Get Over It - Eagles

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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
   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
(harmony)
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
D
Get over it
Get over it
If you don t want to play then you might as well split
Get over it get over it
   F G D.. D F G D.. D D
С
                                                        D (drums)
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It s like going to a confession every time I hear you speak C $\label{eq:confession} \text{You re makin the most of your losin streak} \quad \text{A}$