

## Cloudy Now

Blackfield

In a violent place we can call our country  
Is a mixed up man and I guess that's me  
The sun's in the sky but the storm never seems to end  
It's a place of sorrow but we call it a home  
And the darkest thoughts, yeah I guess they're my own  
There's wealth in the bank but there's nothing to show inside

In a special place that I call my life  
The father was cruel and he lost his wife  
But I don't see either cos I live across the street  
It's a beautiful thing when it starts to rain  
A man who drinks just to drown the pain  
And I can't stop from dreaming there's something else

We are a fucked up generation  
It's cloudy now  
We gotta get out of here  
It's cloudy now