

# Black Mamba (Album Version)

## 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 upSo 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 allSo save your breath and the money you spent  
Go work in retail and spare the suspense  
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Anything at all

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>