

The Whitlams

"Little Cloud"

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Little cloud is searching for sign of something stirring
in the hearts of those below and they all sleep
Civic pride an order, to raise a son and daughter
staked out and all made clear who got here first

Oh honey can i hold you and play rewind in my head
don't know my people anymore can i stay with you
instead

Picture little boy lying under his bed, his brothers
playing outside in the dirt and the fence it shimmers in
the heat like it wants to disappear

Little cloud is creeping, cross the city sleeping
who below will try and wake from a bad dream
I woke early, what did i see, but a clear sky, a clear sky
looked out my window what did i see, but a clear sky in
paradise

Picture little boy lying under his bed, and his brothers
playing outside in the dirt and the fence it shimmers in
the heat like it wants to disappear
Picture his mumma, little girl on her knee, following a
piece of shade under a tree and the fence it shimmers
in the heat like it wants to disappear

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