



BISHOP PRESS
A WHITE ORCHID COLLECTION



OVER IT.

A GIRLFRIEND'S GUIDE TO
Getting Back on Track



by
LISA BISHOP
— FOUNDER OF BISHOP PRESS —

**OVER IT.
A GIRLFRIEND'S GUIDE TO
GETTING BACK ON TRACK©**

Lisa Bishop

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OVER IT.

A Girlfriend's Guide to Getting Back on Track

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DEDICATION

To all the girlfriends out there — the ones running on fumes, doubting themselves, wondering how they got here.

To my nieces and goddaughters: may you never carry what we carried. By the time it's your turn, I hope the world asks less of you.

To the women who carry the weight of the world, only to realize they were always meant to be the ones writing their own lives.

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SIGNATURE PAGE

Take a Breath...

You're Gonna Be OK.

Hey Girlfriend,

First things first...

Take a Breath...You're Gonna Be OK.

If you're holding this book, I'm guessing life has felt a little...heavy lately.

Maybe you've been carrying everyone else.

Maybe you've been saying "yes" when you wanted to say "no."

Maybe you've been showing up for work, your family, your friends, your community...and somewhere along the way, you quietly slipped to the bottom of your own list.

I've been there too.

That's why I wrote this.

Not to give you one more thing to do.

*Not to hand you another impossible checklist.
And definitely not to pretend I've got it all figured out.*

*I wrote this because sometimes the most powerful thing
another woman can say is...*

"Me too."

So pour yourself a cup of coffee.

Or tea.

Find a quiet corner.

Read a few pages...

Or read the whole thing in one sitting.

There are no rules here.

Just a conversation.

*My hope is that somewhere in these pages you'll laugh,
nod your head, underline a sentence, or finally exhale.*

More than anything...

*I hope this book reminds you of something you've known
all along.*

You were never meant to carry it all.

Welcome.

I'm really glad you're here.

Love you,

Lisa

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book is not a manual for achieving perfection; it's a companion for those moments when you realize the life you're leading isn't the one you want anymore.

These pages come from years of sitting across from women just like you — the ones who look like they have it all together and are quietly falling apart. This is written for the woman who has reached her limit.

If you're feeling the tension of holding it all together, know that this isn't a failure — it's the beginning of your clarity.

Take what resonates, leave what doesn't, and use this guide to reclaim your life.

You are not falling behind.

You are simply clearing the path for what comes next.

PREFACE: A NOTE BETWEEN US

If you're reading this, you've probably been running for a long time. You've been the one who handles the crisis, the one who keeps the schedule, the one who stays calm while everyone else is frantic.

You've been the backbone, the glue, and the shock absorber for everyone around you. And somewhere along the way, you started to believe that your worth was tied to your capacity to carry it all.

You're tired. I know you're tired.

You're likely reading this because your body or your brain finally signaled that it was done — the clenching, the exhaustion, the quiet, persistent feeling that if you didn't stop, you were going to break.

Let me be the first to tell you: you aren't broken.

You've just been following a script that was never meant for someone with your heart, your drive, or your potential.

This book isn't a “to-do” list for a better, more efficient life.

It's not about how to squeeze more productivity out of your day so you can be a better machine.

It is a guide to coming home to yourself.

It's about taking your life back from the demands of others and finding the version of yourself that exists beneath all that noise.

We're going to be honest about the messy, uncomfortable parts of this transition.

We're going to talk about the boundaries that will make people uncomfortable, the fear of letting things drop, and the reality of choosing your own peace in a world that profits off your exhaustion.

You don't need a miracle, and you don't need to be fixed. You just need to be reminded of who you are when you aren't trying to carry the world.

So, take a deep breath. Drop your shoulders.

We're starting now.

INTRODUCTION: THE WAKE-UP CALL

I know exactly where you are sitting right now.

You're probably reading this in the quiet hiding spot of your parked car, or late at night when the rest of the house is finally asleep, or at your desk during a two-minute

window between back-to-back meetings while your coffee goes cold.

On paper, your life looks incredible. You are the one everyone counts on. You have the credentials, the track record, and the reputation for being completely unflappable.

You are the fixer, the strategist, the one who can handle any crisis.

But if we are being completely honest — just between us, girlfriend — you are running on absolute fumes.

You have built a life based on how much weight your shoulders can carry, and the weight is starting to crush you.

The mental load, the relentless demands, the constant buzz of anxiety in your chest — it's become your default setting.

You keep telling yourself, “If I can just get through this week, things will calm down.”

But deep down, you know that's a lie. The track you are on is leading straight off a cliff, and you are terrified that if you slow down even an inch, the whole thing will come crashing down.

This book is your emergency exit.

It is not a dense academic textbook, and it is definitely not a “salesy” productivity guide telling you how to squeeze more tasks into your day.

You don't need another to-do list.

You need an escape hatch.

Over the next ten chapters, we are going to look in the mirror, face the truth of how we got here, and walk step-by-step through a complete reset.

Take a deep breath. Drop your shoulders. Drop your jaw.

You don't have to carry the world for the next few hours.

Let's get you back on track.

FROM WHERE I STAND

The exhaustion you're feeling isn't new. It's just finally loud enough that you can't gloss over it anymore.

You've been calling it a bad week for years. It was never a week. It was a way of living you built to survive, and it stopped working a long time ago.

Being “over it” isn't dramatic. It's the first honest thing you've said to yourself in months.

You didn't need permission to be exhausted. You needed permission to admit it out loud. You just gave it to yourself.

REAL TALK

You are not the designated savior of every project, person, and problem that crosses your desk.

Somewhere along the line, you convinced yourself that if you put it down, it would all shatter.

It won't.

And even if it cracks, that's not on you.

You were built to lead, not to carry.

Your worth is not determined by how much you can handle before you snap.

TRY THIS

Stop “doing” for one hour.

No phone, no lists, no background noise. Just sit.

If your brain starts listing tasks, let them float by like leaves on a river.

Don't grab them. Just watch them pass.

That's your first step toward getting your power back.

TAKE A BREATH

*You didn't lose your spark, you just
stopped burning yourself out to keep
everyone else's lights on.*

CHAPTER 1: OVER IT

Let's skip the pleasantries. If you're reading this, you're currently holding it together by a thread so thin it's practically invisible.

You've been “doing it all” for so long that you've forgotten who you are when you aren't fixing, planning, or carrying.

You're the one everyone calls when the world goes sideways — the human one-stop shop for everyone else on your team, your family, your entire circle.

You're the one who makes the impossible look like a casual Tuesday.

And God, are you tired.

Not the kind of tired that a weekend getaway or a deep sleep can fix.

This is deep-tissue, soul-level exhaustion. It's the kind of fatigue that comes from living a life where your only reward for doing a good job is being given more jobs to do.

You've spent years building this life, carefully curated and meticulously maintained.

You look perfect on paper. You look perfect on Instagram.

But in the quiet moments?

When the house is finally silent and you're staring at the wall, you feel like a fraud. You feel like you're starring in a movie you never auditioned for, playing a character you don't even like anymore.

Take a breath.

You aren't broken. You aren't “failing.” You are simply, fundamentally, over it.

And that realization? That's the most dangerous thing you've felt in years.

Because once you admit that you're over it, you can't go back to pretending.

The mask doesn't fit the same way. The to-do list doesn't look like a mountain of success anymore; it looks like a pile of evidence against your own happiness.

Stop trying to fix the cracks. Stop trying to fix your way out of burnout.

You aren't a project that needs a better plan; you're a human being who needs to stop performing.

Pour the wine.

Or don't.

But listen to me: you have permission to drop the weight.

You have permission to be done.

We're not going to “manage” our way out of this. We're going to burn the script, and we're going to start over.

You ready?

Let's go!!!

TRY THIS

Say it out loud, alone, in the car or the shower or wherever no one's listening: "I'm over it."

Don't explain it. Don't justify it.

Just say it, and notice what happens in your chest.

That's the first crack in the performance. It's supposed to feel like relief, not failure.

REAL TALK

You are allowed to be done without an explanation.

You don't owe anyone the performance of “fine.”

The version of you who has it all together was never the real one. She was the one you built for everyone else.

Let her go.

Nobody is going to miss her more than you think.

TRY THIS

Say it out loud, alone, in the car or the shower or wherever no one's listening: "I'm over it."

Don't explain it. Don't justify it.

Just say it, and notice what happens in your chest.

That's the first crack in the performance. It's supposed to feel like relief, not failure.

TAKE A BREATH

*You aren't broken. You aren't
failing. You're just a woman who
has been holding up the ceiling for
so long that you forgot what it feels
like to stand tall.*

YOUR TURN

One thing you're still carrying that isn't yours. Write it down. Then close the book.
