

# The Academy Is, The Phrase That Pays (Nashville)

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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