

# Little Fluffy Clouds (Inner Master mix)

## The Orb

Over the past few years  
To the traditional sounds of the English summer  
What were the skies like when you were young?  
They went on forever and they, when I, we lived in Arizona  
And the skies always had little fluffy clouds  
And they moved down, they were long and clear  
And there were lots of stars at night  
And when it would rain it would all turn, it, they were beautiful  
The most beautiful skies as a matter of fact  
The sunsets were purple and red and yellow and on fire  
And the clouds would catch the colors everywhere  
That's neat, 'cause I used to look at them all the time when I was little  
You don't see that  
Layering different sounds on top of each other  
Layering different sounds on top of each other  
Little fluffy clouds and little fluffy clouds and  
Little fluffy clouds and little fluffy clouds and  
What were the skies like when you were young?  
They went on forever and they, when I, we lived in Arizona  
And the skies always had little fluffy clouds  
And they moved down, they were long and clear  
And there were lots of stars at night  
And when it would rain it would all turn, it, they were beautiful  
The most beautiful skies as a matter of fact  
The sunsets were purple and red and yellow and on fire  
And the clouds would catch the colors everywhere  
That's neat, 'cause I used to look at them all the time when I was little  
You don't see that  
Little fluffy clouds and little fluffy clouds and  
Little fluffy clouds and little fluffy clouds and  
When I, we lived in Arizona  
And the skies always had little fluffy clouds  
And they moved down, they were long and clear  
And there were lots of stars at night  
And when it would rain it would all turn, it, they were beautiful  
The most beautiful skies as a matter of fact  
The sunsets were purple and red and yellow and on fire  
And the clouds would catch the colors everywhere  
That's neat, 'cause I used to look at them all the time when I was little  
You don't see that, you might still see them in the desert  
The most beautiful skies as a matter of fact  
Purple and red, purple and red and yellow on fire  
And red and yellow on fire  
The clouds would catch the colors

Songwriters

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