

# Bette Midler, Hey There

Lately when I\_m in my room all by myself,  
in this solitary gloom I call to myself:

Hey there, you with the stars in your eyes,  
love never made a fool of you. You used to be too wise.  
Hey there, you on that high-flying cloud,  
though he won\_t throw a crumb to you, you think some day he\_ll come to you.

Better forget him, him with his nose in the air.  
He's got you dancing on a string. Break it and he won\_t care.

Won\_t you take this advice I hand you like a mother?  
Or are you not seeing things too clear?  
Are you too much in love to hear?  
Is it all goin\_ in one ear and out the other?  
And out the other?

Hey there, you with the stars in your eyes,  
Are you talkin' to me?  
love never made a fool of you.  
Not until now.  
You used to be so wise.  
Oh, that was a long time ago.

Hey there,  
What?  
you on that high-flyin' cloud,  
though he won\_t throw a crumb to you,  
you think some day he\_s gonna come to you.

Woah, better forget him.  
Forget him.  
He's got his nose in the air.  
He's got his nose in the air.  
He'll have you dancing on a string.  
A puppet on a string.  
Break it and he won\_t care.  
He won't care for you.

Won't you take this advice I hand you like a mother?  
Or are you not seein\_ things too clear?  
Are you just too far gone to hear?  
Is it all goin\_ in one ear and out the other?