

## 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