

# Holly Tree, 3 Am

it seems so hard, fucking time  
i'm all alone and there's nothing to do  
i'm sick and tired of starting at  
the fucking walls of my fucking bedroom

i think of her, but she's far away  
i wonder if she's thinking of me  
what can i do if she's not here  
there's nothing on the radio and nothing on tv

it makes me ask  
why can't i rush the time  
i'm lonely with my doubt

it's 3 am i try to sleep  
i spend hours lying on my bed  
i look to the clock it's 3:15  
i'm starting to go crazy,  
this is fucking time is making me sad

i turn on lights, i turn off lights  
i'm so tired but i can't sleep  
so i try to find something to do  
cause this paranoia is kinda sick