

Phantom Planet, After Hours

Watching everybody leaving,
I tell myself, "Looks can be deceiving."
Oh, I'm hoping that I'm not dead right
This after hours, afterlife
I'm not ready to die in style tonight.

Tried to follow you out,
But I did not know where you'd be leading on,
And you might think people don't live through being dead wrong.
Well I guess that your parents must have raised a themselves a strictly pious daughter,
'Cause you move through this crowd
Just like parting water.

Oh you dress so nice
You dress to kill
They drop like flies
But who's the funeral for?

Afterwhile these hot, hot nights can turn everything sour
Oh, I know it's not hard to get in trouble after hours.