

Cloudy

Simon & Garfunkel

1. Cloudy,
The sky is grey and white and cloudy.
Sometimes I think it's hanging down on me.
It's hitch-hike a hundred miles.
I'm a rag-a-muffin child.
Pointed finger, painted smile.
I left my shadow waiting down the road for me a while.
2. Cloudy,
My thoughts are scattered and they're cloudy.
They have no borders, no boundaries.
They echo and they swell,
From Tolstoy to Tinkerbell,
Down from Berkeley to Carmel.
Got some pictures in my pocket and a lot of time to kill.
3. Hey, Sunshine--
I haven't seen you in a long time.
Why don't you show your face and bend my mind?
These clouds stick to the sky,
Like a floating question, why?
And they linger there to die.
They don't know where they're going, and my friend, neither
do I.