

# Sunny Cellophane Skies

## Status Quo

Looking up to the cloud above my head  
Your face concealed by purple mist that feels like lead  
It slowly clears and at last my eyes are filled Sunny cellophane skies  
Silver writing my eyes  
Bright sunny cellophane skies  
I like the way you make me feel  
Sensations I thought were unreal Now your life has gone  
In this world I don't belong  
Words are all I own  
Now you're gone I'm all alone Sunny cellophane skies  
Silver writing my eyes  
Bright sunny cellophane skies  
I like the way you make me feel  
Sensations I thought were unreal Sunny cellophane skies  
Silver writing my eyes  
Bright sunny cellophane skies

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