

Eric Martin

"A Quarter To Three"

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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 peices could fix everything
At this point I'm really me

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