

# The Eagles, Get Over It

I turn on the tube and what do I see  
A whole lotta people cryin' "Don't blame me"  
They point their crooked little fingers at everybody else  
spend all their time feelin' sorry for themselves  
Victim of this, victim of that  
Your momma's too thin; your daddy's too fat  
Get over it  
Get over it  
All this whinin' and cryin' and pitchin' a fit  
Get over it, get over it  
You say you haven't been the same since you had your little crash  
But you might feel better if they gave you some cash  
The more I think about it, Old Billy was right  
Let's kill all the lawyers - kill 'em tonight  
You don't want to work; you want to live like a king  
But the big, bad world doesn't owe you a thing  
Get over it  
Get over it  
If you don't want to play, then you might as well split  
Get over it, get over it  
It's like going to confession every time I hear you speak  
You're makin' the most of your losin' streak  
Some call it sick, but I call it weak  
You drag it around like a ball and chain  
You wallow in the guilt; you wallow in the pain  
You wave it like a flag, you wear it like a crown  
Got your mind in the gutter, bringin' everybody down  
Complain about the present and blame it on the past  
I'd like to find your inner child and kick its little ass  
Get over it  
Get over it  
All this bitchin' and moanin' and pitchin' a fit  
Get over it, get over it  
Get over it  
Get over it  
It's gotta stop sometime, so why don't you quit  
Get over it, get over it  
Get over it