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 guarter 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