

Halsey, 3 AM (3am)

Darling, I just left the bar
And I've misplaced all my credit cards
My self preservation and all of my reservations
Are sitting and contemplatin' what to do with me, do with me

Think I took it way too far
And I'm stumbling drunk, getting in a car
My insecurities are hurting me
Someone, please come and flirt with me
I really need a mirror that'll come along and tell me that I'm fine

I do it every time
I keep on hanging on the line
Ignoring every warning sign
Come on and make me feel alright again

'Cause it's 3 a.m.
And I'm calling everybody that I know
And here we go again
While I'm running through the numbers in my phone
And yeah I'll take fake moans and dial tones
Let 'em spill right down the microphone
I need it digital
'Cause, baby, when it's physical
I end up alone, end up alone

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
I need it digital
'Cause, baby, when it's physical
I end up alone, end up alone

Every night I wanna live in color through a white-blue screen
I got a technicolor vision going vivid in my white-blue jeans
I know it's complicated 'cause everyone that I've dated
Says they hate it 'cause they don't know what to do with me, do with me
Know that my identity's always gettin' the best of me
I'm the worst of my enemies and I don't really know what to do with me
Yeah, I don't really know what to do with me

I keep on hangin' on the line
Ignoring every warning sign
Come on and make me feel alright again

'Cause it's 3 a.m.
And I'm calling everybody that I know
And here we go again
While I'm running through the numbers in my phone
And yeah I'll take fake moans and dial tones
Let 'em spill right down the microphone
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'Cause, baby, when it's physical
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La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
I need it digital
'Cause, baby, when it's physical
I end up alone, end up alone

I'm reckless, treated like a necklace
Take a different version and I try it on for size

With everybody that I know
And will you please pick up the fucking phone?

'Cause it's 3 a.m
And I'm calling everybody that I know
And here we go again
While I'm running through the numbers in my phone
And yeah I'll take fake moans and dial tones
Let 'em spill right down the microphone
I need it digital
'Cause baby when it's physical
I end up alone, end up alone

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
I need it digital
'Cause baby when it's physical
I end up alone

(Your... your best song)
(Is a song a song that's currently on the radio)
(How many people can say that?)
(That their best song is the one that's currently about to be a massive hit?)
(It's already a hit)
(It's just gonna get more massive)
(How many people can say it?)
(Not very many)
(Congratulations!)