

Nields

"Gotta Get Over Greta"

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I left that wild side long ago

I'm here to tell you something you already know

Concerning me and my best friend, sleeping in her big
blue bed

We liked the same boys

the same bands

the same games

We've got the same hands and now I've

Gotta get over Greta

We played as monsters in the kitchen

She was the vampire and I was her victim

And at the dance we hid in the light booth,

laughing at the boys below

We thought the same thing

We rolled our eyes

She took my hand and said

"We're not like those guys"

Gotta get over Greta

Two skinny tomboys on our bikes

Riding forever into the summer night

There is no marriage more sublime

There is no divorce more final

I left that wild side long ago

My husband holds me close and he will never know

But as for me I live with the fear

I'll run into her down the line

It'll be the same thing

I'll shake and tremble

I'll lose myself

I'll remember, I'll remember

Gotta get over Greta

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