It's Over

Lisa Loeb

Sorry sir, I stole your money.
Sorry sir, I feel,
But it's so, so twisted,
So unreal.It was what I'd heard of,
And what I didn't have,
But I cannot give what I do not have,
And I cannot take what I do not have.
I can't take it.Don't stultify.
Don't hold me high.
Don't stultify.
Don't hold me high.Too many things held precious,
Too many things held dear;
That's what I hate,
That's what I fear.
Too much to ask for
May leave me feeling lonely.
Too little leaves me nothing, nothing.The drone in your voice, and the fly on the wall said,
"it's over, it's over, it's over, it is."
What do I wish for you, what do I wish?
It's over, it's over, it is.Are we still solemn and bleeding?
Are we still swimming to water that was wet?
You can't give away certain things that you get.From the outside
To the inside
I couldn't tell you how it really was.
There has to be more on one hand,
Keep your head above water on the other, the other.The drone in your voice, and the fly on the wall said,
"it's over, it's over, it's over, it is."
What do I wish for you, what do I wish?
It's over, it's over, it is.Are we still solemn and bleeding?
Are we still swimming to water that was already wet?
I can forgive, but I won't forget.I'll wish for you,
I'll plead and I'll steal.
Hold me precious, hold me dear.
I'll wish for you,
I'll sing and I'll feel.
Don't stultify, don't hold me high.Like a gothic staple, a last good-bye,
One way to float is if you die.
And it's over, it's over, it's over.It's over, it's over, it's over

It's over, it's over.

Songwriters
LISA LOEBPublished by
Lyrics Â© REACH MUSIC PUBLISHING

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/