

Cloudy

by Paul Simon (1966)

D D D D
Cloudy, the sky is grey and white and
Gma7 G G G
Cloud y. Sometimes I think it's hanging
D(½) F#7(½) Ddim7 Ddim7 A7
Down on me. It's hitchhike a hundred
F#m F#m A Bm
miles, I'm a ragamuffin child
Bm E E7 E7
Pointed fingerpainted smile
A A7 A7 F#m(½) A7(½)
I left my shadow waitin' down the road for me a while

Cloudy, my thoughts are scattered and they're
cloudy, they have no borders, no
boundaries. They echo and they
swell from Tolstoy to Tinker Bell.
Down from Berkeley to Carmel.
Got some pictures in my pocket and a lot of time to kill.

D D D D
Hey sunshine, I haven't seen you in a
GsusC# G G G
long time. Why don't you show your face and
D(½) F#7(½) Ddim7 Ddim7 A7
bend my mind? These clouds stick to the
F#m F#m A Bm
sky, like floating questions, why?
Bm E E7 E7
And they linger there to die.
A A7 A7 F#m(½) A7(½)
They don't know where they are going, and, my friend, neither do I.
D D D D D D D Gma7 Gma7 Gma7
Cloudy, cloudy. Cloudy