

Get Over Yourself

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You walked into the bar room, like you were strutting down a runway
Dressed to thrill, perfume that kills, and looking half your age
You peered down your perfect nose as if to say "go to hell"
Yes you're gorgeous, now get over yourself.

If haughty were an island , you'd be the queen of Haught
Does that pretty head of yours harbor any thoughts
Not that you would need them, when you're a blonde bombshell
Yes, you're beautiful, now get over yourself.

As you sashay, you display your assets
Always knowin' you'll get by without breaking a sweat
And that low cut blouse don't leave much to guess
Some guys may drool, and act like fools, but me, I'm not impressed.

Cuz the time will come when it won't be fun to keep playing show and tell
In the meantime, here's the bottom line, get over yourself.

Instrumental

Yes, you're sexy, now get over yourself.

That guy that you're with is beaming with pride
He's a millionaire who needs those stares to convince him he's arrived
And you're his trophy girl, not his true amour
And it makes him feel real big, even though you're such a bore

So keep on giving me those looks that show your deep disdain
It won't be long till it's all gone, and your beauty's down the drain
And when it happens, and he snags a younger belle
You'll finally have to get over yourself.
And you'll look at her and say, hey...get over yourself.