

Get Over It - Eagles

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