## **GET OFF OF MY CLOUD**

EABAE

I live in an apartment on the 99th floor of my block

And I sit at home lookin' out the window imagining the world has stopped.

Then in flies a guy who's all dressed up just like Union Jack

And says, I've won five pounds if I have his kind of detergent pack.

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 doin' fine"

He says, "It's 3 AM, there's too much noise, don't you people ever wanna go to bed?

Just 'cause you feel so good, do you have to drive me out of my head?"

I said Hey, you, get off of my cloud

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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 windscreen.

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