

## **Bic Runga**

# **"Precious Things"**

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When all the star gazes bloom  
And throw their stars around the room  
I was waiting for the day  
For you to love me

When all the elements conspire  
With shiny things that catch the eye  
I was waiting for the day  
For you to love me

Precious precious thing  
You are the thought that makes me sing  
Wanna leave all my possessions  
It's a rare and precious precious thing

When all the elements conspire  
With shiny things that catch the eye  
I was waiting for the day  
For you to love me

Precious precious thing  
You are the thought that makes me sing  
Wanna leave all my possessions  
It's a rare and precious precious thing

And I know all I need  
Is to get on the phone  
Is to get on the phone  
And call you  
Call you

As clear as rain on a street  
It shines like bright coloured stone  
These things no one can own  
They are for you  
This is for you  
This is for you  
This is for you

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