

It's over, I don't care about him anymore, I'm free  
It's over, it doesn't bother me anymore, and I'm glad  
He is just a gentleman for me  
And all the fuzz, is no longer necessary



The man who came home late at night  
So despondent and irritable  
All of that is no longer my concern  
That's all for her now  
She can have it

The waiting in the big bed  
That was the worst thing, oh my goodness  
Constantly waiting for his steps  
and the sound of his key in the lock  
She can have it

His lies and his turnery  
His inferiority complex  
His sympathy for Feijenoord  
His glasses, his socks and his sex  
She can have it

