

## Pink Clouds An Island

Bill Ward

Pink clouds, an island.  
It's a place  
Where I can hide.  
Selfishly I cling to  
Parts of me  
I'm afraid I might find.

Pink clouds, an island,  
It insulates me  
From letting you know  
That I'm quietly dying.  
I live here  
When I don't want to grow.

I'm alone  
Out here again.  
Goodbye, over,  
And It really doesn't matter,  
Matter.

And it really doesn't matter  
Matter.  
And it really doesn't matter  
Matter.  
And it really doesn't matter  
Matter.  
And it really doesn't matter  
Matter.