

# Clouds

Ilse DeLange

You are not your own God, no universe conductor  
And you can't control the clouds that you are under

A symphony takes patience, a little pain and wonder  
Some days are violence, and some are thunder

And when the rain is only getting colder  
And the hunger's heavy on your chest  
With a thousand tonnes upon your shoulder  
Of dreams you can't get over  
You can't put to rest

No, you are not your own God, no universe conductor  
And you can't control the clouds that you are under

The closer that I held him, the more he pulled away  
Maybe my love was too strong for him to stay  
I put fuel to the fire, I forgot to let it breathe  
'Cause what I gave him just isn't what he needs

And when the rain is only getting colder  
And the hunger's heavy on your chest  
With a thousand tonnes upon your shoulder  
Of dreams you can't get over  
You can't put to rest

No, you are not your own God, no universe conductor  
And you can't control the clouds that you are under  
No, you can't control the clouds

Save me from my good intentions  
Save me from my expectations  
Take me where I feel at ease  
To let go, to let go

No, you are not your own God, no universe conductor  
And you can't control the clouds that you are under  
No, you can't control the clouds that you are under  
No, you can't control the clouds that you are under