

OK Go, Get Over It

Lot of knots, lot of snags,
lot of holes, lot of cracks lot of crags. Lot of naggin' old hags,
lot of fools, lot of fool scum bags.
Oh it's such a drag, what a chore... oh your wounds are full of salt.
Everything's a stress and what's more, well it's all somebody's fault.

(Hey!) Get, get, get, get, get over it! [x3]
Get over it, get over it.

Makes you sick, makes you ill,
makes you cheat, slipping change from the till.
Had it up to the gills... makes you cry while
the milk still spills. Ain't it just a bitch? What a pain...
Well it's all a crying shame. What
left to do but complain? Better find someone to blame.

(Hey!) Get, get, get, get, get over it! [x3]
Get over it, get over it.

Got a job, got a life, got a four-door and a faithless wife.
Got those nice copper pipes, got an ex, got a room for the night.
Aren't you such a catch?
What a prize! Got a body like a battle
axe... Love that perfect frown, honest eyes...
We ought to buy you a Cadillac.

(Hey!) Get, get, get, get, get over it! [x3]
Get over it, get over it.