

Black Mamba (Three In the Morning Party Mix)

The Academy Is...

We've got one chance to break out
And we need it now
'Cause I'm sick and tired of waiting
Sick of this fucking apartment
Love me, or leave me
Or rip me apart
This is the voice that I was given and
If you don't like it take a long walk
Off of the shortest pier you can find
And I'll be singing it out
I'll be singing Mr. Magazine
I never wrote one single thing for you
Or your so-called music scene
You don't mean a thing to me
Pick it up
It's what you wanted
Pick it up
And you need it too
Pick it up
It's what you wanted
Pick it up When they review the debut
What if the critics hate you
Don't worry 'cause we
Might just catch somebody off their feet
Well they can love it or leave it
Or rip it apart
We're living what we're singing
So I guess that's a step in the right direction
Clever composition and the honesty
Mr. Magazine
I never wrote one single thing for you
Or your so-called music scene
You both mean shit to me Pick it up
It's what you wanted
Pick it up
And you need it too
Pick it up
It's what you wanted
Pick it up So save your breath and the money you spent
Go work in retail and spare the suspense

Just don't take chances on anything at all
Anything at all So afraid of anything that may not come that easy
Too afraid of anything you may not have seen before
So afraid of anything that may not come that easy
Too afraid of anything that may not... Pick it up
It's what you wanted
Pick it up
And you need it too
Pick it up
It's what you wanted
Pick it up So save your breath and the money you spent
Go work in retail and spare the suspense
Just don't take chances on anything at all
Anything at all So save your breath and the money you spent
Go work in retail and spare the suspense
Just don't take chances on anything at all
Anything at all

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>