

Academy Is, The "Classifieds"

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My life reads like the classifieds.
Pages of what's for sale; whats on the auction block.
Attention bidders! Its lot 45.
He's got a decent voice, he's got that crooked smile.
Hold on, you havent heard the best yet.
He writes great storylines, he's got those honest eyes.
So take him home for just \$9.95.
He'll sing the songs you like, he'll keep you warm at night.

Back down, cash out, that's the city for you.
Break down and back out, and get what's coming to you.
When you said you were falling apart I thought you meant that you were falling apart.

I'm not the type to forget about nights like this,
where every single move that I make is documented and scored for style points.
The once ambitious one now holds the smoking gun.
And if I die in my sleep, are you still willing to be everything you promised you would be?

Back down, cash out, that's the city for you.
Break down and back out, and get what's coming to you.
When you said you were falling apart I thought you meant that you were falling apart.

Will you be the first one to tell the neighborhood paper and all my family and friends that still care?
Did you buy what I sold and did you feel what I told you?
I hope you still do.
Will you promise yourself,
that this isn't all we've got?

Back down, cash out, that's the city for you.
Break down and back out, and get what's coming to you.
When you said you were falling apart I thought you meant that you were falling apart.

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