

# 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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