

After Hours

Coleman Hell

That's what it is, like, after hours, it's just moments
Moments in time, you know?
You're just feeling so great and everything's clicking and music is perfect
All you need, it's like you're pulling a parachute, right?
And you just, you just jump
And you take, like, some, uh, girl home or whatever like that
It's not gonna work out, man! It's for the night
You know, you're not gonna find love at the fucking after hours

We're at the after hours
It's where everybody goes
When all of the bars are all closed
Yeah, we're creeping in at 3 am, yeah
Oh, baby, oh, baby
It's 3 am, why aren't you home, baby, home, baby
I tried to call, pick up your phone, baby, phone, baby
My heels are banging on the bathroom door

Yeah, yeah
We're at the after hours
It's where everybody goes
When they don't have a way to get home
Yeah, we're slipping in at 6 am, yeah
Oh baby, oh baby
It's 6 am, why aren't you home, baby, home, baby
I tried to call, pick up your phone, baby, phone, baby
My heels are banging on the bathroom door

Yeah, yeah
Washed up rockstars, cross-dressing boys
Trust fund kids getting lost in the void
If home's where the heart is, I ain't got no home
This bar's like an orphanage

Take me high, take me low
I'm just trying to fix my soul
With the love and the drugs and the smoke and the beer
And the hope and the fear and the tears that I'm crying
I feel like I'm dying, help me, please
Oh yeah, help me, please
Oh yeah, gimme your, gimme your, gimme your love
Oh yeah, help me, please
Oh yeah

We're at the after hours
It's where everybody goes
When all of the bars are all closed
Oh, oh, oh
We're at the after hours
It's where everybody goes
When you don't wanna feel so alone
Let's order up another round