

3 a.m.

Eminem

There is no escaping
There is no place to hide
you scream someone save me
but they don't pay no mind
You're walkin' down a horror corridor
It's almost 4 in the mornin' and your in a
Nightmare it's horrible
Right there's the coroner
Waitin' for you to turn the corner So he can corner ya', you're a goner
He's on to ya', out the corner of his cornea
He just saw you run, all you want is to rest
'Cause you can't run anymore, you're done
All he wants is to kill you in front of an audience
While everybody is watching in the party, applauding it
Here I sit while I'm caught up in deep thought again
Contemplating my next plot again
Swallowing the Calotapin
While I'm nodding in and out on the ottoman
At the Ramada Inn holding onto the pill bottle then
Lick my finger and swirl it round the bottom
And make sure I got all of it, wake up naked
At McDonald's with blood all over me
Dead bodies behind the counter, shit
Guess I must've just blacked out again, not again
It's 3 A.M. in the morning
Put my key in the door and
Bodies laying all over the floor and
I don't remember how they got there
But I guess I must've killed 'em
(Killed 'em)
I said
Its 3 AM in the morning
Put my keys in the door and
Bodies laying all over the floor and
I don't remember how they got here
But i guess i must've killed 'em
(Killed 'em)
Sitting nude in my living room
It's almost noon, I wonder what's on the tube
Maybe they'll show some boobs
Surfing every channel until I find Hannah Montana Then I reach for the aloe and lanolin Bust all
over the wall paneling

Dismantling every candle on top
Of the fire place mantle and grab my flannel
And my bandanna then
Kiss the naked mannequin man again You can see him standing in my front window
If you look in, I'm just a hooligan who's used to
Using hallucinogens, causing illusions again
Brain contusions again, cutting and bruising the skin
Razors, scissors, and pins, Jesus, when does it end?
Phases that I go through, dazed and I'm so confused
Days that I don't know who, gave these molecules to me
What am I gonna do? Hey, the prodigal son
The godfather for one
Very methodical when I slaughter them
It's 3 A.M. in the morning
Put my key in the door and
Bodies laying all over the floor and
I don't remember how they got there
But I guess I must've killed 'em
(Killed 'em)
I said
It's 3 AM in the morning
Put my keys in the door and
I don't remember how they got here
But i guess i must've killed 'em
(Killed 'em)
She puts the lotion in the bucket
It puts the lotion on the skin
Or else it gets the hose again
She puts the lotion in the bucket
It puts the lotion on the skin I cut and I slash slice and gash
Last night was a blast
I can't quite remember when I had that
Much fun off a half-pint of a Jack
My last vic and a half, a flashlight up Kim Kardashian's ass, I remember the first time I
dismembered a family member, December
I think it was, I was having drinks with my cousin
I wrapped him in Christmas lights
Pushed him into the stinking tub
Cut him up into pieces and just When I went to drink his blood
I thought I oughta' drink his bathwater that oughta' be fun
That's when my days of serial murder manslaughter begun
The sight of blood excites me that might be an artery son
Your blood curdling screams just don't seem to bother me none
It's 3 A.M. and here I come so you should probably run A secret passageway around here, man
There's got to be one, oh no, there's probably none
He can scream all that he wants, top of his lungs
But ain't no stopping me from chopping him up
(Up)
It's 3 A.M. in the morning

Put my key in the door and
Bodies laying all over the floor and
I don't remember how they got there
But I guess I must've killed 'em
(Killed 'em)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>