

## Eagles, The "Get Over It"

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Turn on the tube, 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 I 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 quit  
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 losing streak  
Some call it sick, but I call it weak  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

You drag it around like a ball on a 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 a 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 it's 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 some time, so why don't you quit?  
Get over it  
Get over it

(Spoken)  
Get over it!

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