

Janis Ian, Getting Over You

Borrowed pens on dotted lines
Sign the past away.
This is yours and that is mine,
So the papers say.

How can you move so quickly?
How can you heal so fast?
And what will I do with my mornings?
And what will I do with my nights?

Tell me what you see in her that used to be in me,
Why is it the simple truths are hardest to believe?
How can I start all over?
Knowing we'll just be friends.
And what will i do with my mornings?
And what will i do with my nights?

You want answers that I can't give,
You want words I don't know.
Ask me when I'm through getting over you.

Mmmmm ooh

After this day is over,
How will my dreams go on?
And what will I do with my mornings?
Tell me what will I do with my nights?

You want answers that I can't give,
You want words I don't know.
Ask me when I'm through getting over you.

Ask me when I'm through getting over you.