

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