

The All-American Rejects, Walk Over Me

(Hmm, so tell me about your mother)

Doctor, doctor

Could you please just give me somethin' for the state I'm in
I'm having trouble and society believe I got it wrong again
I'm one month sober I don't think I'm getting over my predicament
But if I jumped out of the window what would she say

It's not on me, it's all on you
We can't deny the things we do
I can't believe her pretty feet walked over me
All over me

Help me, help me doc
It seems to be an awful lot for me to understand
I know I'm not a specimen,
The troubles and the mess I'm in
I should be dead
He said, let's all start think
That you've had all your fun
It's time to be a man
So you better quit your bitchin
Think about what the people would say

It's not on me, it's all on you
I can't prescribe what you want me to
You need some sleep, you better leave
You walked over me
All over me

Wait until tomorrow, and it's gone
So long
Wait until tomorrow, so long
It's gone
Wait until tomorrow
You beg and steal and borrow till it's gone

(He don't got a lot but he's got all he needs)
I need someone to love
(And all he's got well it's all that he needs)
Somebody help me cause I could hear the voices in the tube
To get me through anything I do and anything will do good by me
A little pill, a little thrill, should I take it I think I will
And anything will do good so as long as it's always too good
Either way I don't give a damn what you people all say
All now boy

Oh, oh, oh, oh

It's not on me, it's all on you
I can't deny the things I do
I can't believe her pretty feet walked over me
All over me

It's not on me, it's all on you
There comes a time to speak the truth
So you can see me when I leave
Walk over you
All over you