

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.