

The Academy Is, Paper Chase

Please stand by, we've come so far
Four years, we survived the ride that
Turned us inside out
Repeat after me, just scream and shout,
"It was the best of times from broken homes
And battle scars to where we are";

Graduate, paper chase
We'll get out of this place
Don't turn around, hit the highway
Pour some liquor out for this town
Now that's all for us, it's last call, drink up

Roll it out, it's over now
We're the cast-outs with messed up friends
Who never did fit in
Don't care where it ends
It doesn't matter now
As long as we're as one, we'll take
The next bus
Destination: setting sun

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This is an open invite for all to attend
Don't ask too many questions, now
Don't tell us how it ends
Because we're the ones who wrote the end

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