pool  
Get to class, calm my shaking bruised up jaw  
Fall asleep behind books about algebra

And I dream about a world where we both wake up  
With sleepy eyes and coffee cups  
And the cloud factories way up high  
Paint pictures of us in the sky