

# Seekers "Cloudy"

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Cloudy, the sky is gray and white and cloudy  
Sometimes I think it's hanging down on me

And it's a hitchhike a hundred miles  
I'm a rag a muffin child  
Pointed finger-painted smile  
I left my shadow waiting down the road for me a while

Cloudy, my thoughts are scattered and they're cloudy  
They have no borders, no boundaries

They echo and they swell  
From Tolstoy to Tinker Bell  
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 your face and bend my mind?

These clouds stick to the sky  
Like floating questions, why?  
And they linger there to die  
They don't know where they are going, and, my friend,  
neither do I

Cloudy, cloudy  
Cloudy, cloudy  
Cloudy, cloudy

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