

A Quarter to Three

Sleater-Kinney

It's one am, you haven't called
Must be four, wherever you are
And the photo booth strip
And the letter you wrote
Feel like nothing I could hold

Nothing bad, nothing free
Nothing left me to feel
It's like goin' to bed at a quarter to three
Finally tired, finally empty

I be up to play the game
Back and forth, back at me
Confidence fell and I feel so mad
Tell me whose side are you on?

Nothing bad, nothing free
Nothing left me to feel
It's like goin' to pieces could fix everything
At this point, I'm really me

Nothing bad, nothing free
Nothing left me to feel
It's like goin' to bed at a quarter to three
Finally tired, finally empty
Finally tired, finally empty