

Howard Jones, Those Who Move Clouds

The throwing of your mental clothes wasn't ever your intention
The malady within your heart has no cure and prevention
There are those who move clouds
Those who move clouds
Heard it murmured in a far off crowd
Those who move clouds

I wish that I could offer you a chance to change direction
But you know that pathways must be followed to near destruction
There are those who move clouds
Those who move clouds
Heard it murmured in a far off crowd
Those who move clouds

There are those who will patronise and compromise your position
They can't feel the forceful hand of
predetermined destination
There are those who move clouds
Those who move clouds
Heard it murmured in a far off crowd
Those who move clouds

I can feel the forceful hand
And it won't let me change direction no
And there's this hunger inside of me
And it won't and it won't no it won't stop its aching
And I can feel it inside of my head the forceful hand
And it won't let me change direction
And there's this hunger and it won't let me
And it won't let me stop and it won't let me stop this aching no