

Edyta Bartosiewicz, Get Off My Cloud

I live in an apartment on the ninety-ninth floor
of my block
And I sit at home looking out the window
Imagining the world has stopped
Then in flies a guy who's all dressed up
like a Union Jack
And says, I've won five pounds if I have his
kind of detergent pack

I says, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd
On my cloud, baby

The telephone is ringing
I say, "Hi, it's me. Who is there on the line ?"
A voice says, "Hi, hello, how are you ?"
Well, I guess I'm doin' fine
He says, "It's three a.m., there's too much noise
Don't you people ever wanna go to bed ?
Just 'cause you feel so good, do you have
to drive me out of my head ?"

I says, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd
On my cloud, baby

I was sick and tired, fed up with this
And decided to take a drive downtown
It was so very quiet and peaceful
There was nobody, not a soul around
I laid myself out, I was so tired
And I started to dream
In the morning the parking tickets were just
like a flag stuck on my window screen
I says, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd
"On my cloud, baby"
I says, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd