

# 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  
When you said you were falling apart  
I thought you meant that you were falling apart  
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Lyrics provided by  
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