

You'll Get Over

Patrick Park

Sometimes when the night gets darkest
I see you on a lonesome road
With nothing but the cold wind to call your own
And somewhere in the deep sweet silence
I wonder if you wonder too
And if I'll be able to get through to you

Cause you don't listen much
To what goes on inside
Until you get caught up in the turning tide
You'll get over
You'll get through
Cause you don't ever think about the things you do

You're walk on like a fire burning
Everything that's in your way
Until all of options just fade away
And everything you've built up slowly
Crumbles down around your feet
And no one in the wide world's going to care but me

Cause you don't listen much
To what goes on inside
Until you get got up in the turning tide
You'll get over
You'll get through
Cause you don't ever think about the things you do

You'll get over
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Cause you don't ever think about things you do