

# Newton Faulkner, Clouds

Ooooo, ooo!

We're not the type  
To go out and find others  
Who are just like  
The ones in our cupboard  
We only see  
What we read on the covers  
We only bleed  
If we're not see by another  
If we're not see by another

Stop looking down at the ground  
Pick it out of the clouds  
No one's gonna put you down  
Just let it out let it out  
Stop looking down at the ground  
Just pick it out of the clouds  
Just get it out get it out  
Just let it all out now

Something's bound to change

Let's all go out  
Go out and find lovers  
That scream and shout  
The kind you don't take home to your mother  
We are the ones  
Who cannot hide under covers  
No sacred suns  
Just us all crowded and cluttered  
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