

Nita Whitaker

"Tuesday, 3 am"

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Tuesday, 3 am
Once again I'm wide awake.
Waiting for this time to mend this heart of mine,
That keeps on breaking.
Newspapers I throw away
Wash the dishes in the sink
3am, on Tuesday
I have too much time to think.

I could call out to heaven I could crawl down through hell
Nothing will change the way the way they are, and nothing ever will

He thinks I can't hear him cry
And I pretend I don't know all about the 3 am's he spend wrestling with your ghost.

I hear him call out to heaven, I watch him crawl down through hell
He still can't get over you
I know he never will

Nothing he says can bring you back
He's got nothing left to show
But a pocket watch and memories
For that kiss out in the snow

I hear him call out to heaven, I watch him crawl down through hell
He still can't get over you
I know he never will

I hear him call out to heaven, I watch him crawl down through hell
He still can't get over you
I know he never will.

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