

Sponge, It's Over

Your clothes are on the lawn, all ripped and torn
Something that youve said
Made her want you dead
I dread, to think what shes got waitin for ya
You said youd take her out for missing her birthday
Take her somewhere special and that was meant to be today
And your dead, your dead
And the only thing you sure of

Its over, its over
You know that this time its over
And your the one to blame

Youve called her on the phone, shes not at home
She might be screening calls, when it comes to yours
She ignores them and maybe thats a good thing
Maybe you should try and act a little older
Having major doubts, but she still hasnt told you
its over
But shes colder, and you know her
So your pretty sure that

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(x5)

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