

12 o'clock in the morning
You came in with a warning
That your windows down
And it's pouring down

While the news was still aching
You were there for the taking
But we let it go
And opted for a show

I'll get over it, you'll get over it, too

You said baby I'm able
Drank me under the table
You came up for air
I know it isn't fair

Oh and thanks for the loaner
I wish I'd known the owner
Of that lovely heart
Before it was torn apart

I'll get over it, you'll get over it, too

I said what about Friday
You said it's after Thursday
But I'll consider that
If I come up flat

6 o'clock in the morning
And nobody is leaving
They won't continue play
After the rain delay

I'll get over it, you'll get over it, too