Clouds

Newton Faulkner

We're not the type
To go out and find others
Who are just like
The ones in our cupboard
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

Stop looking down at the ground
Pick it out of the clouds
No one's 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 bound to change

Let's all go out
Go out and find lovers
That scream and shout
The kind you don't take home to your mother
We are the ones
Who cannot hide under covers
No sacred suns
Just us all crowded and cluttered
Just us all crowded and cluttered

Stop looking down at the ground
Pick it out of the clouds
No one's 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 bound to change
Something's bound to change

Stop looking down at the ground
Pick it out of the clouds
No one's 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 (Somethings bound to change)
Just let it all out now

Stop looking down at the ground
Pick it out of the clouds
No one's 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