

## **Stones Rolling**

### **"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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