

# 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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