

Whitlams, The

"Little Cloud"

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Little cloud is searching
For a sign of something stirring
In the hearts of those below and they all sleep
Civic pride and order
To raise a son and daughter
Staked out and all made clear who got here first

Ah honey can I hold you
And play rewind in my head?
I don't know my people anymore
Can I stay with you instead?

Picture a little boy lying under his bed
His brother's playing outside in the dirt
And the fence it shimmers in the heat
Like it wants to disappear
Little cloud is creeping
Across the city sleeping
Who below would 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 and what did I see
But a clear sky in paradise

Picture his mamma, 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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