

# The Academy Is..., Black Mamba

We've got one chance to break out  
And we need it now  
'Cause I'm sick and tired of waiting  
Sick of this fucking apartment  
Love me, or leave me, or rip me apart  
This is the voice that I was given and  
If you don't like it take a long walk  
Off of the shortest pier you can find  
And I'll be singing it out, I'll be singing

Oh, Mr. Magazine  
I never wrote one single thing for you  
Or your so-called music scene  
You don't mean a thing to me

Pick it up, pick it up, it's what you wanted  
Pick it up, pick it up, and you need it too  
Pick it up, pick it up, it's what you wanted  
Pick it up, pick it up

When they review the debut  
What if the critics hate you  
Don't worry 'cause we  
Might just catch somebody off their feet  
Well they can love it, or leave it, or rip it apart  
We're living what we're singing  
So I guess that's a step in the right direction  
Clever composition and the honesty, honesty

Oh, Mr. Magazine  
I never wrote one single thing for you  
Or your so-called music scene  
You both mean shit to me

Pick it up, pick it up, it's what you wanted  
Pick it up, pick it up, and you need it too  
Pick it up, pick it up, it's what you wanted  
Pick it up, pick it up

So save your breath and the money you spent  
Go work in retail and spare the suspense  
Just don't take chances on anything at all  
Anything at all

So afraid of anything that may not come that easy  
Too afraid of anything you may not have seen before  
So afraid of anything that may not come that easy  
Too afraid of anything that may not...

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Pick it up, pick it up, it's what you wanted  
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