

It's Hard to Get Over

G

It's hard to get over

Am

It's so hard to see

Dm7

You think you are broken

D#dim

You think you are free

Em

And sometimes there's moments

F

When it all seems complete

C

D7

And then your old suitcase is laid at your feet

You wake in the darkness

You toss and you turn

Something's forgotten

That you wanted to learn

There's ice on the valance

And wind in the eaves

Sounds like someone arriving

Or did somebody leave?

I once had a sweetheart

With fine raven hair

But she moved to the forest

Not so brutal in there

And she still writes me letters

That are edged with perfume

And poet's quotations

Why, I will not assume

It's cold down on 4th Street

Saw you this time last year

It was just before Christmas

The Jazz pulled us here

You said I was silken

So precious and fine

Yet your heart was in waiting

for some mystical sign

Your never forsaken

There's always a chance

Sweet anticipation

Like a junior high dance

Always best to be ready

to wait by the door

You hope she'll come knocking

You can't stand anymore