

Eagles - Get Over It

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tom:
Intro: (guitar)
                   D (all), D, D, D,
                                          D (pause)
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
Victim of this, victim of that
Your momma's too thin; your daddy's too fat
Get over it
Get over it
All this whinin' and cryin' and pitchin' a fit
Get over it, get over it
D, F, G D pause
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
(harmonv)
Let's kill all the lawyers-- kill 'em tonight
You don't want to work; you want to live like a king
But the big, bad world doesn't owe you a thing
Get over it
Get over it
If you don't want to play, then you might as well split
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D, F, G, D... D, F, G, (drums) It's like going to a confession every time I hear you speak You're makin' the most of your losin' streak Some call it sick, but I call it weak (get over it, page 2) 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 Bitch about the present and blame it on the past. I'd like to find your inner child and kick its little ass ... yeh, yeh, yeh Get over it Get over it All this bitchin' and moanin' and pitchin' a fit Get over it, get over it Get over it Get over it Its gotta stop sometimes, so why don't you quit 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)

Acordes

Get over it, get over it

