

Bic Runga, Hey

You were on the second floor
Hanging out the window watching the cars passing by
With that look in your eye
And I was hanging round below
Waving to ya from the road
I was calling your name
You were miles away

CHORUS:

Hey
You've been wondering
What's it to ya?
You've been questioning why all day
It's such a silly thing
Still it threw ya, caught you by surprise

You're coming to me loud and clear
There's nothing really for us here
It's a terrible thing
Hanging on by a string
There's nothing left for me to say
You've said it all already now
I won't add anymore
I'll just slip out the door

CHORUS

You and I so sick and tired
Of hanging around
You and me, we both agree
It's all over now
All over now

CHORUS