

Phantom Planet, In Our Darkest Hour

Oh yeah it started today in a cloud If I was the sun I would shout
I've got so much shining left before I'm out
Yeah it began with a spark then a flame grew into a fire and spread out again
And I just woke up here surrounded by the whole thing

Well, we have got to get out of here
In our darkest hour
When we may not make it

I can't see a thing through the smoke and if I could breathe
I'd try not to choke
No where to run no where to hide no where to go
Sometimes I get stuck yeah I get so upset
I burn at the ends I learn to regret
Just one toss of that faithful cigarette

Well, we have got to get out of here
In our darkest hour
I think the end is near I can feel it
We have got to get out of here
In our darkest hour
When we may not make it