

# Sheryl Crow, Get Off My Cloud

(by Rolling Stones)

I live in an apartment on the ninety ninth floor of my block  
And I sit at home lookin' out the window imaginin' the world has stopped  
Then in flies a guy that's all dressed up like a Union Jack  
He says I've won five pounds if I have this kind of detergent pack

I said, hey you get off my cloud, hey you get off my cloud  
Hey you get off my cloud, don't hang around  
'Cause two's a crowd on my cloud baby

The telephone is ringin', I say hi it's me, who's there on the line  
A voice says hi hullo how are you, well I guess I'm doing fine  
He says it's three a.m. and there's too much noise, don't you people ever want  
To go bed, just 'cause you feel so good, so you have to drive me out of my head

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 mornin' the parkin' tickets were just like flags stuck on my wind screen