

# 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 Bur 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