Clouds

Newton Faulkner

We're not the type
To go out and find others
Who aren't just like
The ones in our cupboards
We only see
What we read on the covers
We only bleed
If we're not seen by another
If we're not seen by another
Chorus:
Stop looking down at the ground
Pick it out of the clouds
Cus no one gonna put you down
Just let it out
Let it out
Stop looking down at the ground

Just pick it out of the clouds
Just get it out
Get it out
Just let it all out now
Something's about to change
Lets all go out
Go out and find lovers
That scream and shout
The kind you don't take home to your mothers
We are the ones
Who cannot hide under covers
No sacred suns
Just us all crowded and cluttered
Just us all crowded and cluttered
Chorus:
Cus somethings about to change
Chorus: (oh oh oh oh oh oh oh) x2

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