

After Hours

Phantom Planet

Watching everybody leavin'
I tell myself, looks can be deceivin'
Oh, I'm hopin' 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 leadin' on
And you might think people
Don't live through bein' dead wrong
Well, I guess that
Your parents must have raised
Themselves a strictly pious daughter
'Cause you move through this crowd
Just like partin' water
Oh, you dress so nice
You dress to kill
They drop like flies
But who's the funeral for?
After a while these hot, hot nights
Can turn everything sour
Oh, I know it's not hard to get
In trouble after hours
After a while these hot, hot nights
Can turn everything sour
I know it's not hard to get
In trouble after hours

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