

Rolling Stones, The

"Get Off Of My Cloud"

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I live in an apartment on the ninety-ninth floor of my
block
And I sit at home looking out the window
Imagining the world has stopped
Then in flies a guy who's all dressed up like a Union
Jack
And says, I've won five pounds if I have his kind of
detergent pack

I say, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd
On my cloud, baby

The telephone is ringing
I say, Hi, it's me. Who is there on the line?
A voice says, Hi, hello, how are you?
Well, I guess I'm doin' fine
He says, It's three a.m., there's too much noise
Don't you people ever wanna go to bed ?
Just 'cause you feel so good, do you have
to drive me out of my head?

I say, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd
On my cloud, baby

I was sick and tired, fed up with this
And decided to take a drive downtown
It was so very quiet and peaceful
There was nobody, not a soul around
I laid myself out, I was so tired
And I started to dream
In the morning the parking tickets were just
like a flag stuck on my window screen

I say, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud

Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd
On my cloud, baby

I say, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd

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