

# Mayonaise

## The Academy Is...

Fool enough to almost be it  
Cool enough to not quite see it doomed  
Pick your pockets full of sorrow  
Run away with me tomorrow, June  
We'll try and ease the pain  
But somehow we'll feel the same  
Well, no one knows  
Where our secrets go  
I send a heart to all my dearies  
When your life is so, so dreary, dream  
I'm rumored to the straight and narrow  
While the harlots of my perils, scream  
And I fail  
But when I can, I will  
Try to understand  
When I can, I will  
Mother weep the years I'm missing  
All our time can't be given, back  
Shut my mouth and strike the demons

That cursed you and your reasons  
Out of hand and out of season  
Out of love and out of feeling, so bad  
When I can, I will  
Words defy the plan  
When I can, I will  
Fool enough to almost be it  
And cool enough to not quite see it  
And old enough to always feel this  
Always old, I'll always feel this  
No more promise, no more sorrow  
No longer will I follow  
Can anybody hear me?  
I just want to be me  
When I can, I will  
Try to understand  
When I can, I will

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