

Paul Simon**"Cloudy"**

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Cloudy
Paul Simon

Cloudy,
The sky is grey and white and
Cloudy.
Sometimes I think it's hangin' down on me.

It's a-hitchhike a hundred miles
I'm a rag-lovin' child.
With a fingerpainted smile.

[two lines forgotten in the intervening decades]

Cloudy
My thoughts are scattered, and they're
Cloudy.
They have no borders, no boundaries.

They echo and they swell
From Tolstoy to Tinkerbell
Down from Berkeley to Carmel.
Got some pictures in my pocket
and a lot of time to kill.

Hey, Sunshine!
I haven't seen you in a long time.
Why don't you show y/ur face and bend my mind.

These clouds stick to the sky
Like a floating question why.
They linger there to di.They don't know where they're
goin',
And, my friend, neither do I.

Cloudy

Cloudy

