

The Academy Is..., Classifieds

My life reads like the classifieds
Pages of what's for sale, what's on the auction block?
Attention bidders, it's Lot 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 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, back down, 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
Oh, oh, 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 the smoking gun

And if I die in my sleep, are you still willing to be
Everything you promised you would be?

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Oh, oh, 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, 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?

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