

# Get Over It

Dionne Bromfield

You're staring at your phone all day  
Waiting for a text to come  
From a boy that barely knows your name,  
But you think that he's the one.

You know that I'm a friend of yours,  
I wanna tell it like it is  
But mate it's so hard to explain it  
You're so much better than this

No, you can't make somebody love you  
If you can't make the pieces fit  
No, you can't make somebody love you  
So mate, just get over it

Oh oh ooohh  
Oh oh ooohhhhhh  
Oh oh ooohh woahwoahwoahwoaaaahh

You sit where you can see him  
Two rows back in class each day  
But he never seems to notice you  
Or ever look your way

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If you can't make the pieces fit  
No, you can't make somebody love you  
So mate, just get over it

Oh oh ooohh  
Oh oh ooohhhhhh  
Oh oh ooohh woahwoahwoahwoaaaahh

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Oh oh ooohhhhhh  
Oh oh ooohh woahwoahwoahwoaaaahh

No, you can't make somebody love you  
If you can't make the pieces fit  
No, you can't make somebody love you  
So mate..

Woaahh

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If you can't make the pieces fit  
No, you can't make somebody love you  
So mate, just get over it

Oh oh ooohh  
Oh oh ooohhhhhh  
Oh oh ooohh woahwoahwoahwoaaaahh

Oh oh ooohh  
Oh oh ooohhhhhh  
Oh oh ooohh woahwoahwoahwoaaaahh  
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