

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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