

Brea

"Clouds"

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See the clouds adrift so far below
Ever changing as they come and go;
Makes me wonder why I'm up so high
When really I am down so low

Of all the wonders I was one allowed
I think that I would always choose a cloud,
Always bring my feelings right out loud,
Whether I'm ashamed or proud.

And on this airplane coming home to you,
Sometimes I think I've flown my whole life through,
My whole life through,
As I wing my way to you.

See the clouds, they're giving life below
In colors that the canvass cannot show;
Keeping secrets no one else could know,
For I'm the one who told them so.

Now and then I get up close to you,
Like to stay, but I'm just passing through,
So I'll have to say goodbye,
Until next time I fly.

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