

# It's Over

Aimee Mann

everything's beautiful,  
every day's a holiday, the day you live without it,  
everything changes up, everything shifts and falls unless you care about it, but you sit there in the darkness,  
and you make plans but they're hopeless,  
and you blame God when you're lonely,  
and you'll call it fate, when you show up too late and it's over. here on the boulevard, you were the golden boy,  
a mix of brains and muscle  
that was a lucky break,  
luck is a thing you make,  
not just another hustle but you sit there in the darkness,  
and you make plans but they're hopeless,  
and you blame God when you're lonely,  
and you'll call it fate, when you show up too late and it's over. 'cos nothing can wait forever,  
they don't give unlimited chances in life;  
they hand you the knife and tell you to cut it around. so baby let's fly;  
baby let's ride, baby let's ride 'cos everything's beautiful, every day's a holiday,  
but days are getting shorter,  
the moon and the stars report the boulevard's last resort  
and now your last supporter. but you sit there in the darkness,  
and you make plans but they're hopeless,  
and you blame God when you're lonely  
and you'll call it fate, when you show up too late and it's over.

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