

Cloud 149

Pere Ubu

Here she comes.
Here she comes.
She's okay.
I can tell -
that she's okay.
And just as she walks by.

Be alright.
Be alright.
Set her up,
just like some church.
Set her up just like some church.
Don't ask me how.

Here she comes,
feels like heaven.
There she goes,
such a problem.
Here she comes.
There she goes.
Oh. Oh.
Oh.
Cloud One-Four-Nine.

Bye-bye, 149!