

# Over You

[Marie Hines](#)

Promises collecting dust  
I guess they got the best of us  
Spinnin tires on a dead end road  
Couldn't find the ground below Try to wave the smoke away  
Choke on words we couldn't say  
Watch our love go up in flames  
Embers in the morning rain I'm removing you  
I'm returning you  
But I'll remember you  
Oh and I'll get over you I'll get over you (I swear it, I swear it)  
I'll get over you (Ooo, ooo)  
I'll get over you (I tell myself that)  
I'll get over you  
You, over you... Ticking time won't wait for me  
Impatient hands while seconds flee  
I press your rose in pages past  
Brittle leaves aren't meant to last Promises collecting dust  
I guess they got the best of us

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