

Little Cloud

The Incredible String Band

How sweet to be a cloud, floating in the blue.

Lying awake, late the other night
Heard above me a trembling,
I looked up, it was a little cloud,
From which a gold string was dangling;
You know, I gave the string a little pull,
Just to see what was on the other end.
Just then a voice came down to me, says,
"Hey, now, don't you want to be my friend,

And float with me to distant lands,
Wondrous and fair;
Float with me to distant lands wondrous and fair?
You see I'm just a happy little cloud,
I laugh and float and sing my song,
But the other clouds don't like me none.
They say I am behaving very wrong.
You see a cloud's supposed to be sad,
To cry and weep and tear it's hair and all,
And don't matter how hard I try,
I can't get the first little tear to fall."

And float with me to distant lands, wondrous and fair;
Float with me to distant lands, wondrous and fair;

I said, "Hey, I like you little cloud,
You are a nice little fellow, yes."
"You making some, kind of a joke?", said the cloud,
"Now can't you see I'm wearing such a pretty dress?
You see I am the prettiest little chick cloud
That you'd find anywhere up above.
I just dropped in on you awhile
To see if you could give me some kind of love."

And float with me to distant lands, wondrous and fair;
Float with me to distant lands wondrous and fair;

Just then the chief cloud come into view
And says, "Hey, girl, now what you think you're doing there?
I told you so many times before
You just don't seem at all to care.
You know you should be floating up above, now
Don't let me catch you down here again."

And as my cloud pulled out of view,
There come failing down a gentle shower of rain.
Happy rain come failing down,
Red, green, blue and golden.
And every drop, as it fell, it smiled
And, throwing back it's head, began singing,

"Oh float with me to distant lands, wondrous and fair;
Float with me to distant lands, wondrous and fair."