

# Bic Runga, Between An Overload Of Information

And a striving for a pure dedication I  
Find myself looking for the exit sign  
See your pretty face in the sunshine  
In the morning after staying up all night I  
Want to wake you just to hear you  
Tell me it's alright  
And all I want to be is too much  
Sometimes for me  
Good morning baby  
I hope I'm gonna make it through another day  
Good morning baby  
I hope I'm gonna make it through another day  
See the stars and all the planets  
Fly the great wide world and have it all  
Yeah better get a ticket better get in line  
I'm praying now for beautiful weather  
Take a car and drive forever but I'm  
Only ever sitting at the traffic light  
And all the world to see is too much  
Sometimes for me  
Good morning baby  
I hope I'm gonna make it through another day  
Good morning baby  
I hope we're gonna make it through another day  
(And when you rise)  
And when you rise you'll find me here  
(Open your eyes)  
And see myself reflected there  
(And for awhile)  
A little room becomes an everywhere