The Eagles, Get Over It

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 everbody else
spend all their time feelin' sorry for themselves
Victim of this, victim of that
Your momma's too thin; 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 want to work; you want to 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 want to play, then you might as well split
Get over it, get over it
It's like going 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
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
Complain 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