

Hey

Bachman-Turner Overdrive

You were on the second floor
Hanging out the window
Watching the cars passing by
With that look in your eye
And I was hanging round below
Waving to ya from the road
I was calling your name
You were miles away
Hey, you've been wondering
What's it to ya?
You've been questioning why all day
It's such a silly thing
Still it threw ya, caught you by surprise
You're coming to me loud and clear
There's nothing really for us here
It's a terrible thing, hanging on by a string
There's nothing left for me to say
You've said it all already now
I won't add anymore, I'll just slip out the door
Hey, you've been wondering
What's it to ya?
You've been questioning why all day
It's such a silly thing
Still it threw ya, caught you by surprise
You and I
So sick and tired of hanging around
You and me, we both agree
It's all over now
All over now
Hey, you've been wondering
What's it to ya?
You've been questioning why all day
It's such a silly thing
Still it threw ya, caught you by surprise