

R.E.M., Academy Fight Song

Walk into my room
Ask me jerky questions
Don't mean what you say
Immaculate Conception

Play by the rules
So close to the chest, chest
Show that all's not lost
This is not a test.

Stay just as far from me as me from you.
Make sure that you are sure of everything I do.
'Cause I'm not, not, not, not, not, not, not, not
Your academy

The halls are like piss
The rooms are under lit
Still it must be nice
Such a perfect fit, fit

What's that I hear?
The sound of marching feet

It has a strange allure,
Has a strange allure

Stay just as far from me as me from you.
Make sure that you are sure of everything I do.
'Cause I'm not, not, not, not, not, not, not, not
Your academy

Your academy

Maybe you're right,
I shouldn't judge
What's wrong or right,
It's all too much

I'm not judging you,
I'm judging me.
My academy.
Your academy
My academy.
Your academy