

Little Fluffy Clouds (Dance Mix 2)

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
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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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