

# 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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