

# Eagles

## "Get Over It"

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I turn on the tube and what do I see?  
A whole lotta people cryin', ?Don't blame me?  
They point their crooked little fingers at everybody else  
Spend all their time feelin' sorry for themselves  
Victim of this, victim of that  
Your mama's too thin and your daddy's too fat

Get over it!  
Get over it!  
All this whinin' and cryin' and pitchin' a fit  
Get over it! Get over it!

You say you haven't been the same since you had your  
little crash  
But you might feel better if they gave you some cash  
The more I think about it old Billy was right  
Let's kill all the lawyers, kill ?em tonight  
You don't wanna work, you wanna live like a king  
But the big, bad world doesn't owe you a thing

Get over it!  
Get over it!  
If you don't wanna play then you might as well split

Get over it! Get over it!

It's like goin' to confession every time I hear you speak  
You're makin' the most of your losin' streak  
Some call it sick but I call it weak, yeah yeah yeah

Yeah you drag it around like a ball and chain  
You wallow in the guilt, you wallow in the pain  
You wave it like a flag, you wear it like a crown  
Got your mind in the gutter, bringin' everybody down  
You bitch about the present and blame it on the past  
I'd like to find your inner child and kick its little ass!

Get over it!  
Get over it!  
All this bitchin' and moanin' and pitchin' a fit  
Get over it! Get over it!

Get over it!  
Get over it!  
It's gotta stop sometime so why don't you quit?  
Get over it! Get over it!

Get over it!

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