

# 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 king And your ears just wanna ring  
And your eyes just wanna close  
Nothing's changing I suppose 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 no We'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 home Sitting like a backwoods junkie  
Caught down in a servant trust  
Look at that funny monkey  
Putting silver in his cup And you're silver runs to rust  
In your second hand clothes  
Trust no one I suppose But 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 no Shared a cigarette for breakfast  
Shared a pack of lies for lunch  
Credit card Almighty  
Bringing in the next little bunch When you owe me on a hunch  
And your eyes just wanna close  
There's nothing changing I suppose But 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 no It's too late to turn, it's too late, I know  
Portland, Portland

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