

# 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 and that's what I fear  
Too much to ask for may leave me feeling lonely  
But too little leaves me nothing, nothing But the drone in your voice and the fly on the wall said  
"It's over, it's over, it's over, it is"  
And what do I wish for you, what do I wish?  
It's over, it's over, it is And are we still solemn and bleeding?  
And 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. But 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 And are we, are 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 and 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 goodbye  
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

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