

# Rick Springfield, Get Off Of My Cloud

(Mick Jagger and Keith Richards)

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 say, 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 it 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?"

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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

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