

Hey Ya!

KIDZ BOP Kids

One, two, three!
My baby don't mess around
Because she loves me so
This I know fo sho! But does she really wanna
But can't stand to see me walk out the door
Don't try to fight the feeling
Because the thought alone is killin' me right now
Thank God for Mom and Dad
For sticking to together
Like we don't know how Hey ya! Hey ya!
Hey ya! Hey ya!
Hey ya! Hey ya!
Hey ya! Hey ya! You think you've got it
Oh, you think you've got it
But got it just don't get it when there's nothin' at all
We get together
Oh, we get together
But separate's always better when there's feelings involved
Know what they say -its:
Nothing lasts forever!
Then what makes it, then what makes it
Then what makes it, then what makes it
Then what makes love the exception?
So why, oh, why, oh
Why, oh, why, oh, why, oh
Are we still in denial when we know we're not happy here

Songwriters

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