

# Sleater-Kinney, A Quarter To Three

It's one a.m, you haven't called  
It must be four wherever you are  
And the photo booth strip, and the letter you wrote  
They feel like nothing I could hold

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

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

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

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