

# Up Or Down

[Patty Griffin](#)

You might get lucky some days, not a drop of rain  
And you're too long on the town and you leave your trouble on the train  
And then there's only doubt until you're on your feet again  
There's only up or down  
The lucky boys upstairs with their penthouse views  
Making the ladies, making the news  
And I'm taking the orders and pouring the booze  
There's only up or down  
And they say no one likes a big mouth, yeah, but I've got one anyway  
Big as any fat cat, I say what I wanna say  
And I don't care if you listen, and I don't care if you walk away  
There's only up or down  
Shooting little stars  
  
Dying to be near  
Burn up along the way  
Into the atmosphere  
Shooting little stars  
Dying to be near  
I told the young bond salesman just the other day  
When I was his age I was sailing away  
I sailed the Russian sea, I've seen the Phillipines  
Down to Panama and all the way around  
Sometimes there's trouble on the ocean, sometimes there's trouble on the shore  
And there's always someone hoping there won't be trouble anymore  
It's an elevator, baby, get off on any floor  
There's only up or down  
Only up or down

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