

Howard Jones "Those Who Move Clouds"

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The throwing of your mental clothes
Wasn't ever your intention?
The malady within your heart
Has no cure and prevention

There are those who move clouds
Those who move clouds
Heard it murmured in a far off crowd
Those who move clouds

I wish that I could offer you
A chance to change direction
But you know that pathways must
Be followed to near destruction

There are those who move clouds
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Heard it murmured in a far off crowd
Those who move clouds

There are those who will patronize
And compromise your position
They can't feel the forceful hand
Of predetermined destination

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