

LYRIC SHEET



“Clouds”

(Claudia Robin Gunn)

Clouds, clouds

I’m a member of the cloud appreciation society
We love to note the multiple unusual varieties
We really know our clouds
Even when the weather turns
There’s always a lot to learn

You can join the cloud appreciation society
if you’ve got a bent for water vapour v gravity
We really know our clouds
We really know our clouds

Don’t you let no one bring you down
Just cos you got your head in the clouds
All the water droplets are scattering the sunlight
Until it all looks like grey and white

Clouds, clouds

There’s always clouds in the sky somewhere round the world
Even when there’s blue skies here, there’s gotta be a storm somewhere
There may be stratus like blankets cross the sky
Or maybe nimbus with lighting flashing so bright

Clouds, clouds
Clouds, clouds

We are the cloud appreciation society
We love to note the multiple unusual varieties
We really know our clouds
We really know our clouds

Ask the impressionists - what’s a sky without a cloud?
Ask the meteorologists - clouds are cool without a doubt
Cumulus, like cottonwool, the grand cloud emporium
Cirrus, like candy floss stretched across the heavens

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claudia
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gunn

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