

The Academy Is, Coppertone

Do you think youre up for this?
Are you ready to get undressed
Undressed in your evening best, besides
Every heart is like a house on fire with
Escape routes in every room
These are the trials of our youth

But this charade is never going to last
So pick the poison and pour yourself a glass
I still feel the same
Ah, no ones to blame

I will be waiting outside if youre ready to go
Your sundress reflects in the headlight glow
Besides, every heart is like a house of cards
When the walls break down on you
These are the trials of our youth

But this charade is never going to last
So pick the poison and pour yourself a glass
I still feel the same
Ah, these are the fast times
These are the fast times

But this charade is never going to last
So pick the poison and pour yourself a glass
I still feel the same
Ah...

These mistakes are just a part of the ride
And if we choke on the next tongue that we tie
I still feel the same
Ah, these are the fast times
These are the fast times
These are the fast times
These are the fast times