

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