Portland

Mike Droho

Shared a cigarette for breakfast
Shared an airplane ride for lunch
Sitting in between a ghost
And a walking bowl of punch
Can you play a little hunch?Predicting a delay on landing
I predict we'll have a drink
Lost my money on the first hand
Got burned on a big fat kingAnd your ears just wanna ring
And your eyes just wanna close
Nothing's changing I supposeIt's too late to turn back, here we go
Portland, oh no
It's too late to turn back, here we go
Portland, oh noWe'll wait away the raindrops
Look out, boy, you'll catch a cold
Serving boy can chain nothing
That ain't anchored to his throne
But at least he's going homeSitting like a backwoods junkie
Caught down in a servant trust
Look at that funny monkey
Putting silver in his cupAnd you're silver runs to rust
In your second hand clothes
Trust no one I supposeBut it's too late to turn back, here we go
Portland, oh no
It's too late to turn back, here we go
Portland, oh noShared a cigarette for breakfast
Shared a pack of lies for lunch
Credit card Almighty
Bringing in the next little bunchWhen you owe me on a hunch
And your eyes just wanna close
There's nothing changing I supposeBur it's too late to turn back, here we go
Portland, oh no
Oh, it's too late to turn back, here we go
Portland, oh noIt's too late to turn, it's too late, I know
Portland, Portland

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