

## 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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