

Classifieds

The Academy Is...

My life reads like the classifieds
Pages of what's for sale, whats on the auction block?
Attention bidders, its Lot forty-five
He's got a decent voice, he's got that crooked smile
Hold on, you haven't heard the best yet
He writes good storylines, he's got those honest eyes
So, take him home for just nine-ninety-five
he'll sing the songs you like, he'll keep you warm at night (at night)
Back down, cash out, that's the city for ya
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
Ohh oh... I'm not the type to forget about nights like this
when every single move that I make is documented and scored for style points
The once ambitious one, now holds a 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 ya
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
Ohh oh
Will you be the first one to tell the neighborhood papers
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 that you still do, will you?
Promise yourself, that this isn't all we've got
Back down, cash out, that's the city for ya
Break down and back out, get what's coming to you
When you said you were falling apart
I thought you meant that you were falling apart
Back down, cash out, that's the city for ya
Break down and back out, get what's coming to you
When you said you were falling apart
I thought you meant that you were falling apart
Ohh oh

Songwriters

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