

Dean Friedman, Little Black Cloud

by Dean Friedman

I know a girl, her hair is brown.
She wears her smile upside down

There's a little black cloud hanging over her head
No one can count the tears she's shed.
There's a little black cloud that follows her around
But I'm gonna keep her safe and sound. Safe and sound.

She acts so cool. I call her bluff.
'Cause I know she is full of love.
She thinks I'm crazy, I guess it's true.
Crazy in love with you.

There's a little black cloud hanging over her head
No one can count the tears she's shed.
There's a little black cloud that follows her around
But I'm gonna keep her safe and sound. Safe and sound.

Alone in a corner, she looks so sad.
Must have been a difficult time she had.
One of these days, the skies will clear
And that little cloud will disappear.

There's a little black cloud hanging over her head
No one can count the tears she's shed.
There's a little black cloud that follows her around
But I'm gonna keep her safe and sound. Safe and sound.