

Slipping down a slide  
I did enjoy the ride  
Don't know what to decide  
You lied to me  
You looked me in the eye  
It took me by surprise  
Now are you gratified  
You cried to me

La, la, la, la, la

Don't turn around  
I'm sick and I'm tired of your face  
Don't make this worse  
You've already gone and got me mad  
It's too bad I'm not sad  
It's casting over  
It's just one of those things  
You'll have to get over it

When I was feeling down  
You'd start to hang around  
And then I found your hands all over me  
And that was out of bounds  
You filthy rotten hound  
It's better than it sounds, believe me

La, la, la, la, la

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Hey, you gotta get over it  
Hey, you gotta get over it

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