

## **Newton Faulkner**

### **"Clouds"**

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We're not the type  
To go out and find others  
Who aren't just like  
The ones in our cupboards  
We only see  
What we read on the covers  
We only bleed  
If we're not seen by another  
If we're not seen by another  
Chorus:  
Stop looking down at the ground  
Pick it out of the clouds  
Cus no one gonna put you down  
Just let it out  
Let it out  
Stop looking down at the ground  
Just pick it out of the clouds  
Just get it out  
Get it out  
Just let it all out now  
Something's about to change  
Lets all go out  
Go out and find lovers  
That scream and shout  
The kind you don't take home to your mothers  
We are the ones  
Who cannot hide under covers  
No sacred suns  
Just us all crowded and cluttered  
Just us all crowded and cluttered  
Chorus:  
Cus somethings about to change  
Chorus: (oh oh oh oh oh oh oh) x2

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