

The party's over,
a CD skipping,
it's the same hook repeating,
grows more grating with each passing second.
And the walls contain a resonation, laughter, and conversation.

It was fun while it lasted, but now we should be going.
I hope everybody had a real, real good time. The
hospitality's partaken, my head is flying my heart's racing
to keep up.
And I hope I haven't overdone it.
I hope my body can take it.
I hope I make the occasion.
It's only this fucked up
I start realizing that all this living is just dying.
If these are my friends, if this is my home, if this is how I spend
my nights, how I communicate, and demonstrate a love of life?
My eyes roll into the back of my head,
if these are the last words that I've ever said,
no I'm not ready to die just yet.