

# 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

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

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

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

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

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

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