

# Quarter To Three

## The Strangeloves

Whenever light shines down on misery  
It can only make things worse  
On the day we met she burned so bright  
I was lucky as a gypsy curse

Well she was blushing like a wedding day  
With her eyes so sharp and black  
And her gentle little smile  
Was the color of blood  
And she's never ever coming back

Now let me tell you:  
I've been up since a quarter to three  
And I've been pacing back and forth  
Through the hall  
I've been thinking 'bout the first time  
She took my hand  
And I don't understand it at all

Whatever hopes I once kept safe & sound  
In a locker underneath my bed  
Whatever thoughts I once kept to myself  
Are drowned out and dead

Because she sounded like a symphony  
When she simply said my name  
And the long blue days  
That once were hers  
Are long now just the same

In the hallway hangs a photograph  
On her hand, a diamond ring  
She mailed it with a little note  
She nailed it to the edge of my wing

I have burned out every sympathy  
And the house is still and black  
But now I've seen my misery  
And she's never ever coming back

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written by Rice, Justin / Rudder, Christian  
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