

Mary Black "Big Trip To Portland"

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The day won't open it's eyes
The heavens above must be sick
I'm stood at the windows since five
All decked out for the trip

Hey hey I'm dying to meet with you
Hey hey I'm living to speak with you
Hey hey I'm waiting to meet you baby
Hey hey hey

Chorus

Big trip to portland
No more cooling my heels
Big trip to portland
My soul shall be healed

The master's out of my reach
He wanders around in the rain
Today is all that I seek
Today when I hold you again
Hey hey

Chorus

I take the prize I win the day
You say you love me all the way
I kill the pain that drags you down
You take us on from town to town

The sun's burning all thru' the day
It's doing the best it can do
I came with my bucket and spade
I came with the same things as you

Chorus

Big trip to portland
No more cooling my heels
Big trip to portland
My soul shall be healed

