

Cloudy

Why did it have to be cloudy?
When I needed to see all the stars?
And to feel connected with something
Beyond all the noise and the cars

People are fine but they're noisy
And they're making my eardrums ring
So much of their jabber seems pointless
But I cannot say anything.

I take the long route round their talking
As they block up a shop's only door
Ignoring the problems their causing
Because they don't care any more

Eyes down and texting on mobiles
They meander their way down the street
So everyone else must avoid them
'Cos all they can see is their feet

Or the people who talk oh so loudly
To each other in life or by phone
Their words broadcast to the county
I swear I could hear it from home

Get a few in a crowd in a restaurant
And they'll all be out to impress
In a bid to see who laughs loudest
They'll try to outdo all the rest

Perhaps these are also the drivers
Who clag up our roundabout routes
Fearful that someone might possibly enter
They'll stick to the car in front's boot

And when there's a lane ahead closing
Men, you had better beware!
Give way if you value your paintwork
And alongside a woman is there

So why does it have to be cloudy
As I raise up my eyes to the sky
With all of the crazies around me
I look up to God and ask ... why?