

Too Much, Too Often

Phantom Planet

It's showing in your face
You're out night after night
Came with a hungry heart
Losing my appetite
The hours just keep passing by and I start wondering
About the hole that you became and how I keep falling in

So now without stopping, it's too much too often
Out of the cradle and into the coffin
You're gonna to get down and out on the double
If it starts with attraction it ends up in trouble

It looks like theatre seats
Around an open bar
I see the clientele
For who they really are
Just people chasing parties like a few we had before
And when this evening's over oh we'll still just want for more

So now without stopping, it's too much too often
Out of the cradle and into the coffin
And if you should fall they'll sweep you under the table
And where will you be then?
It's too much too often!

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After the after hours, what was sweet turns so sour
Are you tasting the bitter end?