

Precious Things

Bic Runga

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