

The City On Film

"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 can't understand.
I'm thinking of the ending to this movie
and baby,
it's bound to be tragedy;
how 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
'cause 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'm lost,
I guess. Trauma boy dramatic
lacks desire for anything drastic.
Oh, would you look down here?

I'll write, you'll write.
Alright, I've lost too,
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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