



## Passing Clouds

Litmus A Freeman

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That day, the sun was shining bright and strong  
Everything felt right, it felt like we could do no wrong  
And so, I wrote this little song  
About what you said as we went along

How we travel free and keep it real  
Waking everyday, just doing what we feel  
Never making plans past the next meal  
Committing to plans has no real appeal

But now and then, comes a passing cloud  
To block the sunshine, with its heavy hanging shroud  
Like a venue to play at long and loud  
Distracted by praise and feeling so proud

But the trade off, is a broken road  
The way restricted, for another week or so  
No longer freedom just a heavy load  
Commitments we grew from needs that we sowed

Make in the diary any date ahead, and the  
'Goodbye to Freedom' song is playing in your head  
Until it's over the open road is dead  
Lost to those new commitments you bred

So sail the sunshine, sea, (see) the big blue sky,  
Free and easy, on a freedom high  
Clouds will come passing, to stay they'll try  
But from now on, we'll just let those clouds

Go passing by...