

The City On Film

"Portland Maine And The Pouring Rain"

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Some people work for a living and then realize that just
Living works. when I saw you smile up to the ceiling, it
Must have been my turn. a polaroid pose for a
postcard...

Portland, maine and the pouring rain. I'm running to
Ready myself for the walk across the rocks into the
sand

Up on the docks to talk. and maybe can I hold your
hand?

Oh, why do I plan and plan? I don't understand. I'm
Thinking of the ending to this movie and baby, it's
bound

To be tragedy... lucky for me... only had one night to
Dream together, till you're flying and I'm losing teeth
And crashing up cars. if we could brave the nasty
Weather. I better fake brave. you've started something
Special inside of me, you've started the hard part,

You've cast yourself smart. now if I could only stay
Awake, we could ride away, we'll ride away to the shore
And kiss before the credits. and maybe I'm a hopeless
Case. oh, why? comes and slip by the dark of the lake.
I'm thinking of a way to smooth write this moonlight
and

I slipped into sleep, yeah. 402, how lucky for you. I'll
Write, you'll write. alright, I might. I guess trauma boy
Dramatic lacks desire for anything drastic... would you
Look down here? I'll write, you'll write. alright, I
Might. even though the morning rise was full of our
eyes,

They're waiting for us outside... you left me full of
Philly but still so very empty...

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