

Bette Midler

"Hey There"

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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?

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