

Academy Is, The "Paper Chase"

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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, its 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 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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Hit the highway, pour some liquor out for this town
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