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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written by YOUNG, JOHN B.
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