

Alan Watts Blues

Van Morrison

Well I'm taking some time with my quiet friend
Well I'm takin' some time on my own.
Well I'm makin' some plans for my getaway
There'll be blue skies shining up above
When I'm cloud hidden
Cloud hidden
Whereabouts unknown

Well I've got to get out of the rat-race now
I'm tired of the ways of mice and men
And the empires all turning into rust again.
Out of everything nothing remains the same
That's why I'm cloud hidden
Cloud hidden
Whereabouts unknown

Sittin' up on the mountain-top in my solitude
Where the morning fog comes rollin' in
Just might do me some good.

Well I'm waiting in the clearing with my motor on
Well it's time to get back to the town again
Where the air is sweet and fresh in the countryside
Well it won't be long before I get back here again.