

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