

Face It Girl It's Over

Nancy Wilson

When you look into his eyes
And he turns away
Sitting at a corner table
And there's nothing much to say

Does he have to draw you pictures
Does he have to spell it out
Face it girl, it's over
Wo-oyeah, it's over

When he glances at his watch
And it isn't late
And you try to amuse him
And he doesn't concentrate

Just how plainly can he tell you
Does he have to shout out loud
Face it girl, it's over

What's the use in hanging on

As he slowly slips away from you

Don't go along for the ride
Keep some semblence of pride
There's really nothing you can do

There aint nothing you can do girl

So the time has come, I know, for our last good-bye
Guess I'll have to go on living, when it's easier to die
Give me strength enough to take it
Take it like a woman should

Know, I know,
I
Know it's over