

# Willie Nelson, Overtime

OVERTIME  
WITH LUCINDA WILLIAMS  
WRITER LUCINDA WILLIAMS

Overtime  
That's what they all tell me  
That's what they say to me  
Overtime  
Your blue eyes, your black eyelashes  
The way you looked at life  
In your funny way  
I guess out of the blue  
You won't cross my mind  
And I'll get over you  
Overtime  
Your pale skin, your sexy crooked teeth  
The trouble you'd get in  
In your clumsy way  
I guess one afternoon  
You won't cross my mind  
And I'll get over you  
Overtime  
I guess out of the blue  
You won't cross my mind  
And I'll get over you  
Overtime