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)