

Old 97's, Over The Cliff

Words and Music by Jon Langford

Well I worked hard and I got lots of money

Well I tried hard but I don't wanna stay

Yeah I've seen too much trouble, I felt too much pressure bubble

I knew there had to be a better way

I wouldn't hide if you thought I was worth it

You'd smack me down when I misbehave

But everybody knows that I've got flunkies here in tow

To clean up all the messes that I've made

CHORUS:

I'm going over the cliff

I'm going over the cliff

And it's hard to tell if life is a burden or a gift

Yeah I'm going over the cliff

Forgive me or forget me everybody

Well I guess I always had this honest streak

Yeah I'm sick of all the yawning, the bitching, and the bawling

I'm sick of feeling powerless and weak

Please don't call me cool just call me "asshole";

'Cause I will be a beggar not a king

And the devil don't care if you're a fish or your're a stick (chip)

Yeah I'm going over the cliff

CHORUS

Well in New York and L.A. they're sending faxes

So the company can wash its hands of this

Yeah there was no one there to look after me or care

Well I'm going over the cliff

I'm going over the cliff

I'm going over the cliff

Yeah success on someone else's terms don't mean a fucking thing

I'm going over the cliff

That's right, success on someone else's terms don't mean a fucking thing

I'm going over the cliff

I'm going over the cliff

I'm going over the cliff