

Phantom Planet, 1st Things 1st

You should get your story straight before I start to doubt it
Cuz if you've worn your lipstick off, I want to hear about it

And telling me would be such a breeze, tell me if you want to leave

I think I'm getting the drift
You want some time with your friends
On the nights and weekends
You take the time for yourself
Both of us used to spend

Before you make it better
Before you make it worse
First things first

I don't think it's an accident you treat me like a dummy
Hold on, Hold on
I've been asking for the truth at least just tell me something
Hold on, Hold on

And telling me would be such a breeze
Let me know, don't let me be

It's almost too easy
I'm holding you by the hand
More like the nape of your neck
Why don't you draw up a list you have to frequently check?
And put some things in order
And lose it in your purse
First things First