

So I Am Over You

Pete Droge

It's tearing in the place where my heart once stood
And missing you, baby, ain't doing me good
It's gnawing and gnashing like teeth in my head
And there's times in the night I'd feel better off dead
So I am over you; tell me what good does it do
'Cause I'm drunk, and drinking at Hattie's at a quarter to two
'Cause I'm over you
He's serving you drinks; he's dishing up smiles
When it's bar time, baby, those minutes mean miles
Well, he's a watchdog, girl; don't you understand
That while he's barking up your tree the boy's got new plans?
So I am over you tell me what good does it do
'cause I'm drunk and drinking at Hattie's at quarter to two
So I am over you; tell me what good does it bring
'Cause I'm over you, and you're over me
When we look at the truth, it's ugly we see
When I read to you, baby, from the book that you wrote
I got a choked-up feeling in the back of my throat
Was it a love sick virus or the knot in my noose?
You say your backpack's heavy, bitch; set the bricks loose
So I am over you; tell me what good does it do
'Cause I'm drunk, and drinking at Hattie's at a quarter to two
So I am over you; tell me what good does it bring
I empty the bottles; I fill up the ashtrays and sing