

GET OFF OF MY CLOUD

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

Chorus

I said, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
 Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
 Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
 Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd on my cloud, baby

The telephone is ringing I say
 "Hi, it's me. Who is it there on the line?"
 A voice says, "Hi, hello, how are you
 well, I guess I'm doing fine"
 He says, "It's three a.m., there's too much noise
 don't you people ever want to go to bed?
 Just 'cause you feel so good
 do you have to drive me out of my head?"

Chorus

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 morning the parking tickets
 were just like a flag stuck on my window screen

Chorus X 2