

# 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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