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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