

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, 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.

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 everythin  
g you promised you would be?

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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 that you still do. Will you promise yourself, that this  
isn't all we've got?

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[x2]