

The Clouds In Camarillo

Brazzaville

You were born in '67
About nine o'clock at night
A couple years before I lost control
And ended up inside.

The clouds in Camarillo
Shimmer with a light that's
So unreal
Now I fear the stories
That they told me
Of how I hurt my baby
Must be somehow true

I stopped taking all my pills
They made me feel so dead inside.
Just like the sun was going out
I didn't think I would survive

The clouds in Camarillo
Shimmer with a light that's
So unreal
Now I fear the stories
That they told me
Of how I hurt my baby
Must be somehow true

Now I'm writing from a caravan
Behind your nana's place
I think my spirit will be happier
With the stars in outer space.

The clouds in Camarillo
Shimmer with a light that's
So unreal
Now I fear the stories
That they told me
Of how I hurt my baby
Must be somehow true
(3x)