

# Clouds, Expecting

Put my arms around her waist  
My hands can hardly touch  
We'll be needing much more space  
I feel his tiny feet now

I'm terrified of making  
A single mistake  
But I'm overcome with joy  
This boy's from the love we make

I've been working overtime  
At practising my part  
Though I'm slightly past my prime  
I don't feel old and grey now

I'm holding back any doubts  
I have in my mind  
'Cause I'm overcome with joy  
This boy's from the love we make

I can hardly wait