

Clouds

The Manhattan Transfer

See the white and fluffy clouds
Adore the sun
As he shines his light
On each and every one
Still, those clouds can hide his light
Till the day becomes like night
So my light heart would darken too
If I ever lost you

As the clouds begin to shed
Their tears of rain
So my aching heart would
Shed its tears of pain
Till that happy moment when
Darkened clouds roll by and then
White and fluffy clouds
Adore the sun once again

When I was young
I'd long to touch a cloud
On my back on a bed of green
I'd contemplate the cloud scene
They would form themselves
into a lot o' different kinds o' pictures
Of the kind that pre-existed in my mind
Paintin' the kind o' scene
That I never saw on a wide screen
Look! Ain't that Moses on the mount!
There! Monte Christo an' a gallant count!
Four white horses and a coach
Proceeding madly to approach
the sunlit castle of his majesty the king

Isn't that a flying saucer
and a pilgrim out of Chaucer going by?
They're all right there in a cloud
Standing tall and proud
How thrilling to see!
A panorama that will never end
like the movies do
"Cause they're yours alone
an' under your direction
How'd y'like the movie
that was showin' t'day?
An' what a cast!
An' not only the casting
but a story full of glory everlasting
the errant, fluffy clouds
doing everything they have always done
Like adore the sun
Come out an' do their thing again

See the white, fluffy clouds adore the sun
As he shines his light on each and every one
White and fluffy clouds adore the sun
Once again.