

Continental Drifters, Get Over It

Written by Mark Walton

Main Voice: SUSAN

Produced by Continental Drifters

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The sheets on the windows won't hide or disguise
The heat of the moment or the look in your eyes
Fueled by innuendoes and lies.

Please don't shout anymore
I can't stand to sit around
And watch you walk out my door.

Show some sense and respect
Learn to cope and get over it.

My walls, they're shakin' with the sound of your voice
My floors start to tremble with that talk of divorce
you got the right to freedom of choice.

Please don't shout anymore
I can't stand to sit around
And watch you slammin' my doors.

Show some sense and respect
Learn to cope and get over it.

Please don't shout anymore
I can't stand to sit around
And hear you slammin' my doors.

Show some sense and respect
Learn to cope and get over it.

I can hear your drunken rage within my room
One too many beers, preaching' a prophecy of doom
Might just bury you in a lonesome tomb.

Oh, please don't shout anymore
I can't stand to sit around
And watch you tear down my door.

Show some sense and respect
Learn to cope and get over it.

Get over it
Get over it.