Classifieds

The Research

My life reads like the classifieds
Pages of what's for sale, what's on the auction block
Attention bidders, it's line 45
He's got a decent voice, he's got that crooked smile
Hold on, you haven't heard the best yet
He writes good story lines, 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, at night
Back, back, back, back
Back, back, back, back
Back down, cash out, that's the city for you
Break down, 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, back, back, back, back, back, back, back)
Back down, cash out, that's the city for you
Break down, 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, back out and get what's coming to you
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