

# September In Seattle

## Shawn Mullins

September in Seattle  
Waitin' on a train  
I smoked my last cigarette  
Standin' in out of the rainThere's a cool wind blowin'  
Down the alley by the depot  
Amtrak down the coastline  
To the city of the rosesMamas hangin' hand me down  
Daddy's in the hotel bar  
Kids recitin' mother goose  
Runnin' naked through the yardSee the best and the worst here  
The richest and the poor  
From the mansions on the hilltop  
To the red dirt floor, ohh hoCome on, come onPull into the station  
The sun's settin' outside  
The pushers and the pullers  
Tryin' to take you for a ridePortland is a small town  
With a bitter city smile  
And as I walk these streets around  
I might just hang here for a whileCome on quick

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