

The Academy Is..., Every Burden Has A Version

She'd rather repair her face
With the lights turned off, the door wide open
In an empty house, the frozen minutes are melting slow
As she watches from the window

The streetlight's flickering like a tongue
That can't stop licking
Like the cat that caught the cream
She's never gonna be, she's never gonna be
Quite satisfied

Just like a hundred dollar bill
Fold it up and tear it at the crease
There's not much left inside your chest
But it's worth much more than what you see
Every burden has a version in somebody else

She smokes her smokes outside to avoid the fight
She'd rather be enjoying
The silent stillness of the suburbs after midnight
What's the point? Don't try to hide, don't justify
A thing, she's so naive to think she'd be capable
Like a cat that caught the cream
She's never gonna be quite satisfied

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This will be the last time (This will be)
Behind your eyes, behind your hair
This will be the last time (This will be)
This will be the last time

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This will be the last time (This will be)
Behind your eyes, behind your hair
This will be the last time (This will be)
This will be the last time, oh
This will be the last time (This will be)
Behind your eyes, behind your hair
This will be the last time (This will be)
There's one last chance to say goodbye