The Academy Is, The Phrase That Pays (Nashvill

My eyes can't believe what they have seen In the corner of your room you've stockpiled A million of my, my memories, oh Oh doctor, doctor, I must have gotten this sick somehow I'm going to ask you a series of questions And I want them answered on the spot, right now

Is it serious? I'm afraid it is Am I gonna die? Well son, death is gonna catch up to all one day But yours is coming quicker than ours, than ours

Hold your head high, heavy heart So take a chance and make it big 'Cause it's the last you'll ever get If we don't take it, when will we make it? I make plans to break plans And I've been planning something big, planning something big

I never tried to make the best of my time When I thought that I had plenty of it Is this serious? I don't know what to think Is it all a lie? Well one thing is for sure I'm taken back to the glory days when When we were kids without a brash or bitter thing to say

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