

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

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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