

John Mayer

"Portable"

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Fold me up
Take me out
I'm portable

Well out here, we have anything we want
We have anything we want at all
Well out here, we'll just bolt it to the floor
Tape it to the wall

Rolling with the satellite
Watching the Cosby show on Nick At Night
I'm weary but I'm feeling right
I am a soldier now

Out here, we just sing and play whatever we feel
And the threat of falling out of bed at night
Is real
When you're travelling on a box with 18 wheels, oh

If I can go anywhere at all
If I can go anywhere at all, oh
If I can go anywhere at all

If I can go anywhere, anywhere
And if I can go anywhere at all
And if I can go anywhere at all
I mean if I really, really, really can go anywhere
At all
Won't you tell me why
Won't you tell me why
Why, why Georgia, why

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