

# 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

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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

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