

Get Off of My Cloud

The Rolling Stones

I live on an apartment in the ninety-ninth floor
of my block.

And I sit at home looking out the window,
imagining the world has stopped.

Then in flies a guy who's all dressed up
like a Union Jack,
and says, I've won five pounds if I have his
kind of detergent pack.

I say, Hey! You! Off of my cloud.

Hey! You! Off of my cloud.

Hey! You! Off of my cloud.

Don't hang around

Lyrics submitted by armando.

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