

# Avril Lavigne, Get Over It

Slipping down a slide,  
I didn't enjoy the ride.  
Don't know what to decide.  
You lied to me.  
You looked me in the eye.  
It took me by surprise.  
Now are you gratified?  
Be cry to me.

La, la, la...

Don't turn around,  
I'm sick and I'm tired of your face.  
Don't make this worse,  
you've already gone and got me mad.  
It's too bad I'm not sad,  
it's casting over.  
It's just one of those things,  
you'll have to get over it.

When I was feeling down,  
you'd start to hang around  
And then I found your hands all over me,  
And that was out of bounds.  
You filthy rotten hound,  
it's better than it sounds, believe me.

La, la, la...

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Hey, you gotta get over it. x2

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