

# Thanks

## Cloud Cult

It's 4-o'clock in the morning  
And I am staring at the ceiling plaster  
A movie screen of all my days  
That came and left with grace

It's Halloween and the smell of burning  
Pumpkin takes me back through all the  
People I have dressed up as  
To tell myself I have a pretty soul

And it is so wonderful  
It is so wonderful  
Beautiful

And I give thanks to my youthful days  
Of grass-stained knees and trick-or-treat face  
I pray I'll find as innocent a place  
When I am 88

And I give thanks to my present day  
It just got here so please don't go away  
I finally see it's what I choose to make  
I choose to make it into gold

And it is so wonderful  
Beautiful

I give thanks to my youthful days  
Of grass-stained knees and trick-or-treat face  
I pray I'll find as innocent a place  
When I am 88

And I give thanks to my present day  
It just got here so please don't go away  
I finally see it's what I choose to make  
And I choose to make it into gold

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