

# 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?

It's like goin' to pieces could fix everything  
At this point I'm really me