

# Precious Things

## Bic Runga

When all the stargazers 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 colored 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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