

Clouds on high, dwelling up there in the sky above, with love,
Shining down comes the sun through the clouds on the wing of a dove;
The weddings in heaven as the son of man ascends up to the sky,
Where God sits on the throne of judgement coming down from out of high.

Clouds on high they pass me by and drift through times endless sky,
Where heavens doors are open wide and would come to him where he abides;
For when the weather changes from clouds of white to grey or black,
The storms of life are sent to try us, that God would with His weather track.

Clouds on high I wonder why, where money goes or days gone by,
And whether clouds are always floating, drifting, shifting, changing, gloating;
I ask you God where do they go, those clouds which you send to know,
And where they came from and where they've been are the best left unseen.

Clouds on high so white and fluffy clean or purest linen silk and sheen,
From where do they depart the world from over hills of furled would mean;
They further come and further go as if a father would rather know,
And do they from there heights of love, impart the sharing heart to grow!

Clouds on high where do they hide, is she the one my beautiful bride,
Is she the one in frills and lace, where white clouds hide their timid face;
As if I am but a man to tell where clouds do hide on high to dwell,
For in the love of wedded bliss, white clouds on high give their kiss,

Clouds on high I don't know why they hide their face up in the sky,
But float on air to just appear and come again from far and near;
So is there an answer to the question why clouds on high are held so dear,
For the truth to be known I don't know why but through the clouds I see Gods eye.

Signed,

Looking though the sky