

D

I turn on the tube and what do I see

A whole lotta people cryin Don t blame me

They point their crooked little fingers at everybody else

Spend all their time feelin sorry for themselves

G

Victim of this victim of that

A

Your mamma s too thin; your daddy s too fat

D

Get over it

F

Get over it

G

All this whinin and cryin and pitchin a fit

D

Get over it get over it

D F G D pause

D

You say you haven t been the same since you had your little crash

But you might feel better if they gave you some cash

The more I think about it Old Billy was right

(harmony)

Let s kill all the lawyers-- kill em tonight

G

You don t want to work; you want to live like a king

A

But the big bad world doesn t owe you a thing

D

Get over it

F

Get over it

G

If you don t want to play then you might as well split

D

Get over it get over it

D F G D.. D F G D .. D D

C

D (drums)

It s like going to a confession every time I hear you speak

C

You re makin the most of your losin streak

A

A

Some call it sick but I call it weak

(get over it page 2)

D

You drag it around like a ball and chain

You wallow in the guilt; you wallow in the pain

You wave it like a flag you wear it like a crown

Got your mind in the gutter bringin everybody down

F

Bitch about the present and blame it on the past.

G

I d like to find your inner child and kick its little ass .. yeh yeh yeh

D

Get over it

F

Get over it

G

All this bitchin and moanin and pitchin a fit

D

Get over it get over it

D

Get over it

F

Get over it

G

Its gotta stop sometimes so why don t you quit

D

Get over it get over it (pause) (come back guitar first all 1/2 later)

D F G D.. D F G D (pause guitar) ...(all play *A G F D*) ...

Drum roll get over it (stop)

[AKORTR](#)