

Jones Howard

"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

Those who move clouds

Heard it murmured in a far off crowd

Those who move clouds

There are those who will patronise and compromise
your position

They can't feel the forceful hand of predetermined
destination

There are those who move clouds

Those who move clouds

Heard it murmured in a far off crowd

Those who move clouds

I can feel the forceful hand

And it won't let me change direction no

And there's this hunger inside of me

And it won't and it won't no it won't stop its aching

And I can feel it inside of my head the forceful hand

And it won't let me change direction

And there's this hunger and it won't let me

And it won't let me stop and it won't let me stop this
aching no

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