

# Eight, Get Over It

When your time is running out  
And you feel like taking sides  
And the walls are getting thin  
You better get over it

How long will I walk to the place I belong  
When there's fighting between  
How long  
When your times running out and you feel like taking sides  
How long

All the fighting between  
To the place I went wrong  
All the time

The time has come to walk again  
These painted eyes can't see the end  
The finest hour slides to the front again