

# Seekers, Cloudy

Cloudy -- the sky is grey and white and cloudy  
Sometimes I think it's hanging down on me  
And it's a hitch-hike a hundred miles  
I'm a ragamuffin child  
Pointed finger, painted smile  
I left my shadow waitin' down the road for me a while  
Cloudy -- my thoughts are scattered and they're cloudy  
They have no borders, no boundaries  
They echo and they swell  
From Tolstoy to Tinkerbell  
Down from Berkley to Carmell  
Got some poems in my pocket  
And a lot of time to kill  
Hey sunshine  
I haven't seen you in a long time  
Why don't you show your face and bend my mind?  
These clouds stick to the sky  
Like a floating question why  
And they linger there or die  
They don't know where they're going  
And, my friend, neither do I  
Cloudy (repeat and fade)