

Stewart Rod

"Cloud Nine"

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(Norman Whitfield, Barrett Strong)
[B side of Youngblood YB 1017, 1970]

Settin' at home the nights weren't very pretty
I was born and raised in the slum-filled city
I left home seekin' the job that I never did find
Depressed and down-hearted I took to cryin'
I'm doin' fine, so very fine, on cloud nine

Listen
Father didn't know the meaning of work
He disrespected momma and treated me like dirt
I left home seekin' the job that I never did find
Depressed and down-hearted I took to cryin'
I'm doin' fine, so fine, on cloud nine

Let me tell you about that
Doin' fine, on cloud nine
Fine fine fine

Listen
Folks up there tell me
Said give yourself a chance and don't let life pass you
by
You know it's a dog-eat-dog world
Woman it ain't no lie
I'm doin' fine, so fine, on cloud nine

I'm doin' fine, on cloud nine
I'm doin' fine, on cloud nine
I'm doin' fine, on cloud nine

Doin' fine, on cloud nine
Doin' so fine, on cloud nine
Doin' fine, on cloud nine Oooh Doin' fine fine fine

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