

# Cloudy

The Cyrkle

Cloudy

The sky is grey and white and, cloudy  
Sometimes I think it's hanging down on me  
It's a hitchhike a hundred miles  
I'm a ragamuffin child  
Pointed finger painted smile  
I left my shadow waitin' down the road from me awhile

Cloudy

My thoughts are scattered and their cloudy  
They have no borders no boundary  
They echo and they swell  
From Tolstoy to Tinkerbell  
Down from Berkeley to Carmel  
Got some poems in my pocket  
And a lot of time to kill

Oh, sunshine I haven't seen you in a long time  
Why wont you show your face and, bend my mind  
These clouds stick to the sky  
Like floating questions why  
And they linger there or die  
They don't know where their going  
And my friend neither do I

Oh, cloudy (ah ah ah ah ah ah ah)  
Cloudy (ah ah ah ah ah ah ah)  
Cloudy (ah ah ah ah ah ah ah)  
Cloudy (ah ah ah ah ah ah ah)