

## **This Time Next Year**

### **"3 O'Clock"**

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I know you asked for rain, but I brought you fire.  
I didn't think you'd mind. I know it's not the same,  
But I'm getting tired of listening to you whine.  
Why should I pretend, you see my friend, I heard what  
you said.  
The implications lie and the consensus says you wish I  
was dead.  
I don't care much to talk your talk or be in the way when  
you decide to  
Walk,  
But something in you just ain't fucking right.  
Fist in hand, you got a plan. I see it's your way or no  
other way at all.  
Let me tell you, you just ruined my night.  
I don't care much to justify the way you deal with the  
problems in your  
Life,  
If it's the only way that you can work things out. Eye to  
eye.  
What would they think? The rats are in laughter  
Cause they think you're slick. Our consensus is that  
you're a dick.  
The fools you follow are role models to a head that's  
hollow.  
The pride you'd swallow if you'd let it go. Let it go. Let it  
go

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