

Get Off My Cloud

Chumbawamba

Look! No strings! Just paper, glue, and card
Hark! The angels sing 'Paste the Lord'

That was the Armley tabernacle choir.
Next we'll be hearing the true story of an American housewife who claims to
have taken mid-air photographs of Jesus Christ in the skies of Indiana.

High above the streets and houses Misses Meta Battle
With one hand on the Valium and one hand on the bottle
Somewhere over Indiana, eight miles high
Meta Battle sees the good Lord wandering 'cross the sky

Have your fun whilst your alive
You won't get nothing when you die
Have a good time all the time
Because you won't get nothing when you die

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Gobsmacked, William Shatnered, Meta does a double take
Come on, baby, do the camera shake
Half expecting from the aisle a certain Mister Beadle
Watching you, watching us, watching Misses Meta Battle

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Meta Battle shot her Lord and watched Him tumble down
And now there's people out with Polaroids all around town
And who knows, that Jesus on the church near your house
Could well be the original; kiss it as you pass

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Don't hang around 'cause two is a crowd
Hey, you, get off my cloud

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Susej em kcuf ho
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