

# It's Over

Aimee Mann

Everything's beautiful  
Every day's a holiday  
The day you live without it  
Everything changes up  
Everything shifts and falls  
Unless you care about it

But you sit there in the darkness  
And you make plans but they're hopeless  
And you blame God when you're lonely  
And you'll call it fate  
When you show up too late and it's over

Here on the boulevard  
You were the golden boy  
A mix of brains and muscle  
That was a lucky break  
Luck is a thing you make  
Not just another hustle

But you sit there in the darkness  
And you make plans but they're hopeless  
And you blame God when you're lonely  
And you'll call it fate  
When you show up too late and it's over

'Cause nothing can wait forever  
They don't give unlimited chances in life  
They hand you the knife  
And tell you to cut it or run

So baby let's fly  
Baby let's run  
Baby let's run

'Cause everything's beautiful  
Every day's a holiday  
But days are getting shorter  
The moon and the stars report  
The boulevard's last resort  
And now your last supporter

But you sit there in the darkness  
And you make plans but they're hopeless  
And you blame God when you're lonely  
And you'll call it fate  
When you show up too late and it's over