

# 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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