

Lisa Loeb & Nine Stories

"It's Over"

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Sorry sir, I stole your money
Sorry sir, I feel but it's so
So twisted, so unreal

It was what I'd heard of and what I didn't have
But I cannot give what I do not have
And I cannot take what I do not have, I can't take it
Don't stultify, don't hold me high
Don't stultify, don't hold me high

Too many things held precious, too many things held
dear
That's what I hate and that's what I fear
Too much to ask for may leave me feeling lonely
But too little leaves me nothing, nothing

But the drone in your voice and the fly on the wall said
"It's over, it's over, it's over, it is"
And what do I wish for you, what do I wish?
It's over, it's over, it is

And are we still solemn and bleeding?
And are we still swimming to water that was wet?
You can't give away certain things that you get

From the outside to the inside
I couldn't tell you how it really was
There has to be more on one hand
Keep your head above water on the other, the other.

But the drone in your voice and the fly on the wall said
"It's over, it's over, it's over, it is"
What do I wish for you, what do I wish?
It's over, it's over, it is

And are we, are still solemn and bleeding?
Are we still swimming to water that was already wet?
I can forgive but I won't forget

I'll wish for you, I'll plead and I'll steal
Hold me precious and hold me dear
I'll wish for you, I'll sing and I'll feel

Don't stultify, don't hold me high

Like a Gothic staple, a last goodbye

One way to float is if you die

And it's over, it's over, it's over

It's over, it's over, it's over, it's over, it's over

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