

Every Burden Has a Version

The Academy Is...

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 street light's flickering like a tongue that can't stop licking.
Like the cat that got 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 the cat that got 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 you think.

And this will be the last time
You hide your eyes behind your hair.
This will be the last time, 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, you hide your eyes behind your hair.
This will be the last time, this will be the last time, oh.
This will be the last time, you hide your eyes behind your hair.
This will be the last time, there's one last chance to say goodbye.