Get Over It

Guillemots

So the skin has turned its back on me again
And it?s back to playschool for me and my childhood friend
Well get over it!
And the words don?t leave my mouth till I?ve had a dram
So I sit in the corner and watch you like the man I am
Well get over it!
Get over it!
D?you want my side, my side of the story?
D?you want my side, my side of the story?
Well I want you, want you like I?m eighteen
But I?m tied up, tied up to my baby
To my baby
Oh!

In another life I?d be drenched in sweat with you
But it?s this life darlin?, and in this life we make do
Oh get over it!
G-g-g-g-get over it!
Oh, d?you want my side, my side of the story?
D?you want my side, my side of the story?
Well I want you, want you like I?m eighteen
But I?m tied up, tied up to my baby
To my baby
My blessed baby
Oh here?s my side, my side of the story
Oh I?m so tired, sick tired of the story!
Oh I want that thing that you do with ice-cream
Oh I?d kill my life for, what could I be
What could have been.

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