

Lucinda Williams, Over Time

Overtime

That's what they all tell me

That's what they say to me

Overtime

Your blue eyes, your black eyelashes

The way you looked at life

In your funny way

I guess out of the blue

You won't cross my mind

And I'll get over you

Overtime

Your pale skin, your sexy crooked teeth

The trouble you'd get in

In your clumsy way

I guess one afternoon

You won't cross my mind

And I'll get over you

Overtime

I guess out of the blue

You won't cross my mind

And I'll get over you

Overtime