

# The Manhattan Transfer, Clouds

See the white and fluffy clouds  
Adore the sun  
As he shines his light  
On each and every one  
Still, those clouds can hide his light  
Till the day becomes like night  
So my light heart would darken too  
If I ever lost you

As the clouds begin to shed  
Their tears of rain  
So my aching heart would  
Shed its tears of pain  
Till that happy moment when  
Darkened clouds roll by and then  
White and fluffy clouds  
Adore the sun once again

Cheryl's Solo:  
When I was young  
I'd long to touch a cloud  
On my back on a bed of green  
I'd contemplate the cloud scene  
They would form themselves  
into a lot o' different kinds o' pictures  
Of the kind that pre-existed in my mind  
Paintin' the kind o' scene  
That I never saw on a wide screen  
Look! Ain't that Moses on the mount!  
There! Monte Christo an' a gallant count!  
Four white horses and a coach

Proceeding madly to approach  
the sunlit castle of his majesty the king

Isn't that a flying saucer  
and a pilgrim out of Chaucer going by?  
They're all right there in a cloud  
Standing tall and proud  
How thrilling to see!  
A panorama that will never end  
like the movies do  
"Cause they're yours alone  
an' under your direction  
How'd y'like the movie  
that was showin' t'day?  
An' what a cast!  
An' not only the casting  
but a story full of glory everlasting  
the errant, fluffy clouds  
doing everything they have always done  
Like adore the sun  
Come out an' do their thing again

Stephane Grappelli/Stochelo Rosenberg Solo  
See the white, fluffy clouds adore the sun  
As he shines his light on each and every one  
White and fluffy clouds adore the sun  
Once again.