

Cloudy Now

Blackfield

In a violent place we can call our country
Is a mixed up man and I guess that's me
The sun's in the sky but the storm never seems to end
It's a place of sorrow but we call it a home
And the darkest thoughts, yeah I guess they're my own
There's wealth in the bank but there's nothing to show inside

In a special place that I call my life
The father was cruel and he lost his wife
But I don't see either cos I live across the street
It's a beautiful thing when it starts to rain
A man who drinks just to drown the pain
And I can't stop from dreaming there's something else

We are a fucked up generation
It's cloudy now
We gotta get out of here
It's cloudy now