

# Hey There

Bette Midler

Lately when Im 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 wont throw a crumb to you, you think some day hell 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 wont care. Wont 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 wont throw a crumb to you,  
You think some day hes 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 wont 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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