# Clouds

## Absolute Body Control

Clouds rolling by way up high
Sometimes I wonder if you're up there in the clouds
When it rains, skies are gray
Is that you crying up there somewhere in the clouds
I hate sunny days, nothing but empty blue skies
So I pray, oh, how I pray for clouds taking shape
I swear sometimes I can almost see your face
Somewhere up there in the clouds
Sometimes on a plane I feel like I'm with you
Just hanging out somewhere up there in the clouds
Rolling by way up high with the angles fly
Yes, I miss you down here
But I'll see you up there in the clouds, in the clouds
Yes, I miss you down here but I'll see you up there in the clouds

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