

# 3am

## Halsey

Darling, I just left the bar  
And I've misplaced all my credit cards  
My self preservation and all of my reservations  
Are sitting and contemplatin' what to do with me, do with me  
Think I took it way too far  
And I'm stumbling drunk, getting in a car  
My insecurities are hurting me  
Someone, please come and flirt with me  
I really need a mirror that'll come along and tell me that I'm fine  
I do it every time  
I keep on hanging on the line  
Ignoring every warning sign  
Come on and make me feel alright again  
'Cause it's 3 a.m.  
And I'm calling everybody that I know  
And here we go again  
While I'm running through the numbers in my phone  
And yeah I'll take fake moans and dial tones  
Let 'em spill right down the microphone  
I need it digital  
'Cause, baby, when it's physical  
I end up alone, end up alone  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
I need it digital  
'Cause, baby, when it's physical  
I end up alone, end up alone  
Every night I wanna live in color through a white-blue screen  
I got a technicolor vision going vivid in my white-blue jeans  
I know it's complicated 'cause everyone that I've dated  
Says they hate it 'cause they don't know what to do with me, do with me  
Know that my identity's always gettin' the best of me  
I'm the worst of my enemies and I don't really know what to do with me  
Yeah, I don't really know what to do with me  
I keep on hangin' on the line  
Ignoring every warning sign  
Come on and make me feel alright again  
'Cause it's 3 a.m.  
And I'm callling everybody that I know  
And here we go again  
While I'm running through the numbers in my phone  
And yeah I'll take fake moans and dial tones  
Let 'em spill right down the microphone  
I need it digital  
'Cause, baby, when it's physical  
I end up alone, end up alone  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
I need it digital  
'Cause, baby, when it's physical  
I end up alone, end up alone I'm reckless, treated like a necklace  
Take a different version and I try it on for size  
With everybody that I know  
And will you please pick up the fucking phone? 'Cause it's 3 a.m  
And I'm calling everybody that I know  
And here we go again  
While I'm running through the numbers in my phone  
And yeah I'll take fake moans and dial tones  
Let 'em spill right down the microphone  
I need it digital  
'Cause baby when it's physical  
I end up alone, end up alone La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
I need it digital  
'Cause baby when it's physical  
I end up alone (Your... your best song)  
(Is a song a song that's currently on the radio)  
(How many people can say that?)  
(That their best song is the one that's currently about to be a massive hit?)  
(It's already a hit)  
(It's just gonna get more massive)  
(How many people can say it?)  
(Not very many)  
(Congratulations!)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>