

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