

The 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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