

Hey Ya!

Tom Speight

(One, two, three, four)

My baby don't mess around
Because she loves me so
And this I know for sure
But does she really wanna
But can't stand to see me walkin' out the door?
Don't try to fight the feeling
'Cause the thought alone is killin' me right now
Thank God for Mom and Dad
For sticking two together
'Cause we don't know how

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 'til there's nothin' at all
We get together
Oh, we get together
But separate's always better when there's feelings involved
If what they say is
Nothing is forever
Then what makes
Then what makes
Then what makes
Love the exception?
So why, oh, why, oh
Are we so in denial when we know we're not happy here?

Hey ya! Hey ya!
Hey ya! Hey ya!
Hey ya! Hey ya!
Hey ya! Hey ya!

Hey ya! Hey ya!
Hey ya! Hey ya!
Hey ya! Hey ya!
Hey ya!