

The Academy Is... "After The Last Midtown Show"

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It's a drunken midnight on the streets,
Brightly dusted with a neon light.
We duck behind the corner store,
Smoke your smokes while I keep
A watchful eye.
Right here, right now.
I hope before the night is through
One fumbled touch will finally hit the spot.
You've got everything going for you,
So I'll go for you with everything I got.
Right here, the best days of our lives.
Is this coincidence or a sign?

Is there anything I missed?
Is there anything I missed?
Tell me if I'm wrong,
But why would we change a thing?

When the morning light fights through the cracks
Cascading across the bed, and you are mine.
When your parents start to wake for work,
Between the sheets, I'll keep a watchful eye.
Right here, the best days of our lives.
Is this coincidence or a sign?

Is there anything I missed?
Is there anything I missed?
Tell me if I'm wrong,
But why would we change it?

When we met I was on my back.
I swear we spent most afternoons
Somewhere in the act.
We were part of something ours,
And ours alone.
Anywhere was home.
We're almost here again.

When we met I was on my back.
I swear we spent most afternoons
Somewhere in the act.
We were part of something ours,

And ours alone.
Anywhere was home.

We're almost here again.
We're almost here again.
We're almost here again.
Right here, right now.

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