

Look up there, there's clouds above us  
They're watching us now  
You don't believe me? Go somewhere else then  
They're always around  
They see the factories and corporations  
They see the hotels and shops  
But I know their plans, their little secrets  
With them I'll go to the top  
Clouds  
Clouds are pretty, pretty amoral  
They've got no feelings of pity  
They're up there now, they're over our heads  
They spit on this city  
They think they're pink, they think they're fluffy

They think they're hiding their thoughts  
But I can see, I see right through them  
I know the power they've got  
Clouds  
Clouds drift around, they don't go home  
They've got no civilisation  
They white and grey, they're red and black  
They don't know their station  
Clouds drift around, they see it all  
They're drifting over this town  
Clouds drift around, they know your name  
And all the things that you've found  
Clouds